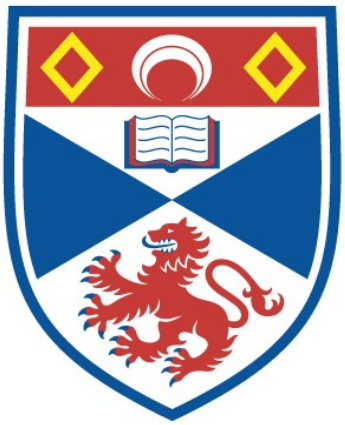
A SENSE OF PLACE AND COMMUNITY IN SELECTED NOVELS AND TRAVEL WRITINGS OF D.H. LAWRENCE

Wendy Vacani

A Thesis Submitted for the Degree of PhD
at the
University of St Andrews



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Department of English

Date: 21st December 1994

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Date: 21st December 1994 Wendy Vacani

I was admitted as a research student under Ordinance No. 12 in October 1990 and as a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in October 1992; the higher study for which this is a record was carried out in the University of St. Andrews between 1990 and 1994.

Date: 21st December 1994 Wendy Vacani

I hereby certify that the candidate has fulfilled the conditions of the Resolution and Regulations appropriate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews and that the candidate is qualified to submit this thesis in application for that degree.

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This thesis is dedicated to Paul,
my husband and fellow traveller.

ABSTRACT

In 1919 Lawrence left England to search for a better society; his novels and travel sketches (the latter are usually seen as peripheral to the novels) continually questioned the values of Western society. This study examines D.H. Lawrence's great 'English' novels in the light of their vivid portrayal of place and community. However, to procure a new emphasis the novels and travel writing are brought into close alignment, in order to examine the way in which the sorts of philosophical questions Lawrence was interested in - ideas on human character, marriage, social structures, God, time, and history - influence his portrayal of place and community across both these genres.

Chapter I, on *Sons and Lovers*, emphasises the way social and historical factors can shape human relationships as powerfully as personal psychology. In Chapter II, on *Twilight in Italy*, discussion of the effect of place on human character is broadened into a consideration of the differences between the Italian and English psyche; the philosophical passages are read in the light of revisions made to the periodical version. Chapters III and IV, on *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, conscious of the critique of English society that Lawrence made in *Twilight*, recognise that although Lawrence is concerned to show the flow of individual being he is no less interested in the relationship between the self and society, and the clash between psychological needs and social structures like work, marriage and industrialisation.

Chapter V, on *Sea and Sardinia*, examines Lawrence's realisation that the state of travel engages with the present and impacts on individual needs and identity. Chapter VI, on *Mornings in Mexico*, studies the way Lawrence transcended the journalism usual to the travel genre and maintained a deep spirituality as he pondered the attributes of a primitive society and its appropriateness to Western Society. Because travel writing is both reactive and subjective (a writer's reaction to a country is underpinned by the meta-text of his own concerns), I ask if Lawrence's presentation of experience can be thought of as accurate or whether places and people are constructs of his imagination.

Chapter VIII examines *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as Lawrence's attempt to bring together the attitudes to sex, class and education witnessed on his travels with an English setting; to envisage a way of living that would meet the deep-rooted needs of man. Chapter VIII, on *Etruscan Places*, shows Lawrence conscious of encountering the ultimate journey, death, and pays tribute to the fact that while the book searches for philosophical answers on how to die, it is at the same time a paean to life and the beauty of landscape.

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

The following abbreviations refer to the sources cited throughout this thesis. The publication details will be found in the Select Bibliography.

AP	*Apocalypse.*
CL	*The Collected Letters of D.H. Lawrence.*
COLL	*The College Notebooks.*
CP	*The Complete Poems of D.H. Lawrence.*
CSS	*The Complete Short Stories.*
DP	*Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays.*
EP	*Sketches of Etruscan Places and Other Italian Essays.*
FAN	*Fantasia of the Unconscious.*
First LC	*The First Lady Chatterley.*
KG	*Kangaroo.*
L	*The Letters of D.H. Lawrence.* 5 Vols.
LC	*Lady Chatterley's Lover.*
LG	*The Lost Girl.*
M/FP	Manuscript First Proofs from Duckworth, the publishers of material which was to become *Twilight in Italy.*
MEH	*Movements in European History.*
MM	*Mornings in Mexico.*
Not I	*Not I, But the Wind....*
PH	*Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D.H. Lawrence.*
PH 11	*Phoenix 11: Uncollected, Unpublished and Other Prose Works by D.H. Lawrence.*
POU	*Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious.*
PS	*The Plumed Serpent.*
PV	Periodical Versions of 'Christs in the Tyrol' and 'Italian Studies: By the Lago di Garda' which were later published in *Twilight in Italy* in *D.H. Lawrence and Italy,* Penguin, 1985.
R	*The Rainbow.*
SCAL	*Studies in Classic American Literature.*
SL	*Sons and Lovers.*

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS (continued)

SM	*The Symbolic Meaning: The Uncollected Versions of Studies in Classic American Literature.*
SS	*Sea and Sardinia.*
STH	*Study of Thomas Hardy.*
STM	*St Mawr in St Mawr. The Virgin and The Gipsy.*
TI	*Twilight in Italy.*
T	*The Trespasser.*
WL	*Women in Love.*
WRA	'The Woman Who Rode Away' in *The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories.*

Although the D.H. Lawrence canon ranges across novels, poetry, drama, critical essays and travel writing it is permeated by an important question which becomes a kind of hallmark. From the *The White Peacock* to *Etruscan Places*, that is to say from the first novel to the last travel book, the two genres this study brings together, Lawrence's work continually questions the point of life and the way in which we live. George Saxton asks 'What should I do with my life?' (WP, 286) and Lawrence imagines the Etruscans as: 'a vivid, life-accepting people, who must have lived with real fulness' (EP, 47). So strongly rooted is Lawrence's impulse to answer the question of how to live that this insistent concern, which informs all the literary genres he wrote in, is best described as a quest. He has been called a pilgrim and a prophet.

My thesis title - 'A Sense of Place and Community in Selected Novels and Travel Writings of D.H. Lawrence' - links the novels and travel writings to Lawrence's profound interest in the human condition, drawing the two into a proximity not usually recognised in criticism, in order to provide a wide context in which to work. Lawrence, after all, was not particular over whether he set an individual against society, in the Victorian tradition of the novel, in order to examine the pattern of human life, or whether he did so in terms of the workings of foreign communities, those other civilisations that travel writing is more interested in.

Important to an understanding of any of Lawrence's work is the realisation that he grew up strong in the knowledge of what it was to come from a well-defined community. That Eastwood in Nottinghamshire, the tight-knit, working-class, mining town 'of three thousand souls', where he lived his first twenty-three years, contributed to his own sense of place and community and his fervent sense of quest cannot be overstated. Even when opinion differs over whether Lawrence was a great writer or a verbose crank he is still judged a great, if not the greatest, landscape writer. In his youth, walks over the fields to meet Jessie Chambers were characterised by a feel for the countryside that was knowledgeable, tactile and animated. Jessie recalled the snowdrops, ivy and 'earth mould' they encountered at Felley Mill: 'We seemed momentarily to have penetrated the abiding spirit of place.' (Chambers, 1965, 97). This metaphysical aspect of place was developed in Lawrence from an early age, as a manuscript version of the poem 'Dreams Old and Nascent' (1909) indicates

> I can see no hill aright, for the snows of yesteryear
> Still cover the slopes with memories and soft

> Warm reflections from the sunsets of glowing souls that were here
> Once, and are here forever (Mandell, 1984, 167)

Years later when Lawrence revisited an old quarry, as recorded in 'Autobiographical Fragment' this sense of place remained: 'I felt, as I had always felt, there was something there' (PH, 824). As Mark Schorer says in 'D.H. Lawrence and the Spirit of Place':

> there is probably no other writer in literary history whose work responded so immediately to his geographical environment as Lawrence, and certainly there is no other modern writer to whose imagination 'place' made such a direct and intense appeal. (Moore, 1961, 282)

Eastwood also developed Lawrence's sense of community. The repetitive life poverty can engender caused certain community events, - church services, visits to markets and fairs - to be so stamped on his memory that he wrote of them repeatedly, with ease and energy. Rituals such as the cycle of the seasons, church festivals, travelling shows, and the daily life of father-dominated teatimes and mother-dominated chapel meetings allowed him to write from inside the very 'tradition' which Leavis praised him for. In *Apocalypse* he complained of being 'douched' (AP, 7) in the non-conformist religion of his early years and remarked plaintively:

> I was sent to Sunday School and to Chapel, to Band of Hope and to Christian Endeavour, and was always having the Bible read at me or to me. (PH, 302)

But, although in a much quoted letter of 1907 Lawrence rejected Christianity, his travel books reflect his awareness that religion in other countries was a worthwhile and binding force. And he always valued the understanding, human contact, compassion and sharing that permeated Eastwood's secular life; women's administration to each other in childbirth; support through the dreaded pit accidents; the way the majority of men worked for the mines and understood each other's world:

> the continual presence of danger made the physical, instinctive, and intuitional contact between men very highly developed, a contact almost as close as touch, very real and very powerful. This physical awareness and intimate *togetherness* was at its strongest down pit. (PH, 135-6)

Lawrence raised this notion of bonding which he thought originated down the mine, but said permeated the whole community, to a quasi-religious level and came to associate it with the instinctive consciousness.

Although Lawrence was strongly tied to Eastwood, his life as a traveller (as opposed to a tourist; the chapter on *Mornings in Mexico* deals with the distinction) is necessary to an understanding of his work. It is important that from 1919 after the disillusionment of university and teaching compared with the allure of eloping to Italy, Lawrence turned his back on England's offerings: industrialism, the class-system, the morality which banned *The Rainbow*, his war-time persecution. Talk of founding Rananim, a community of like-minded souls, the world journey or 'savage pilgrimage' through Italy, Ceylon, the South Seas and Mexico, a knowledge of Italian and Spanish, made Lawrence into a self-styled Odysseus who likewise 'visited the cities of many men and knew their mind'. Unlike the Homeric hero he never returned home but died in Vence, France in 1930 aged forty-four. It is interesting to note that other novelists wrote both novels and travel writings, for example Dickens' *American Notes*, Henry James' *English Hours*, Kipling's *Letters of Marque*. These writers then took up residence at Gad's Hill, Lamb House and Batemans respectively, whereas Lawrence, a self-confessed 'wanderer for more than twenty years' (PH 11, 257) never owned property or settled. Consideration of Lawrence's peripatetic and ever-changing state of being is, I think, useful to understanding his work. Travel distanced him from his role as the Eastwood scholarship-boy-made-good and allowed him to observe other religions, kinship systems, methods of employment, other ways of living. These provided a context for his examination of English life and from early on the influences of travelling fed into the novels. Even so the novels and the rather less criticised travel writing tend to be regarded separately. This is surprising, since Lawrence's first major novel and his last one, *Sons and Lovers* (1913) and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928), his two most English ones, were written from Italy, the country which put his disenchantment with industrialisation into perspective. It is important that the novels and the travel writing are brought into closer alignment; the novels can illuminate the travel writing, and knowledge of the travel writing brings a new awareness to our comprehension of Lawrence's sense of place and community in the novels.

Precisely because Eastwood gave Lawrence a strong sense of awareness of what it meant to come from a place, to be part of a community, when he travelled he could recognise these experiences in other places and people. With regard to place this thesis shows that certain characteristics of the Nottinghamshire landscape - the sense of a 'spirit' of place that I have spoken of, the dualism fostered by the natural division between mine and

country, the near perspective, the love of nature engendered by living *'with* the countryside' (PH 11, 257-8), an appreciation of it as a working, but flower-filled landscape - always remained with him. Lawrence's travel writing was often indebted to his past. The tactile, intimate relationship with the English landscape of his early poetry where girls caress flowers or wear cherries over their ears ('Snap-Dragon', 'Cherry Robbers') enters the travel writing through an insistence on walking, on finding special places, on picking flowers. Despite Lawrence's encounter with Italy and New Mexico's dramatic mountain scenery he never forgot the woods, flowers and ponds he knew so intimately; he was still writing about the beloved English woodland in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Lawrence's deep experience of the instinctive, innately religious, bonded, shared life of his particular childhood community causes me to suggest instances when the other communities of Lawrence's writing seem to bear the Eastwood shadow. Perhaps his veneration of dark cavernous places such as Sardinian inns, the Dark Sun in the Mexican earth, Etruscan tombs, are a tribute to the mines of Eastwood; perhaps instinctive, unself-conscious peasant actions are reminiscent of 'the living contact' (PH 11, 593) of Eastwood men.

Such suggestions also raise a question that this thesis considers. This is how far his travel writings are a search for, or perhaps a recreation of his past; and if this is so whether this is detrimental to the writing. While Lawrence's love of home encouraged what makes his writing special Eastwood also typified the narrow-minded and watchful society that he and the characters in his novels rebel against. Like Lawrence they feel there must be more to life than settling down, repetitious work and suburbia. While Lawrence's work bears the kind of authority gained from writing from within his class, knowing, for example, the sort of prestige systems discussed in the chapter on *Sons and Lovers* , his literary aspirations provide the distancing, the observer's role, which enabled him to see the life he lived as a 'case history' and place it within a social and historical context.

However, Eastwood did more for Lawrence than shape his sense of social structures, for this little place also developed his awareness of the world in a more philosophical context. His involvement with the group of Eastwood pupil teachers and neighbours who called themselves the 'pagans', and their discussions of Schopenhauer and Carlyle provided an intellectual oasis from the natural wariness towards learning held by the collier community. At university (a rare achievement for Eastwood) Lawrence avidly studied Herbert Spencer and William James and the type of philosophy which can be defined as a study of man and the universe

which attempts to go beyond the laws of physics to ask the most fundamental questions of life:

> It examines the superrational, the ungraspable, that which lies above the understanding, or at least has its limits. Therefore it has little in common with science, with the understanding. Its realm lies beyond the rational...in the borderline questions - and most philosophical questions are such - man, like a poet, must make use of all his powers, his emotions, will and fantasy. (Bochenski, 1962, 22)

It is hardly surprising then that the presentation of social structures in Lawrence's novels and travel writings is fuelled by an interest in the issues philosophy engages with: notions of knowledge, of truth and values, the consideration of man and ontological states of being, of society; the possibility of there being another dimension existent beyond the known world. For example, while Lawrence's novels set the individual's struggle for self-development *against* society in the Victorian tradition, they employ the philosophical terminology of 'The Absolute'; similarly, the travel writing consciously reaches back through time to the roots of human development and the collective unconscious.

Lawrence's philosophical interests caused his sense of community to become concerned with showing two opposed forces at play - a community's history (that which ties people to a place) and individual psychology (that which leads them away from a place), and he weaves these together very well. Appropriate to a Freudian age, Lawrence's interest in personal psychology and the development of the individual meant that although he was fascinated by the collective aspects of life, his point of reference was invariably back to the individual. This has given rise to the traditional view that his early work displays a greater engagement with history and realism, and that later on his attempt to show the flow of individual being and represent the 'essential' self caused the interest in any historical reality to weaken. But my chapter on *The Rainbow* discusses what I see as more of a clash than a weaving together of history and psychology, while the one on *Women in Love* discusses his aim to show that which was 'non-human in humanity' and aligns itself with Graham Holderness' view that Lawrence's presentation of history is somewhat illusory. The same chapter also notes that Lawrence's concern with the question of how to live was increasingly translated into the question of how the individual, the true deeper self could emerge and by-pass the barrier which Lawrence felt society presented to this process. In consequence certain of society's facets,

which could aid or hinder the quest for self-hood, such as the environment and marriage (not surprising considering Lawrence's Eastwood background and his parents' fragile marriage) came to be analysed frequently in his work. The stylistic attempts to delve into a more fundamental side of human character which society repressed have made Lawrence famous, and yet paradoxically he also looked towards the very structures of society itself, to marriage especially, with the firm conviction that it could provide a basis for the re-ordering of society. The tension between the need to be an individual in the deepest sense of the word and the need to belong to the wider structure of society is always keenly felt.

However, although both novels and travel writing have a relationship with philosophy, with questioning life and the search for alternatives, the large part it played in all the genres Lawrence wrote in leads us towards some difficulties encountered in his writing. A travel writer's impressions owe something to the particulars of their own developed imagination. But what is problematic about Lawrence is the way in which his method of travel writing allowed so largely for the intervention of imagination. At a talk on travel writing Paul Theroux revealed that he records the details of a conversation immediately after the event (scenes of Theroux writing up his notes are integral to his texts) which leaves little room for the intervention of imagination. Lawrence, however, never took notes and according to Rebecca West often typed up his impressions of a place immediately:

> So it was a small room in which he sat tapping away at a typewriter. Norman Douglas burst out in a great laugh as we went in and asked if he were already writing an article about the present state of Florence; and Lawrence answered seriously that he was. This was faintly embarrassing, because on the doorstep Douglas had described how on arriving in a town Lawrence used to go straight from the railway station to his hotel and immediately sit down and hammer out articles about the place, vehemently and exhaustively describing the temperament of the people. (West, 1930, 22)

At other times, in *Twilight in Italy* for example, long periods of time elapsed before passages were written or re-written. West's recollection of the immediate writing method raises the question of whether what was on Lawrence's mind found its way into the writing. Alternatively, with long interventions of time Lawrence would have been subjected to the influence of memory. Both writing methods raise the question of how much Lawrence's imagination influenced his portrayal of place and community. In *D.H. Lawrence's Non-Fiction* Ellis and Mills argue that imagination does

not play much part in the travel writing. A description of a boat on Lake Garda is quoted as an example of descriptive writing which symbolises nothing: 'a blood red sail like a butterfly breathing down on the blue water' (TI, 21). This, they say, proves that it is dangerous to view Lawrence's travel writings as 'immeasurably less trips to foreign parts than journeys through his own mind' (Ellis and Mills, 1988, 102), as Rebecca West did when she asserted that to visit one place was as good as another for Lawrence, as he took the 'material universe' and made 'allegations about it that were true only of the universe within his own soul' (West, 1930, 35). Much contemporary criticism agrees: Billy Tracy says, 'Lawrence is really writng about the state of his own soul' (Tracy, 1983, 44); Jeffrey Meyers says, 'Lawrence saw the natural world with his imagination rather than his eye' (Meyers, 1982, 15).

Although travel writing celebrates creation, displays the the magic of one person confronting the world's store of curiosities and telling it their way, one realises that travel writers are not pieces of litmus paper who register impressions of a country then turn them into fine prose; their view of a country is largely conditioned by upbringing, work and previous experiences. Dickens' discussion of Genoese gaols in *Pictures From Italy* and Kipling's evasive conversations in *Letters From Marque* indicate interest in social reform and a training as a journalist respectively. It is acceptable that in Lawrence's novels Eastwood appears under different guises, that certain landmarks are either incorporated or left out, that the stalls or characters at local fairs and markets might present a composite picture. But when Lawrence writes about Italy or Mexico we expect the place names to be accurate, monuments to be identified and certain aspects of a snake dance, for example, to be accurately described. However, my chapters on the travel writing show that this is not always the case.

A recurring topic of discussion in my discussion of Lawrence's travel books is therefore whether Lawrence writes of his own concerns or of reality. Extensive use of the letters, essays and philosophical writings is made in order to examine those issues which occupied Lawrence during the writing of each travel book. Certain major themes are seen to permeate the text of each travel book. *Twilight in Italy* is concerned with historical and contemporary differences between the Northern and Southern psyches. *Sea and Sardinia* centres on the difference between dream and reality. *Mornings in Mexico* tackles religion and primitive consciousness. *Etruscan Places* considers death and designs a utopia.

In discussing the novels my contribution to an area that has been so well covered is, I think, to show the way in which Lawrence's sense of place and community in *The Rainbow* especially, but also in his other novels, drew on the sort of theoretical frameworks he had established elsewhere, in the *Study of Thomas Hardy* and 'The Crown' for instance. As Lawrence's writing is such a blend of observation, imagination, and his own philosophical formulations this thesis has to ask whether the philosophical element intrudes on his writing. This question is addressed most directly in the chapter on *Twilight in Italy*. But first I will turn to Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers,* the realist novel that really made him a great figure in English writing, but the one that bore traces of the innovative kind of writing that was later so objected to.

SONS AND LOVERS

In 1910, when D.H. Lawrence began his autobiographically inspired third novel *Sons and Lovers*, the Post Impressionist Exhibition was held, George V came to the throne and Victorianism was over. Lawrence re-wrote the novel in Croydon, and finished it in Gargnano, Italy, after he had eloped there with Frieda in 1912 as a preparation for taking up an artist's life with her. To understand where he came from and to rid himself of the past was important. The novel is a *Bildungsroman* in the realist tradition. The foregrounding of the mother-son relationship has been seen in Freudian terms (as both Jessie Chambers and Frieda Weekley suggested), although it is debatable whether Lawrence had read Freud at this time. Psychoanalytical criticism has concentrated on the mother-son love, deemed it an obsessive by-product of the hatred of the mother for the father, and categorised the novel as an exposition of the Oedipus complex: Paul so loves his mother he cannot form successful sexual relationships. When critical works are not concentrating on the relationships at play in the novel the realistic aspects of the novel are then discussed. The novel's vivid portrayal of place is recognised but pales into insignificance, is seen as a backdrop; rarely are realism and relationships discussed in conjunction with each other. This is rather curious when one considers that after Zola's 'le roman experimental' a major concern of the realist novel was the interaction of environment and character.

This chapter aims to bring the relationship between place, community and the relationships of *Sons and Lovers* into closer alignment in recognition of the fact that Lawrence felt place and community were strong forces which shape lives. When he came to travel these feelings were articulated in the essay 'The Spirit of Place'. My chapter here reflects a more modified concern for the Oedipal relationships in the novel and for its psychological aspects which, by association, align the novel with the timeless and universal. My argument is that the forces which drive the complex web of relationships in the novel - the love of mother for son, of the son for his mother and Miriam and Clara, the other women in his life, and their love for him - are closely related to historical and social factors. Before we can consider in what ways the place and community bear on these relationships it is necessary to consider the novel's setting, which as we shall see becomes a force, rather than a backdrop, in these characters' lives.

Although the topography of *Sons and Lovers* based on the hill, valley and specifically one farm of Lawrence's native Eastwood, can be located on a map of Eastwood and its *environs* and resembles that of *The White Peacock,* the feel of the place has radically altered. The view across the valley to Selby has become more real in geographical and autobiographical terms as Lawrence allows the true circumstances of his upbringing to surface and includes the six mines felt to be too ugly for the genteel readership of *The White Peacock* - 'six mines like black studs on the countryside' (SL, 10). What was an idyllic setting, seemingly off the map, an adolescent world in which time, distance and the world of work seemed of little import is now more firmly grounded in the adult world. Despite the frequently articulated need for a new art to arise which would capture the spirit of a new age, and Virginia Woolf's objection to such things in Bennett's works, *Sons and Lovers* is a book of numbers. We are made aware of train times, distances, pay scales and grocery prices. The inter-relationships between numbers and personal histories contribute towards the text's realism. Morel's pay of five pounds a week is the cost of his daughter's wedding, so the reader feels the strain on the family of the doctor's bill for eight guineas. Mrs Morel's situation of being thirty-one, married eight years, and in her present house three weeks, lets us guess at her feelings. Characters become grounded and more real, through these kind of specifics.

The community of *Sons and Lovers* is working-class; a group which Ernest Barker's *The Character of England* describes as the product of a new age: 'the industrial worker produced by nineteenth-century industry was a new type who created a new type of society' (Barker, 1950, 156). The trade unions, which were designed to improve the condition of employment, or the Co-operative society, which, backed by the Nonconformist churches, aimed to establish standards of price and quality for the most needed consumer items for the wage earner, were landmarks of this new society: 'the chapels and the Co-Op are the most conspicuous objects in the north-country industrial village' (Barker, 1950, 156). But while *Sons and Lovers* might make these landmarks its own (Lawrence wrote a history book for schools later), his concern is to work through the specifics to the psychological, for Lawrence shows, as Zola would have expected, what it *feels* like to be working-class. Paul reads the job advertisements in the Co-Op reading-room, as hundreds of others in his class did, but the narrative is less concerned to give us the picture of its stone stairs and the colliers 'on the club' who frequent it than to show that when Paul looks at the sunflowers outside he feels 'a prisoner of industrialism' (SL, 114).

Sons and Lovers is a novel which is concerned with the cycle of life in the raw: birth, death, loving, coping, working. A neighbour's call to Mrs Morel 'So you keep wagging on, then?' and the rejoinder 'Ay...There's nothing else for it' (SL, 39) captures the spirit of the working-class novel. Mary Eagleton points out, in *Attitudes to Class in the English Novel,* that the role of the working class in nineteenth-century novels, whether they were portrayed as needy in the 1840s or oppressed in the 1890s, was defined by the middle-class status of their creators. Lawrence's difference from other Victorian novelists, and his strength, is summed up by Eagleton:

> It is not really until DH Lawrence that one finds in the novel an expression of a working-class culture, of the day-to-day life-style, feelings, tensions, aspirations of the majority of the population. It is obviously crucial that Lawrence was himself born into that class and experienced from the inside all that he writes about. (Eagleton, 1979, 14)

Lawrence then is inordinately good at showing us aspects of what it means to be poor and working-class. The smallest gestures indicate the kind of life which is lived every day without fail. Mrs Morel's purse is quite opposite to the bottomless ones we know from fairy tales; the gesture of her scrabbling into it to make ends meet becomes familiar in the text. Poverty in *Sons and Lovers,* in the familiarity of one's own place, is not the degrading experience it is in Dostoevsky, Zola, and later Orwell. It is a condition of life the community responds to with a sense of challenge and dignity, as does Mrs Morel when she receives a telegram telling her William is ill in London:

> Mrs Morel got off her knees from washing the floor, read the telegram, called a neighbour, went to her landlady and borrowed a sovereign, put on her things and set off... A small figure in her black bonnet, she was anxiously asking the porters if they knew how to get to Elmers End. The journey was three hours. She sat in her corner in a kind of stupor, never moving. At King's Cross still no one could tell her how to get to Elmers End. - Carrying her string bag, that contained her nightdress, comb and brush, she went from person to person. At last they sent her underground to Cannon Street.
> (SL, 165)

The picture of setting off on a long and arduous road, with only a few meagre posessions and what one stands up in, is as old as Dick Whittington and dramatises the sense of emotional pilgrimage which pulls at our heart strings. Mrs Morel's position on the floor is symbolic of her position and situation in life. Unconditional love for her child makes her actions fast, unquestioning and sure, and contrasts sharply to her sense of confusion in

the city. Here the portrait of the poor as victims at the mercy of strangers comes into play. The tightening and stiffening of the body as if to provide a shell for her anguished inner feelings, her still 'kind of stupor' (SL, 165) on the train are a response to disaster which is shared by the whole community; the Doctor's public Saturday morning surgery is full of poor women who wait 'patiently.' And the condition of waiting, ostensibly for better times or fortune, often at the mercy of a larger entity or organisation, the feeling of a lack of control, is particular to the working-class condition. The children wait for the train to bring their brother back from London, and when the train is late their reaction points to a state of mind which believes that anything can happen. Mrs Morel frequently waits for her husband to return from the pub, just as she waits for her life to change.

And yet, although the novel is working-class, Lawrence was writing about a community which he introduced to fiction in a new way. As subject matter miners were as fresh to the reading public as the Anglo-Indians had been to Kipling's readers. When one considers that until the First World War four-fifths of the world's coal was produced in Britain and that 'the mining of coal was the largest single men's employment' (Barker, 1950, 147), writing about this most representative section of the population was timely. This sense of newness and difference is registered in the text when Walter Morel tells his future wife he went down the mines at the age of ten and her realisations can be aligned with those of the reader:

> This was a new tract of life suddenly opened before her. She realised the life of the miners, hundreds of them toiling below earth and coming up at evening. He seemed to her noble. He risked his life daily, and with gaiety. (SL, 19)

Hard work unmatched by just financial reward, coupled with poor living conditions, has always been the concern of working-class novels. Lawrence remains within this tradition but also extends it by showing how miners are more disadvantaged. The work is shown to be harder and the conditions worse than in the metal or textile industries when Morel works himself into a sweat over a piece of rock, then stands at the dripping pit bottom waiting for his lift up (SL, 42). The miner's pay fluctuates:

> the children, as they come from school at dinner-time, looking down the fields and seeing the wheels on the headstocks standing, say:
> 'Minton's knocked off. My dad'll be at home.'
> And there is a sort of shadow over all, women and children and men, because money will be short at the end of the week. (SL, 26)

And the living conditions are worse because they are dirtier; dust from the ash pits blows into the kitchens and the smell and dirt of the pit enters the houses on the clothes of the miners. Mining can be said to be an intensification of the working-class life. The subject matter suited Lawrence's art which relied for its effect on a certain intensity of experience.

However, although conditions for miners were physically harder than for other working-class people, if the mining life of *Sons and Lovers* is compared to the kind of urban deprivation in existence in the towns at the turn of the century it can be seen as one of quiet poverty as opposed to drastic need. In *The Edwardians* Paul Thompson quotes from Rowntrees' studies on the urban poor in York, to illustrate that a typical manual worker with four children (the national average for couples married in the 1890's) would not have been able to afford newspapers, letters, chapel contributions, clubs, tobacco: all of which the Morel household can afford.

> Certainly in mining and steel districts, and where there was manufacturing such as textiles, engineering or shipbuilding requiring a substantial skilled workforce, there were relatively good regular earnings to be had. There was thus an economic basis upon which an organised culture of church, chapel, friendly society and trade union could be built. (Thompson, 1985, 47)

It is a weakness of Lawrence studies, especially after Leavis' concerted attempt to speak of the sense of the tradition at play in the novels, to see the kind of life lived by the Morels *et al* as rather too peculiar to Eastwood and Lawrence's own autobiographical particulars. Some reminiscences about life in the tin mining districts of the South Wales valleys are included in *The Edwardians* and life there sounds remarkably similar to Lawrence's own:

> On Tuesday nights there was the chapel Band of Hope meeting; where they learned temperance songs, and on Wednesday nights the weekly church meeting. On two other nights there were regular prayer meetings...' (Thompson, 1985, 138)

Although our own increasingly depersonalised society is showing a marked interest in oral history, the novelist has the potential to penetrate more deeply into the kind of attitudes at play in any given community. From piecing together various oral histories Thompson concludes that segregation of the sexes was more prominent in the mining communities:

> Edwardian towns normally concentrated upon a single type of industry... In the iron and steel and coal towns, on the other hand the rough, highly paid work was almost entirely carried out by men. (Thompson, 1985, 44)

But as a novelist Lawrence can show the women serving the men, scrubbing their backs. When the women wear their Sunday hats on pay day it prefigures the kind of respect shown to the business of sharing wages out. The women withdraw and the apportioning of the money piece by piece, rather than adding up the sum and dividing this by the number of men, becomes reverent, tactile, something of a ritual.

In writing about miners Lawrence was also writing about a community whose working pattern (underground, shifts, teams, dirt) then, and today, marks them out as a section of the working-class who stand apart from other workers. Lawrence's late Nottingham essays show a realisation of the way in which miners, through working in these conditions, had developed a more powerful community. And in *Sons and Lovers,* the narrative draws place and community together as the mines are seen to have influenced both individual and group living patterns. When Walter Morel sits alone at his dawn breakfast we hear: 'He preferred to keep the blinds down and the candle lit, even when it was daylight. It was the habit of the mine' (SL, 38). When the miners are off work they move about Bestwood in ways which are an extension of their working life. Whether they are experiencing good or bad times they pull together and help each other out, as the underground gang work requires. Black-faced and red-mouthed, they walk home in groups, drink together heartily in gangs, and Morel helps out in the appropriately named 'Moon and Stars'.

But these are all external similarities. What is so fascinating about *Sons and Lovers* is the way the mining life is shown to have shaped the psyche of the community. The possibility of death has resulted in an abiding loyalty between friends and neighbours. The idea of an instinctual kind of bush telegraph at play dramatises the way both birth and death have become communal experiences. Mrs Morel taps her poker on the back of the fireplace, 'which, as the fires were back to back, would make a great noise in the adjoining house' (SL, 40) to summon her neighbour to assist her in childbirth. The sound of wheels and the 'noise of unbarring and unlocking the front-door' (SL, 169) announces William's coffin. In this scene the sense of a group whose caring attitude has been shaped by work is strongly felt. The pall-bearers are friends, not strangers from a funeral company, and their entry into the miner's small, dark front room with the accompanying muddle of limbs and sweat recreates the mining experience:

> Paul saw drops of sweat fall from his father's brow. Six men were in the room, six coatless men with yielding, struggling limbs filling the room and

> knocking against the furniture. The coffin veered, and was gently lowered onto the chairs. The sweat fell from Morel's face on its boards. (SL, 169-70)

The proximity of death, and the physical nature of the mining work has affected the way people live. Morel lives in the present, for example, and is 'all for activity'; hard drinking and the squandering of what little money there is results. The mines shape the men, the men make the community and the circular nature of this, the interdependency, is what Lawrence excels at showing. When Morel craves the intimacy of the pub to soothe his domestic troubles the dark, warm, smoky air of the Palmerston can be seen as a recreation of the mine:

> The passage was paddled with wet feet. But the air was warm, if foul, and full of the sound of voices and the smell of beer and smoke...
>
> The men made a seat for him, and took him in warmly. He was glad. In a minute or two, they had thawed all responsibility out of him, all shame, all trouble, and he was clear as a bell, for a jolly night. (SL, 57)

Pit clothes and hearty meals are necessary to the mining work and the text heightens both the laying out of the pit clothes, and the laying of the table, to something of a ritual; even on her death-bed Mrs Morel gives out orders to her children over such matters. In a wider sense rituals are characteristic of the mining community's way of life. There are weekday evenings in the pub, pay day and the Friday market and church on Sunday. Through the year there are the Wakes and the births, marriages and deaths of family and friends. What has then been seen in literature as a kind of universal character, which the working-class can lay claim to with the impress of instinct, cohesion, loyalty, friendliness and a certain amount of abandon is, once again, intensified by being related to the specifics I have just described.

Paul Delany in '*Sons and Lovers*: The Morel Marriage as a War of Position' discusses Lawrence's allocation of social space:

> In all three social spaces of Bestwood - the mine, the pub, and the Chapel - there is a powerful, if unspoken, agreement to uphold collective values and resist pressures coming from outisde. On the mine and pub side are the pagan and proletarian values of a male group that is organised for self-defense; on the Chapel side are the puritan, socially ambitious women. (Delany, 1989, 160)

But he does not consider the way in which such spaces - the miner's house is another - present us with a vivid portrait of the community. This is probably because we never see inside any other miner's house, as Lawrence

concentrates on the Morel house. This, another specific, becomes a nodal place in the text. Mrs Morel rarely leaves the house but through her husband's various entrances and exits information on the community is gathered. The house is also mirrored in what we now think of as Coronation Street style; the flow of men and women duplicating each others actions, women gossiping over their fences, meeting at the ash pits. When Mrs Morel requests help:

> Mrs Kirk climbed onto her copper, got over the wall onto Mrs Morel's copper, and ran in to her neighbour. (SL, 41)

This treatment of place, the sense of looking at the sort of receding set of images to be seen in a three-paned mirror, is the magical touch which allows Lawrence to turn the individual experiences of the Morel household into communal ones. He does not tell us, but we guess, that in the other houses women wait for violent husbands to come home from the pub. The house has a kind of anima, its creaks, groans and sounds speak a language of anguish, frustration and despair. After a particularly violent argument between the parents the children lie tense in bed until they hear 'the water of the tap drumming into the kettle' (SL, 85) and know their mother has not been knocked out. And yet undercutting this sense of common experience is the way in which Lawrence continually makes claims for the Morels' difference to other families. Mr Morel does not waste as much money on drink as other miners, his friend Jerry for example, and he does not beat his wife. And yet Lawrence is well aware, I think, that his own house, and consequently the one in *Sons and Lovers,* does not have quite the kind of spirit remembered by others who have remembered life in their working-class communities:

> You were one community... Every day there was somebody in and out. Oh, always a houseful, it was quite an open door for every body.
> (Thompson, 1985, 139)

Lawrence has an eye for both the individual and communal, but it is in the particulars of the Morel house that a wider sense of community is felt.

Anthony Burgess admires the 'piquant historical interest' (Burgess, 1985, 40) *Sons and Lovers* provides. He is fascinated by Walter Morel's medicines. Perhaps our interest is gender based; the women taking their stockings out to the Hose man remain in my mind. The historical interest centres on the manner in which the novel covers a wide range of the work experience and the specific pockets of communities these contain, from the

lace-making Clara is engaged in - which was still something of a cottage industry - to Jordan's factory and the mining. Paul Morel's interview and first day at 'Thomas Jordan and Son - Surgical Appliances' provides rich material for the social historian. What Lawrence manages to do by describing the first day at Jordan's is to bring a sense of amazement, fascination and surprise to the scene. Perhaps this occurs because of the kind of narrative stance Jeremy Hawthorn recognises in 'Lawrence and Working-Class fiction: 'What we are most aware of is Paul's witnessing of the work of those beneath him' (Hawthorn, 1990, 75). Today, much has vanished from offices: coat pegs are replaced by security lockers, open-plan has replaced glassed offices, copied orders have been superseded by computerisation. The gentility of an era when aged clerks wore smoking caps and 'Esquire' was put on the addresses has long gone. But over and above such socio-historic detail it is Lawrence's ability to capture the rhythms and systems of such a workplace which makes it seem so real. The workplace is nothing like Dickens' experience of the boot-blacking factory. The girls sing as they sew, Paul's boss is slack about time-keeping and there are facilities for making hot dinners. The mother presents the narrative point of view on these conditions:

> She pushed open the door, and stood in pleased surprise. In front of her was a big warehouse, with creamy paper parcels everywhere, and clerks, with their shirt-sleeves rolled back, were going about in an at-home sort of way. The light was subdued, the glossy cream parcels seemed luminous, the counters were of dark brown wood. All was quiet and very homely.
> (SL, 119)

As she would necessarily be very critical of this environment, since she is entrusting her rather weakly son to it, her approval confirms a certain realisation that *Sons and Lovers* makes us arrive at. This is that realism in fiction can challenge our assumptions about how life was lived. Such an atmosphere as exists at Jordan's is the stuff of which people's later nostalgia is compounded.

The very choice of subject matter is itself indicative of something very typical of Lawrence's writing. This is that he instinctively seems to alight on that which is later of interest to the social historian. As Paul Thompson asserts in *The Edwardians:* 'the emergence of clerical workers as a distinctive social group is very much a phenomenon of the years around 1900' (Thompson, 1975, 422--3). He also asserts that the typical business in Britain

was still the family firm. But as Zulfikar Ghose points out in *The Art of Creating Fiction:*

> Novels whose subject matter is their greatest appeal are invariably vastly popular; but they are the very ones which no one wants to read when popular concerns have taken a different direction. (Ghose, 1983, 65)

But Ghose's further comment that novels which 'stand on the force of their style' are of more lasting value is also true of Lawrence.

In addition to being full of socio-historical detail *Sons and Lovers* presents a concretely realised historical society. For Lawrence a place could be more adequately realised by showing it evolving out of its past, as this was to penetrate back to its roots. He follows the same pattern with his perception of Mexico in *Mornings in Mexico.* Here, in *Sons and Lovers,* as is fitting for what critics rather sweepingly call a working-class novel, the passage of time is located in changing work methods. The novel opens with a description of how the place looked sixty years ago:

> 'The Bottoms' succeeded to 'Hell Row'. Hell Row was a block of thatched, bulging cottages that stood by the brook-side on Greenhill Lane. There lived the colliers who worked in the little gin-pits two fields away. The brook ran under the alder trees, scarcely soiled by these small mines, whose coal was drawn to the surface by donkeys that plodded wearily in a circle round a gin. And all over the countryside were these same pits, some of which had been worked in the time of Charles II, the few colliers and the donkeys burrowing down like ants into the earth, making queer mounds and little black places among the corn-fields and the meadows. (SL, 9)

The changes effected by Carston, Waite and Co. are described:

> About this time the notorious Hell Row, which through growing old had acquired an evil reputation, was burned down, and much dirt was cleansed away.
>
> Carston, Waite and Co. found they had struck on a good thing, so, down the valleys of the brooks from Selby and Nuttall, new mines were sunk, until soon there were six pits working. From Nuttall, high up on the sandstone among the woods, the railway ran, past the ruined priory of the Carthusians and past Robin Hood's Well, down to Spinney Park, then on to Minton, a large mine among corn-fields, from Minton across the farm-lands of the valley side to Bunker's Hill, branching off there, and running north to Begarlee and Selby, that looks over Crich and the hills of Derbyshire; six mines like black studs on the countryside, linked by a loop of fine chain, the railway.
>
> To accommodate the regiments of miners, Carston, Waite and Co. built the Squares, great quadrangles of dwellings on the hillside of Bestwood, and

> then, in the brook valley, on the site of Hell Row, they erected The Bottoms. (SL, 9-10)

To contrast these two passages is to reveal the narrator's disapproval at the sense of loss the changes have entailed. They are typical of how and why Lawrence often creates a landscape which can be seen in a dualistic way. The vehicle for steering the narrative along and drawing elements of the landscape into view changes from brook to railway and the scale, shape and colour of the scene alters. The mines are no longer 'little black places' but 'black studs' on the countryside, and the new view is wider, more jagged; literally and metaphorically blacker. This is seen to have changed the way of life. The relationship between the mines, the miners' homes, and the countryside is value-laden in ways which only Lawrence's later Nottinghamshire essays make apparent. A system of dualities is worked through. Where once the miners lived in 'cottages' close to work, other farms and cottage industries, and had a defined relationship with the land; now they live in 'houses' of architectural conformity, further from the pits, in an enclosed community, and the contact with the land is gone. The suggestion is that the living and working atmosphere is no longer integrated, harmonious, organic, pure even, but has become disjointed, unharmonious and defiled. The languid, circular motion of the donkey reflects the thought processes of a community which, in being slow and traditional, has not quite caught up with the architectural, economic and social changes. Never far from the biblical in his writing one could say that where once the streams of living water flowed there has been a fall. Lawrence can only show the repression of the human spirit he feels this has entailed through language, and his play on words engages our sympathy for the victims of the present living conditions. 'Hell Row' looked awful and was burnt down. The 'Bottoms' look smart and prim, but inside they are a living hell as they are cramped, close to the neighbours and the kitchens open onto the ash pits. The debate on whether the inner-city slums engendered a better sense of community than the high rise blocks of the sixties continues today.

Although the negative aspects of mechanism were proclaimed by Carlyle, Ruskin and Arnold, *What Are We to do With Our Lives?* by H.G. Wells, posits that the idea didn't enter public consciousness until much later:

> It was only in the beginning of the twentieth century that people began to realize the real significance of that aspect of our changing conditions to which the phrase 'the abolition of distance' has been applied. (Wells, 1935, 2)

This 'abolition of distance' is clearly felt in *Sons and Lovers* and is focussed on the railway which, with its connections to London, allows social mobility to children who are a product of the Education Act. In *D.H. Lawrence: Novelist* Leavis classed Lawrence as an important writer, a genius even, because he displayed the quality of being alive to his time. *Sons and Lovers* considers the way broadening social, educational and economic changes find their expression in a new social mobility which affects what was once a stable, traditional, cohesive, semi-rural society. It explores the way in which such changes affect the morality and values of the community.

The characters of *Sons and Lovers* can be viewed in terms of both their distance from these changes and their attitude towards them. The mother and father are forerunners to the outward and inward looking natures of the Brangwen men and women of *The Rainbow*. Their attitude towards their own community differs. The father is inward looking; his horizons are small, he has no interest in the workings of the outside world and after a day's drinking in Nottingham is glad to return to his local pub. Physical, not intellectual, and a hard drinker, born of a dubious marriage, although he battles against specific work conditions such as a chary boss, he is a product of his class, and in general content to remain within it. The mother, the daughter of an engineer and a family who have been based in Nottingham for three generations, because of her intellectual leanings, and the sense she has married beneath herself, looks outward from her community. Her membership of the Co-Op links her to a national organisation and her activities there encourage her to criticise her lot in life:

> It is true, from off the basis of the guild, the women could look at their homes, at the conditions of their own lives, and find fault. (SL, 69)

Where Mrs Morel is high-minded, Mr Morel is physical. The battles which rage between them, albeit alleviated by moments of endearing tenderness, alert us to certain patterns of behaviour. We see that although Mrs Morel is physically weaker than her husband, psychologically she is the stronger of the two. She can steel her mind and body against the tense silences and the bouts of violence. We see a fascination with the idea that the fact they have had moments of passion has given them a certain knowledge which casts a glow over their whole lives. These themes of power, of lost knowledge, of the debate on the supremacy of mind or body will be taken outside the confines of marriage and applied to a wider community in Lawrence's later

works. Their relationship to politics and religion will be explored in *Kangaroo* and *Mornings in Mexico.*

If historical circumstance has laid the foundations for social mobility Mrs Morel's outward looking nature builds on it. Lawrence shows how the historical situation is exacerbated by Mrs Morel's awareness that she is trapped in a socially inferior marriage and that her life is at a dead end. The combination of these two realisations makes her desirous of engineeering her children into the class above. Through them she can both reclaim her own class and give her children the kind of opportunities she never had. When she thinks of William and sees him 'a man, young, full of vigour, making the world glow again for her' (SL, 63); when Paul returns home from Jordan's and 'His life-story, like an *Arabian Nights*, but much duller, was told night after night to his mother... It was almost as if it were her own life' (SL, 140), the reader recoils from the way she insists her sons are the channels by which the tenor and colour of the outside world will enter her own home. But tempering our recoil is our admiration for the way Mrs Morel is the model mother. She scrimps and saves, defends William against the neighbours when he tears another boy's collar, makes Paul have a dessert in a restaurant while she goes without, puts treats by in the pantry for the children and always has them in her thoughts. She is only doing the very best she possibly can for them. Lawrence always adds to the complexity of any situation by forcing us to see both sides of the coin.

The ambivalence of the narrator is at the heart of the story of William Morel. When he is called to London and 'his mother doubted almost whether to rejoice or to grieve' (SL, 78), she comes close to the narrator, as the story of William shows that there is not always a correspondence between class, wealth and morality; 'getting on' can mean going wrong. The term 'self-made man' was first used in 1858 and William's career path from night school to the job in London lives out the dictionary definition. The individual touch is apparent when we realise that his life is a response to negative forces, his mother's words 'He is *not* going in the pit' (SL, 70), rather than to the kinds of positive choices open to middle-class children; what they actually want to do. His mother's hopes are endorsed by the community: 'Everybody praised William. It seemed he was going to get on rapidly' (SL, 78). This, of course is the outward story. The girlfriend Lily, as she walks to church in her furs, is a sign to Eastwood of the achievement of this predicted success:

> Morel, standing in his Sunday Suit at the end of the road, watching the gallant pair go, felt he was the father of princes and princesses. (SL, 147)

The story which remains hidden from the community is the one we are privileged to see. It involves the tensions of the working-class boy trying to re-establish his bonds with a family from whom his new social status has distanced him. His position at the bottom of the stairs, calling Lily down to breakfast to prevent the disapproval of the family who wait in the kitchen, dramatises this. As acts of hospitality bring the principles and values of a community to the fore, William's return home allows Lawrence to assess the values of the mining and metropolitan communities. Lily represents what the popular imagination saw, and still sees, as the corrupting influences of the city, and the confined space of the miner's kitchen emphasises this. Her fine clothes, chatter, condescending attitude, history of men and dances and her obvious aversion to books and serious thought, make her seem the sum of materialism, glibness and lax morals. William's perception, 'Those sort of people, like those she lives amongst - they don't seem to have the same principles' (SL, 146), is a comment on class values as well as city ones; the way the clash of the values of the city and mining community, middle and lower class is felt to be inevitable, but irreconcilable, is harrowing. Lily's attitude seems to negate, trample or discard certain values and we wince at her every step. When Mrs Morel has cooked a meal, but the couple have eaten on the train, family caring is made light of. Mrs Morel's love of the umbrella William gave her contrasts sharply with the way Lily loses her gloves to show a different attitude to money and possessions. In Bestwood money is spent carefully - a far cry from the frivolity of Lily buying marron glacé cherries rather than sensible underwear. Although the Morels have lived up to the name of Bestwood, giving of their best by laying on their best crockery and vacating their own bedroom, the pity that this is not good enough for Lily is painfully felt. The kitchen seems 'curious' to her and they seem like 'clowns'. The Morels' demeanour, which is warm, yet at the same time polite and reticent, is countered by the way Lily's manners waver between these extremes but never match them. She is over intimate with 'Chubby' in front of the parents and too formal when she shakes their hands goodnight.

In addition to the gap between the two factions being exacerbated by place and class, Lawrence recognises that within every community, beyond money and class, there are certain prestige systems at play which influence the way people are perceived and judged. The mining community and the

city bred are at a loss to understand those who belong to each others' communities. Lily will never understand what it means for Mrs Morel to live in the end house and write papers for the Co-Op, never know that she shouldn't have sat in the fireside chair, the chair of honour, which the text has shown us no miner would ever take, however cold. Similarly, the Morels will never understand the nuances of dances and job titles. But when Mrs Morel is proud of Paul being paid for a painting while her husband remains nonplussed there is a divergence. While she recognises the appeal of financial security and the wider intellectual arena, the choice and diversity to be found in a city, and the chance to escape one's class, her deeply religious sense tells her that the changes and temptations that inevitably accompany these are dangerous to the sense of self and moral worth. As Holderness points out Lawrence never criticises the ethos of self-help but he does dramatise a

> critique of the ideology by creating a social world in which, once the working-class community is left behind there is precisely nothing "there", there is in reality nowhere to go... Outside the working-class community there is nothing - a vacuum. (Holderness, 147)

It is telling that William, for all his progress, dies alone in a bare room.

Once William's death enables Paul to be foregrounded critics see the deepening love between the mother and the second son as a clear exposition of the Oedipus complex. One has to admit that the case for such a Freudian reading of the text has its points. Indeed, after his mother's death Lawrence explained to Jessie Chambers that his mother had upset their relationship: 'I've loved her like a lover, that's why I could never love you' (cited Hough, 1956, 55). Frieda said 'He really loved his mother more than anybody, even with his other women, real love, sort of Oedipus' (Casebook, 28). And a debate exists over whether incorporating this into the novel was a conscious choice or not. John Worthen, alluding to plot changes, and the book's change of title from *Paul Morel* to *Sons and Lovers*, argues that the novel was altered to correspond to the Oedipal pattern in a very conscious way. Alfred Booth Kuttner in *Psychoanalytic Review*, 3 July 1916, said the Oedipal pattern was not imposed by Lawrence but is 'built up internally...out of the psychic conflicts of the author.' Both interpretations find Mrs Morel a sexually jealous mother who clings to Paul as a substitute husband. Clearly there are parallels between Lawrence's own life and that of Paul Morel's. But as Henry James said, 'the whole of anything is never told'; this applies to both the text of the novel itself and the critiques of it. Lawrence might have

said novels were a place to shed one's sicknesses, but *Sons and Lovers* is not the therapeutic book it is generally taken to be. As stated in the introduction to this chapter, the force which drives the relationship between mother and son has much to do with their relationships to place and community, and is related to other social and historical factors.

Whether or not it is sexually oriented, all that we can see of Mrs Morel's need of Paul is shaped by her social circumstances. Transplanted from her native Nottingham she remains outside of her new community:

> The women, her neighbours, were rather foreign to her, and Morel's mother and sisters were apt to sneer at her lady-like ways. (SL, 19)

The Wakes, a time when the community draws together to rejoice and relax, are included by Lawrence in order to heighten both Mrs Morel's and our sense that she remains apart from the community:

> The stay-at-home mothers stood gossiping at the corners of the alley, as the twilight sank, folding their arms under their white aprons.
> Mrs Morel was alone, but she was used to it. (SL, 13)

As an antidote to this, and to the sense of abandon she feels when her husband is out drinking, what she seeks through Paul is not a husband in the physical sense of the word, but rather the companionship marriage offers; the exchanging of news, the sharing of life. Yes, there is sexual imagery in the text, but Hobsbaum's comments are appropriate here:

> The mother is seen throughout the book in a series of images which are Oedipal in effect; and yet they are not judged as such. (Hobsbaum, 1981, 49)

Despite the battles between husband and wife an extinguished, yet still dormant, physical relationship is shown to exist. Mrs Morel's attraction to her husband's body is shown:

> 'never a man had a better start, if it was body that counted...'
> Morel watched her shyly. He saw again the passion she had had for him. It blazed upon her for a moment. (SL, 236)

After Paul has kissed his mother goodnight in a scene many critics quote as highly suggestive - 'He stroked his mother's hair, and his mouth was on her throat' (SL, 252) - the mother does in fact resist Paul's suggestion that she should avoid the father and sleep with Annie. She insists on sleeping in her husband's bed.

To describe the relationship between Mrs Morel and Paul as Oedipal might titillate those who choose to see the novel as largely autobiographical, but it really tells us nothing. What we see in *Sons and Lovers*, which is much more interesting, is the way the relationship between Paul and his mother is fuelled by the social situation and the way in which it works out within such circumstances. It is not so much Oedipal as intense, and it is an intensity which is fuelled by social factors. The mining experience which is so at odds with her religious sensibility has shaped her life to the extent that she is prepared to make a sacrifice of her own life for her sons. Raymond Williams points out in *The English Novel From Dickens to Lawrence* that there is a continuity between lives and social aspects in *Sons and Lovers*:

> And Lawrence writes of this with a closeness and a continuity that are still unsurpassed; writing *with* the experience; with the mother as well as the son; with the life they belong to that is more, much more than a portrait of an environment or a background. (Williams, 1970, 175)

Paul's own development as an artist means that her offering is readily taken up, not always because he loves her, but because he needs her to fuel his art. If Mrs Morel for her various reasons is creating a web in which to entrap Paul, he walks the more readily into it because as an artist he needs the freedom from daily responsibility; he needs the secure, companionable environment she offers. Initially, but he soon outgrows this, he needs the kind of unqualified ego-boosting she can give him.

On the surface, the character development of *Sons and Lovers*, that is to say Paul Morel's relationship with Miriam, the dark-haired, soulful and sexually reticent farm girl and with Clara the shapely blonde, who is sexually mature and *au fait* with urban life, shows Lawrence's engagement with, and usurpation of, a way of writing about women common to the literary tradition. The opposed role of the dark and fair woman (where contrary to Lawrence the dark one was passionate and rebellious) was common from Fenimore Cooper to George Sand or George Eliot. As Lawrence said in a later essay on Cooper's Leatherstocking novels:

> Thomas Hardy's inevitable division of women into dark and fair, sinful and innocent, sensual and pure, is Cooper's division too. It is indicative of the desire in the man. He wants sensuality and sin, and he wants purity and 'innocence'. (SCAL, 67)

That Clara is from the town and Miriam from the country polarises innocence and experience in a traditional English manner.

However, Lawrence is also interested in rather more philosophical concerns. In considering Miriam and Clara's relationship to people, *Sons and Lovers* explores the idea that human relationships are shaped by the type of place and community the protagonists are from. Miriam, cut-off from the community as she is, is remarkably like Mrs Morel; a natural progression for a boy who has been so devoted to this mother. But one can never be quite sure to what extent Miriam's desire to be educated, her resentment at being a skivvy in a male environment, her intensity, her lack of friends and her adherence to an inherited religious faith (all of which she shares with Mrs Morel) can be attributed to her own character or her circumstances.

It is religion which Lawrence particularly takes issue with. In his travel writing he dwelt at length on the idea that religion affects and shapes the collective aspect to the unconscious human character. He felt that the national consciousness of Italians owed much to Catholicism, and later that the morbid streak in the Mexican character was influenced by a religion in which sacrifice had once played a part. In *Sons and Lovers* Lawrence is a younger writer, who had only recently renounced his own religious faith, so although the effect of religion on human character can be seen as an underlying theme in the portrayal of Miriam, it is placed within an individual context and not so clearly stated. Lawrence felt religion was negative and life-denying. I think that Miriam's natural reticence, which finds expression in everything, from the way her soul trembles before algebra to the way she fears heights and is apprehensive of sex, is symptomatic of this. Paul accuses her of having a 'shortage':

> 'You wheedle the soul out of things', he said. ... 'You don't want to love - your eternal and abnormal craving is to be loved. You aren't positive, you're negative. You absorb, absorb, as if you must fill yourself up with love, because you've got a shortage somewhere' (SL, 258)

Miriam's sexual reticence can be attributed to her religious leanings. The epiphanic moment, in which the reader is privileged to see her love for Paul aroused, is seen in religious terms as an 'annunciation':

> She saw him slender and firm, as if the setting sun had given him to her. A deep pain took hold of her, and she knew she must love him. And she had discovered him, discovered in him a rare potentiality, discovered his loneliness. Quivering as at some 'Annunciation', she went slowly forward. (SL, 201)

It is an early indication of the inability to reconcile mind and body which presses so disastrously on the 'Lad-and-Girl Love'. When she tries to give herself to Paul, this dichotomy cannot be overcome; her lovemaking is reminiscent of the lamb to the slaughter, a sacrifice rather than the culmination of desire:

> She had the most beautiful hips he had ever imagined. He stood unable to move or speak, looking at her, his face half smiling with wonder. And then he wanted her, and threw off his things. And then, as he went forward to her, her hands lifted in a little pleading movement, and he looked at her face, and stopped. Her big brown eyes were watching him, still and resigned and loving; she lay as if she had given herself up to sacrifice: there was her body for him; but the look at the back of her eyes, like a creature awaiting immolation, arrested him, and all his blood fell back. (SL, 333)

Critics see Paul Morel's failure to form sexual relationships to result from his overweening dependence on his mother, but *Sons and Lovers* also shows that Miriam's 'shortage' is her sexual reticence which bears heavily on the situation.

Clara, as the chapter entitled 'Passion' boldly indicates, offers Paul the kind of sexual experience Miriam never could. Aside from the fact that as a mature woman Clara is sexually experienced, the difference in her social situation can be seen to be instrumental in the way it has shaped her attitude to life and sex. She is an emancipated town girl and a suffragette and can be seen to stand at a certain point in industrial culture. What Lawrence recognises in playing out the relationship between her and Paul is the way in which the sense of a different place or way of life glimpsed in another person can become the catalyst for a sexual relationship. Lovemaking is not so much about holding that person in one's arms but rather more about clasping the idea of what that person might represent to one. This is true of Paul's attraction towards Clara. Contact with opera, restaurants, smart dress, suffragette meetings and a very real connectedness to the urban life of Nottingham make her seem, from Paul's point of view, the 'fruit of experience he could not attain' (SL, 307). In terms of her role in the text and Lawrence's development as a novelist, she represents an earlier version of characters like Lydia Lensky and Skrebensky of *The Rainbow;* although the images of doorways are not included she is Paul Morel's doorway to a wider circle of experience. While Paul clearly enjoys the social world she offers he is unable to respond to her emotional maturity. Sex with Clara is simply good sex with a woman. She could be any woman:

> Clara was not there for him, only a woman, warm, something he loved and almost worshipped, there in the dark. But it was not Clara. And she submitted to him. (SL, 397)

And she feels it:

> I feel... as if I hadn't got you, as if all of you weren't there, and as if it weren't me you were taking... You've never given me yourself'. (SL, 407)

Lawrence is making a point about the dangers and frustrations of casual, careless and uncaring sex. It is the kind of moral standpoint he retained throughout his writing life and was even used in his defence at the *Lady Chatterley* trial. On the subject of morality and in consideration of the fact that Clara is a married woman (as Connie Chatterley was), one could accuse Lawrence of condoning adultery, as the prosecution at that most famous of trials did. In his defence one can say that, just as the situation of Clifford's paralysis and his request for an heir extricated Connie from her marriage bonds, Lawrence similarly makes it quite plain that Clara and Dawes have already parted company. It is in the nature of the hypocrisy of the establishment that because no four letter words and no element of cross-class fraternisation occur in *Sons and Lovers,* no fuss was made about it.

After the split with Clara and the death of his mother, the sense of place and the realities so carefully built up in *Sons and Lovers* undergo a sea change which points towards the more symbolic style of writing for which *The Rainbow* is known. Paul's eyes often fill with tears, which causes the townscape to become random and refracted. This disintegration of place is taken up at a psychological level when Paul seems to lose his sense of time, distance and to an extent his consciousness. He feels most himself when he is lost in mechanical work at the factory, 'when he lapsed from consciousness' (SL, 454). The gap between himself and the world he was once so in touch with has widened:

> Sometimes he stood before the bar of the public-house where he had called for a drink. Everything suddenly stood back away from him. He saw the face of the barmaid, the gabbling drinkers, his own glass on the slopped, mahogany board, in the distance. There was something between him and them. He could not get into touch...he stood and looked at the lighted street. But he was not of it or in it. Something separated him. Everything went on there below those lamps, shut away from him. He could not get at them. He felt he couldn't touch the lamp posts, not if he reached. Where could he go? There was nowhere to go, neither back into the inn, or forward anywhere. He felt stifled. (SL, 457)

When Paul attempts to re-forge his old bond with Miriam, and travels by tram with her back to his lodgings, the sense of purpose in his movements and the firmly named and highly registered view of place the text has accustomed the reader to returns into view:

> The Trent ran dark and full under the bridge. Away towards Colwick, all was black night. He lived down Holme Road, on the naked edge of the town, facing across towards Sneiton...
>
> Supper was laid. He swung the curtain over the window. There was a bowl of freesias and scarlet anenomes on the table. (SL, 458)

That place pulsates in this kaleidoscopic way, with outlines becoming blurred or sharp according to the internal state of the character through whom it is perceived, shows Lawrence reaching towards a treatment of place which we see in *Women in Love* when the colliery town is seen through the disgusted eyes of Gudrun. Similarly, the Mexican landscape in 'The Woman Who Rode Away' is seen as a deathscape by the woman who, it turns out, is riding to her own death.

The difference in perception in the two quotations above explores an idea about place which is less tangible. This is that one can have, indeed needs, a sense of one's own place in the world which goes beyond the geographical place in which one lives. When characters are at their lowest ebb in Lawrence's novels they often see in nature some little scene which brings their sad situation in life strongly home to them. In *The White Peacock* Cyril feels the lack of a girlfriend more keenly when he sees two birds so happy in their nest together. In *Sons and Lovers* the mice Paul sees in his lodgings represent what he lacks: 'They were in their places. But where was he himself?' (SL, 455). These scenes seem to insinuate that meaningful relationships, and they have to be meaningful, through giving one a reason for living, can place one in the world. The ending of *Sons and Lovers* shows that this is different for every person. Clara rejects Paul because:

> There was something evanescent about Morel, she thought, something shifting and false. He would never make sure ground for any woman to stand on. (SL, 450)

Whereas when she and Dawes re-unite the way she 'grounds' Dawes is apparent:

> Dawes drew up his chair to the table without being invited, like a husband. Then he sat humbly waiting for his cup. (SL, 452)

Sons and Lovers, while it shows that humanity needs the kind of placing which relationships bring, also explores the rather different kind of 'place' the artist needs to inhabit. This is largely equated with space and emotional freedom. The text has shown an awareness of what is generally seen as aspects of the artist's character. Paul's cocksure manner in the pub and the way he chats up Clara's mother are indicative of that mixture of bolshiness and charm which artists from Hemingway to Dylan Thomas have been seen to have in common. The death of the mother speeds up the process of the figure of the artist emerging (to use one of Lawrence's images, like the Phoenix from the ashes) to need another kind of place. The artist's place needs to be devoid of the kind of sacrificial relationship Miriam offers, as that would be 'stifling the inner desperate man...denying his own life' (SL, 463). In geographical terms it can be the city, which Paul turns towards in the book's concluding paragraph, as it represents variety, diversity and a centre for the arts. However, in emotional terms the 'place' the artist needs is one that offers freedom from all former ties and responsibilities:

> Turning sharply, he walked toward's the city's gold phosphorescence. His fists were shut, his mouth set fast. He would not take that direction, to the darkness, to follow her. He walked towards the faintly humming, glowing town, quickly. (SL, 464)

It is a new start, but the imagery of the clenched fists, the turn towards the light, mirrors a scene when Mrs Morel held Paul as a baby up to the sun in the first chapter.

> She thrust the infant forward to the crimson, throbbing sun, almost with relief. She saw him lift his little fist. Then she put him to her bosom again, ashamed almost of her impulse to give him back again whence he came. (SL, 51)

The novel has come full circle. Although Paul's emotions have been turned inside out when he leaves the parochial Bestwood, and is compared to a grain of wheat, which corresponds to the 'stars and sun, a few bright grains', one feels that not only is he fulfilling his destiny as an artist by communing with the universe but that it is right that he should do so. In pagan terms, and with the rejection of Christianity these are the only kind of terms open to both Paul Morel and Lawrence, Paul returns not to the light of the great fructifier but to another kind of light - the *lux clara* of art.

TWILIGHT IN ITALY

In 1912 Lawrence began a liaison with Frieda the wife of Ernest Weekley, who was head of the Department of Modern Languages at Nottingham University College. The German baron's daughter and the 'collier's son' (Chambers, 1965, 57) who was now a poorly paid teacher and struggling writer, were ill-matched socially. But when Frieda abandoned her home and children and eloped with Lawrence to wander among the spring flowers of the Rhine, it signalled more than her other affairs. It was the start of an intense relationship that lasted a lifetime.

After walking the imperial road to Italy for a month, the Lawrences arrived at Lago di Garda (Lake Garda) on September 7. During the seven months spent at the Villa Igéa, in which they swam in the lake and took Italian lessons, Lawrence began another relationship of great importance in his life. This is a complex relationship to place and community which only the perpetual traveller, who is forced by nationality to remain apart from his environment, can come to know. It is an intensification of the alienation often integral to the artistic process, a relationship in which the boundaries of time and space which apply to ordinary life become less rigid, a state of being in which place and community are continually assessed. Lawrence took this situation on wholeheartedly; the study of life and its criticism or re-design always informed his work. Italy, the country to which he returned frequently, first stimulated his awareness that the daily intercourse of human life in other countries differed to that in Britain. It is therefore highly relevant to this thesis, and to Lawrence's entire canon, to consider the two collections of Italian writings - the *Twilight in Italy* sketches, which Lawrence revised back in England, and those of *Sea and Sardinia*, which like *Kangaroo* was written in only six weeks and remained virtually untouched.

Unless the travel writer travels as a journalist, noting down topography and conversation as he progresses, memory is integral to his method. *Twilight in Italy*, as it exists today, is a mixture of unrevised* and revised material. The initial section, which Lawrence wrote when he was living in the Lake Garda region, was first published in periodical form and

* The San Gaudenzio pieces: 'San Gaudenzio', 'Dance', 'Il Duro' and 'John' were written in April 1913 and left in the original. Similarly, 'Italians in Exile' and 'The Return Journey' were written between September and October 1913 and describe Lawrence's lonely walk through Switzerland.

then heavily revised, especially with a great deal of philosophical material.* My central question is whether the passages Lawrence adds are relevant to the original text, or whether they are drawn from unrelated concerns. I undertake a reading of *Twilight in Italy* in the light of the revisions in order to get closer to answering this question. Like 'pentimento' in painting the original words illuminate those we have today, and can take us closer to Lawrence's intentions. To show the divergence between the original and later texts, and connect this to his concerns at the time of re-writing, will clarify whether Lawrence reported directly on what he had seen or whether he used his responses to the rather more metaphysical aspects of life as a springboard to a new and different range of speculations.

I draw on the Duckworth publishing house first proofs,** which are clearly marked in Lawrence's hand and were only acquired by the University of Nottingham from an 'unrevealed source' in August 1990, to show that in his shorter revisions Lawrence wanted to make landscape play a larger role in the text, and of showing the close relationship between it and the Italian character. Comparisons between Italian and Northern European character are strengthened by making individuals more representative of an Italian 'type'. In Italy Lawrence's perceptions were heightened by being in love; back in Britain the rancorous tone of the revisions reflects his abhorrence of the First World War. This chapter divides into three sections: the first deals with Lawrence's philosophic additions, the second with his sense of place, and the third with his sense of community.***

1). The Philosophy

That literary genres for Lawrence were always a fluid affair - the stage directions in *A Collier's Friday Night* read like a novel; some of *The Rainbow* reads like poetry; the poems of *Pansies* such as 'Fidelity', 'Self-Pity' and 'Thought' read like philosophy - has engendered much criticism. With *Twilight in Italy* Aldington felt the philosophising was 'strangely out of place in a book of poetic travel sketches' (Aldington, 1956, ix). But Lawrence

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* 'The Crucifix Across the Mountains' first appeared as 'Christs in the Tyrol' in *The Saturday Westminster Gazette* (22 March 1913). 'The Spinner and the Monks', 'The Lemon Gardens' and 'The Theatre' first appeared as 'Italian Studies: By the Lago di Garda' in *The English Review* (September 1913).

** These are marked R&R Clark Ltd, Edinburgh, Jan 28th 1916 and held by the University of Nottingham - Catalogue number: MS 587/2/1.

*** Quotations from the periodical versions are referenced PV; those from the manuscript alterations to the Duckworth first proofs are referenced M/FP, and those from today's Penguin edition of *Twilight in Italy* (which contains Anthony Burgess' introduction) are simply referenced TI.

defended the intrusion of long philosophic passages, and even stated in a letter of 5 September 1915 that they were integral to his aim. He said he was:

> preparing a book of sketches, about the nations, Italian German and English, full of philosophising and struggling to show things real. (L2, 386)

We should ask what made Lawrence have this impulse towards philosophy? In December 1907, at twenty-one, Lawrence expressed a strong desire for a spiritual conversion to the Reverend Robert Reid:

> I believed for many years that the Holy Ghost descended and took conscious possession of the "elect" - the converted one; I thought all conversions were, to a greater or lesser degree, like that of Paul's. Naturally I yearned for the same, something the same. (L1, 39)

It never happened, as a letter of May 1908 admits:

> I was sore, frightfully raw and sore because I couldn't get the religious conversion, the Holy Ghost business, that I longed for. (L1, 49)

Lawrence said he wrote a novel instead, which I interpret to suggest that writing, and the philosophical content it could include, was an outlet for his thwarted religious instinct. Philosophy offered him an alternative path through which to explore and reach towards a vision of life. Since the spring of 1906 he said what he would write would 'be didactic' (Chambers, 1965, 102), and when he was bored with college he read philosophy for inspiration: 'I was suffering acutely from Carlyliophobia' (LI, 49).

The revisions to *Twilight* are concurrent with his philosophical works *Study of Thomas Hardy* (1914) and 'The Crown' (1915), and his involvement in the unsuccessful small circulation magazine *The Signature* (Oct and Nov 1915), which was to provide a vehicle for him to preach 'the beliefs by which one can construct the world' (L2, 386). In consequence the travel sketches are questioning rather than reflective. In *Women in Love* Birkin asks Gerald 'What do you live for?' (WL, 107) and in *Twilight* a crucifix on the road seems to be asking 'what, then, is being?' (TI, 8). One possible way of being which *Twilight* explores is to forget aestheticism and journey back through time to discover 'more archaic forms of consciousness' (Porter, 1991, 203). Like many travellers, from the pilgrims to Jerusalem, the Moslems to Mecca, to the hippies on the India trail, Lawrence was involved in a spiritual quest. And the Irish travel writer Padraic Column said in *The Dial* (February 1922)

that great travel books include 'the journey into the writer's self, in them is the quest that is rarely spoken of - the secret quest' (cited Tracy, 1983, 13).

To philosophise about a community is certainly one way of writing about it. Perhaps Lawrence does turn the travel writer's tendency to philosophise into a right, perhaps the philosophical passages don't 'fit' the text well as Aldington suggested, but we should take a closer look at them before dismissing them as has been their usual past fate. A critical question to be applied is: does such philosophising arise out of direct experience? Does the writer's contact with a person or situation engender some insight or wisdom? Surely philosophising within travel writing should arise from the writer's first-hand experience?

The philosophical thought in the revised edition of 'The Spinner and the Monks' which arises directly from the experience of the text *is* integrated. Lawrence meets an old Spinner-woman whose unselfconscious, self-contained manner epitomises many old world qualities. Her sun bleached looks, her spinning style, 'like motion without thought', and her conception of Lawrence as 'merely a bit of the outside, negligible', all leave Lawrence feeling 'eclipsed' by her. Her remote, indifferent attitude is aligned with a conception of the stars as 'other worlds' (TI, 24) in order to create a springboard from which Lawrence can react against the Christian viewpoint which sees man and the creation as stars, as microcosm and macrocosm. Lawrence prefers to split the universe into known and 'unknown', I and 'not me', and says he can only know 'there is that which is not me' (TI, 24). The Spinner's indifference was strengthened in the revisions. Initially, Lawrence described himself as 'an important bit of the landscape to her' (PV, 205) but changed it to:

> That I had a world of my own, other than her own, was not conceived by her. She did not care. (TI, 24)

Enhancing the Spinner's indifference justifies the philosophy as this arises from Lawrence's need to explain the indifference to himself; a defence mechanism on his part. The passage also introduces the theme of 'Me' and 'Not-Me' which unites the philosophical sections, and will be discussed at the end of this section of the chapter.

Philosophy, then, is justified when it is particularly interesting or when it arises from a direct experience. The long passage which contrasts the nature of Italian souls with Northern European ones, which was added to 'The Lemon Gardens' (TI, 34-41), presents a greater problem of 'fit' as it

emerges from an imposed and academic train of thought rather than from direct observation. In accord with Lawrence's aim to find out certain truths 'about the nations' (L2, 386) one nation was often contrasted with another to draw attention to their differences, a technique developed from the character contrasts expected of novel writing. In this lemon gardens passage an idea that dark Italian rooms are symptomatic of the darkness of Italian souls - 'how it is dark, cleaving to the eternal night' - leads into a metaphor of the Italian as a cat interested only in 'ecstatic sensual delight'(TI, 35). The duality between mind and body informs his image and whereas the Italian is seen as sensual and tiger-like, the Northern character is seen as weak and lamb-like.

If Lawrence had solely shown the sensual nature of Italians to be antithetical to that of the northern European, and touched on each nations shortcomings, the passage could have been acceptable; but it has many flaws. Firstly, to include the kind of metaphor and imagery which is frowned on in analytical philosophy (the point is to get to a point!) perhaps shows the mark of originality, but when Lawrence's language, rather than defining sensuality through images of soft golden light, instead presents Italian sensuality in images of cold, corrosive light, there is a problem. Such intricate imagery might unite all those forms of life Lawrence feels belong in the same 'family' as the Italians - the 'luminousness' of Aphrodite, the tiger's 'cold and white' fire, the soldier's destruction in a 'white eternal flame' (TI, 35-7) - but it interrupts the narrative flow too much. The reader, who was trying to be walked around the Padrone's lemon gardens, is left stranded. Secondly, the passage becomes a practice run on his theory of the two infinities which was expounded in 'The Crown' (1915). In this essay light/dark imagery delineates Lawrence's conception of man's essentially dualistic nature, having an impulse towards the 'Beginning' and the 'End', towards both the darkness of the womb and towards the everlasting light. The way forward to infinity was to try and reach both back and forward to both beginning and end: backwards into the self of the womb, the primeval dark, unconscious self (the Italian way), and forward into the area of light that Northern Europe took as its domain. He wrote:

> From the present, the stream flows in opposite directions, back to the past, on to the future. There are two goals, at opposite ends of time. There is the vast original dark out of which Creation issued, there is the Eternal light into which all mortality passes. And both are equally infinite, both are equally the goal, and both equally the beginning. (DP, 258)

In *Twilight in Italy* a dualism is forged: Italians are aligned with the father, flesh, tiger, darkness, blood; Northern Europeans with the antithetical Son, word, lamb, light, brain. The consummation with infinity is seen to be tied up with the the self: 'A man is consummated in expressing his own Self' (TI, 40). In the Duckworth first proofs Lawrence had wanted it changed to 'Man is consummated in his own proper being' (M/FP, 69). And the following passage sounds remarkably like *The Crown:*

> The consummation of man is twofold, in the Self and in Selflessness. By great regression back to the source of darkness in me, the Self, deep in the senses, I arrive at the Original, Creative Infinite. By projection forth from myself, I arrive at the Ultimate Infinite, Oneness in the Spirit. They are two Infinities, twofold approach to God. And man must know both. (TI, 46).

It is a weakness of the passage on the two infinities in *Twilight in Italy* that it needs 'The Crown' to explain it. Lawrence's theory of the two infinities is relevant to his life's vision, but is it really necessary to his aim of showing Italian characteristics?

The third instance in which the passage on the Italian soul is flawed is the way in which Lawrence 'moulds' the writing by adopting, but then quietly subverting traditional viewpoints. Like others, Lawrence believes that human history affects the development of a nation's psyche and sees the Renaissance as a turning point. In his love of periodisation, he was preceded by writers like Jacob Burckhardt, who in *Civilisation of the Renaissance in Italy* (1860) saw the Renaissance as a turning point between ancient and modern history (cited Burke, 1987, 1). Lawrence's perception of the Middle Ages as an aspirational contemplative age, characterised by man's striving towards self-abnegation and abstraction through the Word and Law, is a traditional viewpoint then, as is seeing the Renaissance as a flowering into art and sensitivity.

> At the sound of the word "Renaissance", wrote the Dutch historian John Huizinga, 'the dreamer of past beauty sees purple and gold'. More exactly, [Burke continues] he or she sees in the mind's eye Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*; Michelangelo's *David*, Leonardo's *Mona Lisa*, Erasmus, the châteaux of the Loire, and the *Faerie Queene*, all rolled into one. (Burke, 1987, 1)

But Lawrence's treatment of mediaeval man's tendency towards self-abnegation is hardly traditional at all, but tinged with his own concerns:

> But the movement all the time was in one direction, towards the elimination of the flesh. Man wanted more and more to become purely free and abstract.

> Pure freedom was in pure abstraction. The Word was absolute. When man became as the Word, a pure law, then he was free. (TI, 34)

He includes the theme of 'the elimination of the flesh' so that the later pre-eminence of flesh, so important to the post-Renaissance Italian, can be exposed. It is writing born of his ideas on the sexually repressive nature of Christianity. Lawrence's treatment of the Renaissance is also tinged with his own concerns. He takes up the popular debates surrounding Renaissance art, the question for example of whether Michael Angelo's David is spiritual or sensual, and applies them to the Italian character. Lawrence, as Ruskin did, sees Michael Angelo's David as a sensual figure and finds the Italian character is a continuation of the way that Angelo 'swung right back to the old Mosaic position' (TI, 34).

At a deeply personal level one feels Lawrence includes the image of the Italian as a soldier, the person whose life is based on sensations, simply because he is writing his revisions in 1915 when he is shocked, appalled and repelled by Britain's part in the war. War jeopardised Lawrence's firm beliefs in man's individuality, man's potential and his need to be with woman - 'what colossal idiocy this war' (L2, 212) - hence this passage is included in *Twilight in Italy* for its didactic content:

> This is the spirit of the soldier. He, too, walks with his consciousness concentrated at the base of the spine, his mind subjugated, submerged. The will of the soldier is the will of the great cats, the will to ecstasy in destruction... (TI, 36)

The philosophising which was added to 'The Theatre' sketch, which arises from the endearing inability of a group of travelling players to play Ibsen's *Ghosts* and Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, also seeks to demonstrate the nature of the Italian soul. The reader's imagined position, up there in the 'red velvet' box with Lawrence, places him in contact with the players. Hence, when Lawrence describes Hamlet's character as mental, 'anti-physical, anti-sensual' (TI, 68-9) and typical of a Renaissance strain of self-dislike in art and cerebral Northern consciousness, we find it more acceptable than the more abstract 'fit' of the Lemon Gardens passage. So antithetical is Hamlet's character to the 'hot-blooded' Persavelli that his performance simply fails. In part this failure is because the theatre company are comically low grade. On a deeper level it is because Northern and Southern psyches differ. Lawrence develops the comic potential of the former in the revisions which work on the idea that costume can never hide

man's essential nature (the theme recurs in the fancy dress parade in *Sea and Sardinia*). In the *Hamlet* of *Twilight in Italy* the Queen's sense of self-importance becomes through Lawrence's revisions even more at odds with her own reality. She changes from being a 'burly little body in pink satin' (PV, 228) to being described as 'the Queen, burly little peasant woman, ... ill at ease in her pink satin' (TI, 67). The King who was formerly described as a person who 'cleaved not to his garments' (PV, 229) has his awkwardness heightened:

> His body was real enough, but it had nothing at all to do with his clothes. They established a separate identity by themselves. (TI, 67)

In the periodical version, the gap insisted on between the actor and Hamlet makes for comedy:

> In reality he was a short, broad Italian - a common type - with his black hair cut close. As Amleto, he was a hulking fellow with long hair and black knee-breeches, carrying a long rag of a cloak, and crawling about with his head ducked between his shoulders, reminding me of a blackbeetle: the more so, as he is always turning up where he shouldn't. (PV, 229)

The revisions to this passage, like so many of Lawrence's, not only vivify but also expand the germ of an idea contained in the original; in this case that Hamlet looked like an insect and that his movements were inopportune (the plethora of present participles adds to the comedy). Hamlet's 'rag of a cloak' is now put to a more sophisticated use as it transmits his inner torture:

> Enrico Persevalli had overshot himself in every direction, but worst of all in his own. He had become a hulking fellow, crawling about with his head ducked between his shoulders, pecking and poking, creeping about after other people, sniffing at them, setting traps for them, absorbed by his own self-important self-consciousness. His legs, in their black knee-breeches, had a crawling, slinking look; he always carried the black rag of a cloak, something for him to twist about as he twisted in his own soul, overwhelmed by a sort of inverted perversity. (TI, 67-8)

Lawrence has successfully demonstrated the amateur nature of the theatre company but his more pressing aim is to show that an innate Italianness simply won't allow Enrico Persevalli to play Hamlet. It is all a question of the Italian psyche belonging to a different world from the cerebral Northern one from which the play emanates.

The polarities Lawrence urged in 'The Lemon Gardens' between the Italian embrace of phallicism and unconsciousness, and the North's love of

cerebral thought and consciousness, inform this theatre sketch. Even if the philosophy sections do not 'fit' the body of the text well at least artistic unity exists *between* the various philosophy sections. Post-Renaissance Italians in the previous Lemon Gardens sketch were seen to have made a reversal back to the 'inexorable law of the flesh' (TI, 34) and here is Persevalli acting in a way that showed 'His divinity was the phallic divinity' (TI, 60). The same point - that Italians are phallocentric - has been made, but it is made with more credibility in 'The Theatre' sketch as the observation arises from direct experience rather than being imposed on it.

The theme of 'Self', and its relationship to the universe or creation, is present in the philosophical section of the first three sketches of *Twilight in Italy*. The differences between the Northern and Southern nations are seen to be dependent on their differing attitudes to their own self. Early on, in the character of Lettie in *The White Peacock* for example, Lawrence demonstrated a belief that it was crucial for man to achieve his full potential.

Here in *Twilight in Italy* religion is held responsible for a perceived difference between the Northern and Southern sense of self. The post-Renaissance brand, which Lawrence defines conveniently as a 'new' and self-abnegating religion, is seen to stifle individuality and is presented flippantly:

> The great inspiration of the new religion was the inspiration of freedom. When I have submerged or distilled away my concrete body and my limited desires, when I am like the skylark dissolved in the sky yet filling heaven and earth with song, then I am perfect, consummated in the Infinite. When I am all that is not-me, then I have perfect liberty. I know no limitation. Only I must eliminate the Self. (TI, 40)

Lawrence wanted to make the sentiment that religion suppressed individuality more obvious. At the first proof stage, although his wish to change 'my concrete body' of the above quotation to 'my concrete self' was ignored, his additions to

> Man is right, he is consummated, when he is seeking knowledge of that which is not himself. (M/FP, 68)

were heeded. His scribble in the margin 'to know, to analyse, which is to destroy his Self' was printed as:

> A Man is right, he is consummated, when he is seeking to know Man, the great abstract; and the method of knowledge is by the analysis, which is the destruction, of the Self. (TI, 39)

Lawrence's interest in the divergent development of the self present in the nations extends to their relationship to the outside world of matter (the 'Me' and 'Not-Me'). The Italian is seen as too centripetal and interested in the self whereas Northern man is too centrifugal and interested in the external world. The figures of the Spinner and Hamlet clearly illustrate each stance and both are seen to be extremes which severely affect relationships with the outside world. The Spinner's inherent inwardness prevents her from paying heed to much: 'there was nothing which was not herself, ultimately' (TI, 25); and Hamlet, a representative of Northern self-denial, with his question 'to be or not to be?' remains undecided about his own self and echoes Lawrence's theme of 'Me' and 'Not-Me':

> the question, to be or not to be, which Hamlet puts himself, does not mean, to live or not to live. It is not the simple human being who puts himself the question, it is the supreme I, King and Father. To be or not to be King, Father, in the Self supreme? And the decision is, not to be. (TI, 70)

Hamlet, in opting for the not-self is thus seen by Lawrence to be no better or worse than those other phenomena of life that Lawrence saw as expressions of the not-self - newspapers, cinema, machines, soldiers. Lawrence's obsession with this Me/Not-Me, Self/not-self duality results in some rather implausible logic. The Italian train of thought, for example, which is not interested in anything outside the self, is seen as contributing to the non-industrialisation of Italy:

> So the Italian, through centuries, has avoided our Northern purposive industry, because it has seemed to him a form of nothingness. (TI, 36)

When Lawrence came to write *Etruscan Places* he admired the Etruscans for being 'the life-loving Etruscans' (EP, 16), but here Hamlet's northern consciousness is seen to negate this. The solution, Lawrence feels, is to let spontaneity rather than cerebral thought have dominance.

Lawrence's complex, dualistically oriented philosophy raises the question of whether philosophy such as this can be justified in a travel book. Lawrence criticism tends to write off all Lawrence's philosophising in *Twilight in Italy* as one block. Sagar's view that 'he is obsessively reworking the same ideas and images as if they could provide a universal key' (Sagar,

1985, 161) is typical. This is probably due to the fact that no critical methodology exists for analysing travel books, although they existed before novels; when philosophy enters it is deemed to belong to another genre and discarded. This does not allow for the differences and similarities I have shown to exist within the philosophical passages. However, travel writing *does* offer an arena wherein an insight into the travel writer's mind may contribute towards our enjoyment of the book. Lawrence was not the first travel writer to seize the privilege to philosophise and digress. When Norman Douglas reviewed *Wharton's Wanderings* (1888) in *The English Review* (the same issue which published Lawrence's 'Italian Studies'), he upbraided the author for devoting one hundred pages to the habits of monkeys. The difference is that Wharton kept to one subject whereas Lawrence presented a cornucopia of more varied ideas. As Billy Tracy says in *D.H. Lawrence and the Literature of Travel*:

> Expressing opinion may be a flaw in a novelist, but it can be a virtue in a travel writer, if he has interesting ideas. (Tracy, 1976, 13)

Lawrence's geographical polarisation into North and South is reflected by other travel writers who have sensed a 'difference' when they encountered the older, sunny, drier landscape, romance languages and Latin temperament that is Italy. Freya Stark, born eight years after Lawrence, recalled 'we saw Italy and England as really separate worlds' (Maitland, 1982, 12). Also, Lawrence was not alone in trying to define national characteristics: the sciences of ethnology and anthropology were founded in the mid- nineteenth century. That he attributed those differences to the influence of either pre-Renaissance or post-Renaissance religion is also of interest.

To conclude this section, my view is that some of Lawrence's philosophising, such as the piece on Italian souls, has a place, but that on the two infinities does not. Passages such as the latter, which strive towards a system of abstracts in order to define the Italian soul, work against Lawrence's reputation as a travel writer, and this is a pity as elsewhere the travel writing contains some of his most vivid prose.

2). The Italian Panorama

Icelanders describe that irresistible urge we from the North have to go South as a 'longing for figs', words evocative of sun, heat, colour and the concept of a slower, more relaxed way of life. Lawrence, like Byron, Dickens,

Tennyson, Gissing and James before him, responded enthusiastically to this, but in a markedly different way. His walks through lemon groves in *Twilight in Italy* lead him not to monuments and objects on the aesthetic list of 'sights', or to the socio-economic, historical or political concerns of the country, but to an appreciation of landscape and many amiable conversations with peasants.

As befits a Southern travel book, much attention is paid to the sunshine. But because Lawrence was experiencing such strength of sunshine for the first time, and no doubt because it alleviated his tuberculosis, *Twilight in Italy* becomes a veritable paean to it. In 'The Spinner and the Monks' he calls a day out 'the day of sunshine' (TI, 27) and the sun looming at the end of the dark Italian streets becomes as great a goal as the church he visits. In 'The Lemon Gardens' the image of the sun rising, which ends in the triumph of its touch on him, is reminiscent of the homage afforded natural phenomena in epic poetry:

> In the morning I often lie in bed and watch the sunrise. The lake lies dim and milky, the mountains are dark blue at the back, while over them the sky gushes and glistens with light. At a certain place on the mountain ridge the light burns gold, seems to fuse a little groove on the hill's rim. It fuses and fuses at this point, till of a sudden it comes, the intense, molten, living light. The mountains melt suddenly, the light steps down, there is a glitter, a spangle, a clutch of spangles, a great unbearable sun-track flashing across the milky lake, and the light falls on my face. (TI, 49)

But equal weight has to be given to shadow. In the philosophic section discussed previously, we saw that when Lawrence traced the contrasts between Northern and Southern character back to the Renaissance he judged the Italian soul to be darkly sensual, 'cleaving to the eternal night', whereas he associated the Northern one with abstraction, mentality and light. This influences the perception of landscape on the return into Italy from Switzerland over the Gotthard pass:

> It is strange how different the sun-dried, ancient, southern slopes of the world are, from the northern slopes. It is as if the god Pan really had his home among these sun-bleached stones and tough, sun-dark trees. (TI, 163)

The key word is 'sun-dark'. *Twilight in Italy* is possibly the only travel book in English literature to have so great an interplay of dark and light in the text. These contrasts exist in three distinct ways. Firstly, there is the difference between those sketches which take Italy as their subject and exude sunshine and light, and those Swiss ones which centre on darkness -

Lawrence looks for inns at night, and there are dark rain clouds over the lakes. Here 'good' is associated with Italy and 'evil' with Switzerland; the nuances of this, concerned with issues such as the effects of industrialism, will be discussed later. Secondly, within a single sketch numerous contrasts reflect the drama of the natural geography - the dark Klamm valley set against the upper snows in 'The Crucifix Across the Mountains', or the contrast of the dark gorge in 'The Spinner and the Monks' with the sunshine above. Thirdly, light/dark contrasts are particularly localised: the church of San Tommaso's dark interior contrasted with the sunshine outside; the dark lemon houses set against the outer sunshine; a circle of lamplight around the exiled Italian anarchists rehearsing their play. Once again Lawrence, while he recognises that the interplay of dark and light is natural to these scenes, also explores the possibility of making it correspond to a duality of good and evil. He viewed what he saw as the repressive side to Christianity as evil, so when he enters San Tommaso church he responds to a sense of evil like an animal faced with danger: 'my senses were roused, they sprang awake in the hot, spiced darkness' (TI, 21). When the emphasis is reversed and we see the circle of light the Italians make against the Swiss gloom (a country Lawrence felt was repressive) the same moral overtones remain; the Italian's circle of light is strongly symbolic of an oasis of good surrounded by evil. It is a feature of Lawrence's writing that he bathes that which he approves of in light; what one might term a 'halo instinct' which perhaps shows the influence of his intensely moral and religious upbringing. In *Sea and Sardinia* it will be an old man roasting a kid. Sometimes Lawrence's compulsion to see things in terms of darkness and light extends to the smallest details. This from 'The Spinner and the Monks': 'Primroses were everywhere in nests of pale bloom upon the dark, steep face of the cleft' (TI, 27). Or this, which describes the lemon houses: 'a long slot of darkness at irregular intervals between the brown wood and the glass stripes' (TI, 49).

On a profoundly psychological level, the light/shade interplay affects our subconscious. For me, the images - San Tomaso's dark interior and the dark lemon trees set against the sunshine outside - are remembered without recourse to the text. If unaware of the psychological effect, Lawrence was certainly working towards an overall scheme of symbolism and metaphorical meaning.

The alignment of dark places with evil is extended towards creating a further duality between heaven and hell in the text: not a Christian hell, we notice, but a pagan underworld. Frieda's pending divorce together with the question of her children, was felt to be a 'hell-broth of tragedy' (CL, 191) and

possibly this aspect of Lawrence's personal life added to the hellish influences evident in the Klamm valley: 'The rock face opposite rises high overhead, with the sky far up. So that one is walking in a half-night, an underworld' (TI, 9). Imagery reminiscent of classical literature's purgatorial punishments depicts the peasant's lot as hellish and strives towards a level of impact beyond the purely descriptive: 'The mountains are dark overhead, the water roars in the gloom below. His heart is ground between the mill-stones of dread' (TI, 10).

In 'The Lemon Gardens' however, the underworld associations might extend to man's condition but the evil overtones are absent, and we are in the presence of Lawrence working to portray the sense of place of which he is such a master:

> I went in to the lemon-house, where the poor trees seem to mope in the darkness. It is an immense, dark, cold place. Tall lemon trees, heavy with half-visible fruit, crowd together and rise in the gloom. They look like ghosts in the darkness of the underworld, stately, and as if in life, but only grand shadows of themselves. And lurking here and there, I see one of the pillars. But he, too, seems a shadow, not one of the dazzling white fellows I knew. Here we are, trees, men, pillars, the dark earth, the sad black paths, shut in this enormous box. It is true, there are long strips of window and slots of space, so that the front is striped, and an occasional tree and the sickly round lemons. But it is nevertheless very gloomy. (TI, 50)

The personification of the trees which 'mope' and 'crowd', and Lawrence's observation that they are 'stately as if in life, but only grand shadows of themselves (TI, 50), make the place reminiscent of Virgil's underworld:

> thin lives that glide without a body in
> the hollow semblance of a form, he would
> in vain have torn the shadows with his blade
> (Aeneid, VI, 387-9)

Atmospheric and descriptive the passage might be but Lawrence also informs. We learn that the lemon houses, with their fires to protect the lemon trees from the winter snows, are built in November. However, Lawrence sees the factual details of lemon production in an emblematic way. They become a potential metaphor for society's tendency to repress man's natural potential. In his *Study of Thomas Hardy* Lawrence used an image of a walled town: 'be passionate, individual, wilful, you will find the security of the convention a walled prison, you will escape, and you will die' (Beal, 1961, 168). The trees in the lemon house symbolise man's repression; various paths or choices open to people are ignored: 'Here we are, trees,

men, pillars, the dark earth, the sad black paths, shut in this enormous box' (TI, 50). The philosophic section indicated Lawrence's strong belief in a person's individuality, and these lemon trees, because they are grown through an old fashioned individualistic method of grafting reflect this. There is an obvious parallel at play: in the modern commercial world these lemons with their 'exquisite fragrance and perfume' have been ousted by more modern production methods and have no place, just as people with individuality, Lawrence felt, are shut out by the modern world.

Closely linked to the duality between heaven and hell is the manner in which Lawrence discards the horizon usually so integral to landscape description, and sees landscape on a vertical axis, split in his terminology between 'overhead' and 'beneath'. To first encounter mountain scenery perhaps results in a keen awareness of the upward direction: 'above us the mountains shone in clear air' (TI, 83). Enthusiastic passages which appeal to all our senses by describing the feel and taste of ice, the sound of water and the smell of pine, capture Lawrence's sense of discovering a greater freshness than is found in Britain :

> overhead there is always the strange radiance of the mountains, there is the mystery of the icy river rushing through its pink shoals into the darkness of the pine-woods, there is always the faint tang of ice on the air, and the rush of hoarse-sounding water. (TI, 5)

The passage's key phrase - 'overhead there is always the strange radiance of the mountains' - reflects the duality between the 'low level of the world, on the lake' (TI, 51) and 'the level upper world' (TI, 154) which Lawrence encounters in Switzerland. This enforced split allows the landscape to reflect much of the imagery and vocabulary of the philosophic sections. The two-fold way to infinity, through both blood and mind, with Italians and the Northern Europeans being so limited that they have chosen only the one way, the blood and the mind or spirit respectively, lends the following passage a certain depth:

> At the same time, always, overhead, there is the eternal, negative radiance of the snows. Beneath is life, the hot jet of the blood playing elaborately. But above is the radiance of changeless not-being. (TI, 6)

The snowy upward direction of 'overhead' represents the Northern European way while 'beneath' is the domain of the Italian and the life of blood-consciousness.

The places Lawrence visits are either suspended or borderline - San Gaudenzio is on 'the bluff of a headland that hung over the lake' (TI, 83), the Lugano hotel in 'The Return Journey' is 'on the edge of a steep declivity' (TI, 167). This offers the ideal position from which to view both aspects of the landscape's vertical axis. This sense of a place being mid-way is developed in the revisions when the position of the church terrace in 'The Spinner and the Monks' is exaggerated:

> it always remains in my mind that San Tommaso stands in mid-air by the mountain side. It belongs to nowhere, and has no immediate surroundings. (PV, 203)

> It always remains to me that San Tommaso and its terrace hang suspended above the village, like the lowest step of heaven, of Jacob's ladder. Behind, the land rises in a high sweep. But the terrace of San Tommaso is let down from heaven, and does not touch the earth. (TI, 21)

As *Twilight in Italy* is the book's title one expects Lawrence to concentrate on the lower world, on Italian creativity and 'the hot jet of blood'. He does. But he also includes a consideration of the upper world. A consideration of both polarities allows Lawrence to explore the way in which the community are psychologically repressed by their awareness of the upper world.

First, let us look at how Lawrence explored the fecund, vibrant, creative, lower landscape. The sense of landscape as dynamic often plays a large part in this. When the Lawrences move from the village on Lake Garda to the mountains in the 'San Gaudenzio' sketch, for example, in a wonderful feat of imagination Lawrence vivifies the lake shore by overlaying it with the flora typical of each season - autumnal cyclamens, Christmas roses, spring primroses and almond blossom; what could be called a creation piece. Time is speeded up as in a nature film such as Walt Disney's *The Living Desert*. Because the piece runs to two and a third pages, I have chosen the specific extracts when Lawrence scrolls through the seasons (italics pinpoint the seasonal changes):

> *In the autumn* the little rosy cyclamens blossom in the shade of this west side of the lake. They are very cold and fragrant...They are real flowers of the past. They seem to be blossoming in the landscape of Phaedra and Helen. They bend down, they brood like little chill fires. They are little living myths that I cannot understand...
> And then, *in mid-winter*, the lowest buds of the Christmas roses appear under the hedges and rocks and by the streams. They are very lovely, these first, large, cold, pure buds, like violets, like magnolias, but cold, lit up with the light from the snow.

> The days go by, through the *brief silence of winter*, when the sunshine is so still and pure, like iced wine, and the dead leaves gleam brown, and water sounds hoarse in the ravines. It is so still and transcendent, the cypress trees poise like flames of forgotten darkness, that should have been blown out at the end of the summer. For as we have candles to light the darkness of night, so the cypresses are candles to keep the darkness aflame in the full sunshine.
> Meanwhile, the *Christmas roses* become many. They rise from their budded, intact humbleness near the ground, they rise up, they throw up their crystal, they become handsome, they are heaps of confident, mysterious whiteness in the shadow of a rocky stream. It is almost uncanny to see them... [a description of sunrise and sunset follows]...
> Meanwhile, the primroses are dawning on the ground, their light is growing stronger, spreading over the banks and under the bushes. Between the olive roots the violets are out, large, white, grave violets, and less serious blue ones. And looking down the hill, among the grey smoke of olive leaves, pink puffs of smoke are rising up. It is the almond and the apricot trees, *it is the Spring*. (TI, 81-2)

An admirable passage, evocative of renewal, growth and hope. But with Lawrence, contrary to what Ellis and Mills say in *D.H. Lawrence's Non-Fiction*, description and metaphysic always overlap. The Christmas roses, through being placed after that pivotal point of the passage, 'the brief silence of winter' (TI, 81), might illustrate the potential for life in death, but the way in which they bind the passage, and are not heeded in their associations with the Christian Christmas story, would surely have appealed to Lawrence's metaphysic as he is purposefully involved in a creation piece that has closer links with nature than with God. However, the sense of wonder he was so grateful to religion for giving him, and which he felt Northern man had lost is felt in the descriptions of each season's flowers - the 'uncanny' (TI, 82) rose buds and the 'little living myths' (TI, 81) of cyclamens. Here, and when Lawrence sees the cypress trees as 'flames of forgotten darkness' (TI, 81), he is involved in something very dear to his perception of landscape. This idea that landscape is immutable and man is the transient factor in it was expressed in 'The Crown':

> We have made a mistake. We are like travellers travelling in a train, who watch the country pass by and pass away; all of us who watch the sun setting, sliding down into extinction, we are mistaken. It is not the country which passes by and fades, it is not the sun which sinks to oblivion. Neither is it the flower that withers, nor the song that dies out.
> It is we who are carried past in the seethe of mortality. The flower is timeless and beyond condition. It is we who are swept on in the condition of time. (DP, 263)

The view of flowers and trees as not so much transitory, but as 'glyphs' or messengers of the past, is explored more fully in *Etruscan Places* with the asphodel flower and in the poem 'Cypresses' (1920-23). Indeed, in Eastwood, the field opposite The Breach (Lawrence's second home), is now a recreation park, but the hawthorn bush he mentioned in a letter still grows there.

The strength and complexity of Lawrence's travel books often lies in his simultaneous awareness of two different dimensions of place - land and sea in *Sea and Sardinia,* overground and underground in *Etruscan Places.* Hence, *Twilight in Italy,* in addition to being concerned with the sunny, vibrant, physical nature of Italy, also perceives the upper scape or air which the first sketch made representative of a spiritual northern consciousness.

The elevated positions Lawrence often finds himself in are merely preludes to an awareness of the soaring nature of the landscape which still towers above him - 'the white peaks in the upper air' (TI, 14) and 'the long arched mountain of snow' (TI, 47). Dame Freya Stark said: 'there may be some force in the mountain atmosphere which works upon the climber's imagination' (Maitland, 1982, 51). But the reader's expectation that Lawrence will be alert to an unconstrained atmosphere of freedom as he gazes up into the cold ether is subverted when the upper air of *Twilight in Italy* with its tactile qualities - 'the air was cold and hard and high' (TI, 8) - suggests an encapsulating shell over the landscape:

> And the ice and upper radiance of snow are brilliant with timeless immunity from the flux and the warmth of life. Overhead they transcend all life, all the soft, moist fire of the blood. So that a man must needs live under the radiance of his own negation. (TI, 5)

The 'upper air' becomes symbolic of the North where man, Lawrence believed, was abstracted 'from the flux and the warmth of life'. The image of living 'under the radiance of his own negation' is closely related to Lawrence's previously discussed ideas that man worships that which is not himself. But also at the time of writing, and more so at the time of re-writing, Lawrence was acutely aware that his mortal and earthbound self was striving for the immortal or 'infinite': 'one is happy in the thoughts only that transcend humanity' (L3, 127). Hence the 'upper radiance' in Twilight in Italy, although it represents the promise of the furtherance of self, more frequently represents a constant reminder of what man can never be. Here and elsewhere in *Twilight in Italy* then scenery becomes highly symbolic.

To consider the panoramic scenery in *Twilight in Italy* is to experience a certain *déjà vu*. Throughout the book the view looks down on a lake, whether Lake Garda, Constance or Lucerne, and faces a mountain. The *Cadogan Guide to Italy* (1988) mentions the 13th Century Castello Scaligera, the Island of Garda, the waterfalls outside Riva del Garda (from which Lawrence approached the lake), fine Italian gardens, parks and beaches. Admittedly, everyone sees landscape in a different way, but Lawrence's selectivity and his obsession with the mountains, lakes gorges and rivers, causes them to be raised then to the level of symbolism.

Mountains, in 'The Return Journey', which 'seemed like death, eternal death' (TI, 152) gradually become symbolic of death. Lawrence appears to be working the symbolism out *during* the sketch, since a page later there is a more explicit association: 'The very pure source of breaking-down, decomposition, the very quick of cold death, is the snowy mountain-peak above' (TI, 153). Lawrence's dualistic instinct to divide causes the mountain not to remain as one item but to appear as two. Although this split is expressed vaguely in the periodical version of 'The Spinner and the Monks', where 'the top half is brilliantly white and skyey, and the lower half is dark, grim' (PV, 203), it is more apparent in the revised version:

> Across, the heavy mountain crouched along the side of the lake, the upper half brilliantly white, belonging to the sky, the lower half dark and grim. So, then, that is where heaven and earth are divided. (TI, 22)

The conclusive tone of the last sentence points towards Lawrence's sometimes rather juvenile tendency in *Twilight in Italy* to want to make everything 'fit', to be part of a pattern. Nevertheless, mountains become the borderline between the lower world and the world beyond; Lawrence is keen to make them speak of the tension between freedom and captivity, spiritual and temporal life. In Switzerland he categorically rejects all that is unspiritual, mundane, earthly; everything Northern:

> I was free, in this heavy, ice-cold air, this upper world, alone...It was a sort of grief that this continent all beneath was so unreal, false, non-existent in its activity. Out of the silence one looked down on it, and it seemed to have lost all importance, all significance. (TI, 157)

This represents the marking of the kind of moment, the feel for eternity, he wrote of in 'The Crown':

> And we, who are temporal and eternal, at moments only we cease from our temporality. In these our moments we see the sow-thistle gleaming, light within darkness, darkness within light. (DP, 263)

If the mountains symbolise death, when Lawrence faces them as he does here and in 'The Lemon Gardens' the existentialist belief that the only truth in life is death, which was registered in 'The Crown' as 'the pure flux of death, it is part of us all the time' (DP,282), is made visual. To face the mountain symbolises both Lawrence's sense of his imminent death and the awareness that those heart-wrenching moments when our sense of eternity strains against our temporal lives are never far away. As L.D. Clark says, the components in Lawrence's scenes acquire a doubly symbolic nature:

> they epitomize a time, a place, a people, and at the same time they project Lawrence's exploration of intricate states of thought and feeling through which he is passing at the given moment. (Clark, 1980, 48)

Just as mountains are a symbolic constant, lakes seem to feature as strongly in *Twilight in Italy* as the sea does in *Sea and Sardinia.* This can be attributed to various reasons. Lawrence had been walking in the Lake District - 'like another life' (CL, 309) - when war was declared, and wrote enthusiastically of Cooper's lakes in *Studies in Classic American Literature.* But, when we consider that Lake Garda features in five of the seven Lago di Garda sketches and that Lawrence included lake scenes in *Aaron's Rod, Women in Love,* and *The Plumed Serpent,* we can refer to a letter which suggests that lakes symbolised for Lawrence a pristine beauty that he felt England had once had, and still could have, if it weren't for industrialisation.

> Yesterday F. and I went down along the lake towards Maderno. We climbed down from a little olive wood, and swam. It was evening, so weird, and a great black cloud trailing over the lake. And tiny little lights of villages came out, so low down, right across the water. Then great lightnings split out. - No, I don't believe England need be so grubby. (CL I, 151)

These, I feel, are his reasons for including lakes so frequently. The effect of the frequent appearance of Lake Garda, which is invariably drawn in its relationship to the surrounding hills, is to give the reader a sense of familiarity but not of stasis. Lawrence is entranced with the lake's dynamic aspects. In 'San Gaudenzio' the wintry lake is dramatic at sunrise:

> The heavens are strange and proud all the winter, their progress goes on without reference to the dim earth. The dawns come white and transluscent, the lake is a moonstone in the dark hills, then across the lake there stretches a vein of fire, then a whole, orange, flashing track over the whiteness. (TI, 82)

At the end of 'The Dance', at night, the lake is different:

> The stars were very bright overhead, the mountain opposite and the mountains behind us faintly outlined themselves on the sky. Below, the lake was a black gulf. (TI, 102)

And in the sunshine of 'The Spinner and the Monks' when visibility is better it is different again:

> There was a blood-red sail like a butterfly breathing down on the blue water, whilst the earth on the near side gave off a green-silver smoke of olive trees, coming up and around the earth-coloured roofs. (TI, 21)

The lake's water has been white, blue and black respectively and in 'John' it is 'pure blue' (TI, 51). Perhaps Lawrence was improving on Fenimore Cooper whom he upbraided for making *The Deerslayer's* Lake Glimmerglass too perfect and static - 'it is never cold and muddy or dreary' (SCAL, 66).

Another geographic constant of *Twilight in Italy*, which features in the first and last two travel sketches, is the gorge or valley with a river at the bottom. In 'The Crucifix Across the Mountains' for example:

> The road went beside the river, that was seething with snowy ice-bubbles, under the rocks and the high, wolf-like pine-trees, between the pinkish shoals. (TI, 8)

But descriptions of rivers do more than show the compact quality of Lawrence's writing skill. In addition to the glossy, unreal quality of 'ice-bubbles' presenting a contrast with the softness of pine-trees, there is also an impulse in the text towards rivers symbolising Time itself. This is suggested by the river which 'rushes ceaselessly' (TI, 9) through the dark gorge of the Klamm valley and the stream of 'water tittle-tattling away' (TI, 27) and is only an alternative image from one in the 'The Crown': 'It is time which blows like the wind...' (DP, 263). The association of rivers with time is in 'The Return Journey', the last sketch:

> There was the loud noise of water, as ever, something eternal and maddening in its sound, like the sound of Time itself, rustling and rushing and wavering, but never for a second ceasing. The rushing of time that continues

> throughout eternity, this is the sound of the icy streams of Switzerland, something that mocks and destroys our warm being. (TI, 155)

And in 'Italians in Exile' the River Rhine also becomes a recurring phenomenon strongly associated with the passing of time. The Rhine also serves as the narrative link between the Italian and Swiss sections of the book when Lawrence rides into Schaffhausen on it. In Lawrence's recent personal memory the Rhine had strong romantic associations as he and Frieda had wandered there a few months previously, a time celebrated in his poem 'Bei Hennef' published in *Look! We Have Come Through!*

> The little river twittering in the twilight,
> The wan, wondering look of the pale sky,
> This is almost bliss. (CP, 203)

The paradisal overtones linger on in his later conception:

> Still, the mist hung over the waters, over the wide shallows of the river, and the sun, coming through the morning, made lovely yellow lights beneath the bluish haze, so that it seemed like the beginning of the world. (TI, 123)

Lawrence dynamically builds up a visual word picture of the towns beside the Rhine and in doing so demonstrates what from *The Rainbow* onwards can be seen as a feature of his landscape writing - the desire to join upper and lower worlds. The reflection of the pointed red rooftops - 'floating there in colour upon the haze of the river' (TI, 123) - is broken by a strange movement of a white-bodied swimmer: 'as if he were a Niebelung, saluting with bright arm lifted from the water, his face laughing' (TI, 123). Lawrence stands on a bridge and further defines the view in a time frame in one of those nostalgic moments so typical of *Twilight in Italy*.

> I went to the middle and looked through the opening at the dark water below, at the façade of square lights, the tall village-front towering remote and silent above the river. The hill rose on either side the flood; down here was a small, forgotten, wonderful world that belonged to the date of isolated village communities and wandering minstrels. (TI, 124)

It is characteristic of the passage that when Lawrence dates a scene, in this case the age of 'High Germany, the Germany of Fairy tales' (TI, 123), it is vague (in *Sea and Sardinia* scenes are reminiscent of both mediaeval times and the eighteenth century). It is also characteristic of Lawrence's sense of place that this depiction of the Rhine environs is a utopian construct of Lawrence's ideal life with each detail weighted towards this end. The

'village-front' reflects the impulse towards village life, the last sentence simply cries out in yearning: Lawrence wanted to be one of those wandering minstrels, he wanted his world to be made up of those 'isolated village communities'. England, of course, with trains, the trams that ran through Eastwood, and the newspaper communications Lawrence abhorred, was no longer made up of such communities, but it was the kind of locale he found in Italy.

Although the striking contrast in *Twilight in Italy* between the grand symbolic scenery and the smaller isolated settings akin to Lawrence's ideal has already been discussed, the reader also has an uncanny sense that from Lake Garda to Switzerland a similarity of place exists. The church terrace in 'The Spinner and the Monks', the monastery garden and the one in San Gaudenzio are each walled, bathed in sunshine and silent. Each has a broken down, haphazard air, from the 'confused tiled roofs of the village' (TI, 21) in the second sketch to this in 'San Gaudenzio': 'grape hyacinths flower in the cracks, the lizards run, this strange place hangs suspended and forgotten, forgotten forever... '(TI, 95). Such places are the antithesis to the soulless perfection Lawrence detected in Switzerland. Time has stood still in Italy whereas in England mechanisation showed time ruthlessly marching on - 'the land is being broken under the advance of houses' (TI, 164).

As Jeffrey Meyers says, 'Lawrence's vision of England was sharpened by the experience of another civilisation, for Italy provided new imaginative material' (Meyers, 1982, 2). Indeed *Twilight in Italy* is not wholly about Italy but like much travel writing it incorporates a backward glance to the homeland. What is Lawrence's conception of England in *Twilight in Italy*? As early as the Croydon period Lawrence's poems had portrayed the English as victims of an industrialised society: 'the soul of a people imprisoned, asleep in the rule/Of the strong machine' (CP, 148-9). Back home from Italy England was preparing for war - the greatest expression of mechanisation man knows? It is hardly surprising that, having provided Lawrence with a set of reference points, Italy made him re-consider his attitude towards England, as additions to the periodical version show. Their vehement tone is mild compared to the manuscript alterations (unheeded) which Lawrence made to the Duckworth first proofs. Let us compare Lawrence's presentation of England through the periodical, first proof and Penguin versions.

Lawrence added four paragraphs which begin 'I think of England...' at the point where he comforted the Padrone's distress at the economic

decline of his lemon gardens with the protestation '"But it is beautiful!" I protest. "In England, -- "' (PV, 220). In this version, which fills in where the dash signifying the padrone's interruption left off, England seems ugly compared with Lake Garda's beauty, more so as in the revised version as the Garda's beauty is heightened: 'the Garda was so lovely under the sky of sunshine, it was intolerable' (TI, 53). The personification of England in the revised version, it has 'gone forward into error', allows Lawrence to portray England's fate, as he saw it, in terms of the individualism he called for in the philosophic sections. It has caused the 'destruction of the Self', leaving a country whose soul is 'worn down' (TI, 54). The last paragraph of the Duckworth first proof is deleted by three big crosses, but is of interest because it alludes to the repressiveness of industrialism, is more revolutionary and repeats the themes of *Twilight's* philosophic sections when any affirmation of the 'not-me' is viewed as dangerously sterile and anti-individualistic:

> But we are a living people. The vast massive superstructure of falsity, our London, our Black Country, our Industrial System, our false Constitution, this is not us. It is super-imposed upon us. Centuries of excavating into the raw earth have piled on us all this refuse and all this mineral. It is time we began to clear away the refuse, to build a great nation, a living cathedral of truth, a great rotunda attesting to the eternity we represent. (M/FP, 96)

Lawrence's tenet 'it is better to go forward into error than stay fixed inextricably in the past' (TI, 53) mildly criticises the kind of traditional, agrarian life which has ruined the Padrone and acts as a retraction from the bleak picture he has drawn of England's situation. Nonetheless he reasons that England's problem is that machines and ideas are not driven properly and need a unifying force in order to 'begin to build her knowledge into a great structure of truth' (TI, 54). Criticism has seen this as being a positive viewpoint and likened it to the apocalyptic imagery at the end of *The Rainbow*. However, Lawrence scribbled an alternative ending down the length of the margin to replace the above quotation:

> And the teeming swarms of human beings seethe against the immovable masses of created appliances, machines and laws and ideas, seethe and break against them at last in a red foam of blood. But the machines and the laws and the ideas are rocks, they do not change nor move. Only the human life is broken even more and more into red foam against them, and still the tide of the great fixed Will throws us to destruction, there is no escape. (M/FP, 1916, 96)

This demonstrates that his vision of England was now more negative, and that he did not envisage a synthesis between man and machine but saw machines and laws as obstructions to man's potential.

If the return to England helped Lawrence re-define both Italy and England, his walk through Switzerland in 'The Return Journey', acts as another set of reference points by which to define Italy. The two country's are seen in antithetical terms. Italy is sunny and 'of the ancient world' (TI, 53) whereas Switzerland's landscape is literally scattered with the debris of modern living. In *Kangaroo* Lawrence came to see the tin can in the Australian landscape as the symbol of our terrible modern lives. In Goschenen the 'advertisements for chocolate and hotels', 'railway sidings' and 'haphazard villas for tourists' (TI, 154) serve the same purpose. In Italy Lawrence's entrancement with Lake Garda's beauty and his suggestion that he could look at it for ever intensifies the aversion he feels towards Zurich, which is focused on a lake, 'the long lake of Zurich:'

> I could not bear to look at it, it was so small and unreal. I had a feeling as if it were false, a large relief-map that I was looking down upon, and which I wanted to smash. It seemed to intervene between me and some reality. I could not believe that that was the real world. It was a figment, a fabrication, like a dull landscape painted on a wall, to hide the real landscape. (TI, 145)

The antithesis of landscape, brought into focus by the lakes, through foregrounding the emotions of the writer, has been furthered into the antithesis between sightly and unsightly; beautiful and ugly; real and unreal.

The unsightly, ugly, unreal aspects of Switzerland's landscape, best summed up as an oppressive industrialism, are presented in imagery of a repressive veneer on nature:

> It is the hideous rawness of the world of men, the horrible desolating harshness of the advance of the industrial world upon the world of nature, that is so painful. It looks as though the industrial spread of mankind were a sort of dry disintegration. (TI, 154)

Through the Lowry style smoking factory chimneys Switzerland is seen as the more advanced evil society over the border about to infiltrate into Italy in answer to the peasant's needs:

> 'in England you have the wealth - les richesses - you have the mineral coal and the machines, vous savez. Here, we have the sun - ...'

> But his triumph was only histrionic. The machines were more to his soul than the sun. (TI, 52)

Lawrence uses the movements of soldiers who cross between the countries to illustrate how modern ideas will invade Italy. The soldiers in 'Italians in Exile' seem 'like a business excursion on horseback' (TI, 128) and they:

> do not look very military, neither in accoutrement nor in bearing. This little squad of cavalry seemed more like a party of common men riding out on some business of their own than like an army. (TI, 127)

They express the spirit of Switzerland where figures dressed in Sunday black in 'comfortable, well-to-do' villages are 'reduced to a Sunday nullity' (TI, 146) which Lawrence associates with his boyhood: 'that stiff, null "propriety" which used to come over us, like a sort of deliberate and self-inflicted cramp, on Sundays' (TI, 146). Through the reference to his childhood Lawrence has drawn a parallel between Switzerland and England. Switzerland becomes a substitute for England in the text. The idea is that Italy will go the same way.

The theme of the interrelatedness of place and people extends beyond the mere migrations of people across borders to the inextricable links formed between place and people. The book can be seen as embryonic of the ideas on place which Lawrence delineated in the essay 'The Spirit of Place' (printed in a revised form in *Studies in Classic American Literature*, 1923). Two key ideas found in the essay, firstly the idea that landscape is a force which exists beyond the indisputable facts of climate and geological condition (SM, 20) to exert a certain magnetic force, and secondly a faith in the capacity of a place to change people, find their early expression in *Twilight in Italy*.

In the unrevised edition the 'draw' or magnetism of place is described:

> There is some subtle magnetic or vital influence inherent in every specific locality, and it is this influence which keeps the inhabitants stable. Thus race is ultimately as much a question of place as of heredity...The place attracts its own human element, and race drifts inevitably to its own psychic geographical pole. (SM, 20)

This mystical theory of place extends beyond the vitalistic sun-giving characteristics attributed to Italy, and outreaches the agrarianism others wrote of. The Italian experience probably helped Lawrence formulate these ideas on place. Both on the 'imperial road' and when he crosses back into

Italy from Switzerland at the end, the language suggests a compass whose directional changes are as alert to psychic changes as they are to geographic ones. On course for Italy Lawrence reaches 'the turning-point of the Alps' (TI, 9) and in 'The Return Journey' when he re-enters Italy with another walker their walk is described using the imagery of repression - 'the sky was very near, we were walking under sky' (TI, 159). Then the compass turn is accentuated by Lawrence's use of silence - 'we were crossing in silence from the northern world to the southern' (TI, 159) - and then there is the physical and implied spiritual release of the two 'leaping from level to level' towards their goal the valley full of sunshine, that microcosm of the glorious South:

> So we went tumbling down into the south, very swiftly, along with the tumbling stream. But it was very tiring. We went at a great pace down the gully, between the sheer rocks. Trees grew in the ledges high over our heads, trees grew down below. And ever we descended.
>
> Till gradually the gully opened, then opened into a wide valley-head, and we saw Airolo away below us, the railway emerging from its hole, the whole valley like a cornucopia full of sunshine. (TI, 162)

Lawrence's ideas on the magnetism of place are also tied up with ideas on racial memory; Jung's 'collective unconscious'. The South for Lawrence is 'in one's blood, it is pure, sun-dried memory'. The magnetism of Italy is also about the idea that to step into it is like stepping into one's collective past; an act of self-discovery. *Twilight in Italy* sees man respond to this kind of 'draw'. Italy, like the woman, is the call, and the shifting migratory nature of man, from the German emperors who 'went South', to the exiles John and Giovanni who feel compelled to return to Italy, are the answer. Lawrence himself becomes implicated in the power of a place to exert its influence when he writes of the draw of San Gaudenzio:

> we could not bear to live down in the village any more, now that the days opened large and spacious and the evenings drew out in sunshine. We could not bear the indoors, when above us the mountains shone in clear air. It was time to go up, to climb with the sun. (TI, 83)

The magnetism of Italy is closely connected to another idea Lawrence incorporated into his theory on the spirit of place - the idea that a place could change people. The effect of place on the human psyche is illustrated most dramatically in Lawrence's portrayal of mountain people. In 'The Return Journey' little villages are first pictured clinging to the mountain sides:

> Straggling, haphazard little villages ledged on the slope, high up, beside their wet, green, hanging meadows, with pine trees behind and the valley bottom far below, and rocks right above, on both sides, seemed like little temporary squattings of outcast people. (TI, 152)

There is the familiar Lawrentian interplay of dark and light:

> great shadows wielded over them, like a menace, and gleams of brief sunshine, like a window. There was a sense of momentariness and expectation. (TI, 152)

The villages, through the vulnerability associated with them, appear to have an 'anima' which Lawrence sympathises with. The light and shade flashing over them represents both hope and menace and perhaps approximate to the image of the predatory eagle which so fascinated Lawrence in his later Mexican travel writings. In trying to show us that this place is death-like, as with much of Lawrence's writing, natural features of landscape both deepen in significance and are claimed as causal:

> There, it seemed, in the glamorous snow, was the source of death, which fell down in great waves of shadow and rock, rushing to the level earth. And all the people of the mountains, on the slopes, in the valleys, seemed to live upon this great, rushing wave of death, of breaking-down, of destruction.
> ...
> The people under the mountains, they seem to live in the flux of death, the last strange, overshadowed units of life. Big shadows wave over them, there is the eternal noise of water falling icily downwards from the source of death overhead. (TI, 153)

Lawrence strengthens the relationship of the mountain people, who live 'upon' this great 'wave of death', to the scene through a subtle change of vocabulary which now has them 'live *in* [my italics] the flux of death'(TI, 153) to become a cowering people who 'seem dark, almost sordid, brutal'. The mountain people's psychological situation reflects the interplay of shadow and sunshine overhead. Their darkness of spirit affected by the dark landscape is shot through with the broadening horizon of light that results from 'their contact with foreigners' (TI, 153).

The capacity for landscape to be reflected in people's features finds illustration in the Bavarian uplanders of 'The Crucifix Across the Mountains'. Large mountains, clear air, 'icy rivers' and a certain static quality, a 'timeless immunity from the flux and the warmth of life', are typical of their high, remote and inaccessible area. Similarly, the people

have a certain grandeur and remoteness and their eyes are as icy as the place:

> There is a strange, clear beauty of form about the men of the Bavarian highlands, about both men and women. They are large and clear and handsome in form, with blue eyes very keen, the pupil small, tightened, the iris keen, like sharp light shining on blue ice. Their large, full-moulded limbs and erect bodies are distinct, separate, as if they were perfectly chiselled out of the stuff of life, static, cut-off. Where they are everything is set back, as in a clear frosty air. (TI, 5-6)

To describe them in the terms of a craftsman is to create a continuum between place, man and art.

Art is the expression of both place and the community, which explains Lawrence's fascination with the twelve Christ figures beside the imperial road in 'The Crucifix Across the Mountains', and the observation that they are 'not mere attributes of the road, yet still have something to do with it' (TI, 4). As we move from North to South, a complementary transition takes place from: consciousness to unconsciousness; white to brown; passivity to violence; feeling to sensation. In the Klamm Valley, for example, the starkly pale 'larger than life-size' Christus combats the dark depressing atmosphere which was emphasised through the textual alterations. Where formerly the phrase 'gloomy and damp' described the valley, in the revised version the place becomes more atmospheric, sinister and mythic:

> the dank gorge where it is always half-night. The road runs under the rock and the trees, half-way up the one side of the pass. Below, the stream rushes, ceaselessly, embroiled among great stones, making an endless loud noise. The rock face opposite rises high overhead, with the sky far up. So that one is walking in a half-night, an underworld. (TI, 9)

The Christ figures not only change according to place, but they also reflect the changing features and characteristics of the indigenous peoples. At the foot of the Alps the 'wood-sculptures' with 'broad cheekbones and sturdy limbs' (TI, 4) are purely peasant products best described by the words 'plain' and 'crude'. When Lawrence makes the dramatic and, for him, psychological turn south the change of direction is manifested in the changed Christs - the elegant seventh and the melodramatic eighth with rolling eyes. Further South, beyond the Brenner, the Christ figures now have 'great gashes on the breast and the knees' (TI, 12) which indicates the sensational, hysterical character of the Italian. In the periodical version

Lawrence's comment that 'there are so many Christs carved by men who have carved to get at the meaning of their own soul's anguish' (PV, 7) - insinuates that the carving of the crucifixes provided a way for the artists to shed their sicknesses (he had said much the same of novel writing). Hence, he is aware not only of the change in the men behind the crucifixes but also of their change in artistic aspiration. The more Southern Christs are too sensational, whereas one that lies fallen on the mountain track on the Jaufen has real sincerity:

> having the long, wedge-shaped limbs and thin flat legs that are significant of the true spirit, the desire to convey a religious truth, not a sensational experience. (TI, 14)

The last Christ who tries to convey a truth is broken, hinting at Lawrence's belief that religion as a way of life is a dead letter.

3). Italian Peasants

In finding the art of 'The Crucifix Across the Mountains' to be a product of an indigenous people, the sketch is a prelude for Lawrence's description of the mainly peasant community he finds in *Twilight in Italy*. An idea posited in a college essay titled 'To Find the Mind's Construction in the Face', which held that 'the face is the index to the mind' (COLL, 1907), is reworked when Lawrence tries to penetrate into the minds of the peasant artists *behind* the Christ figure. From a college essay, 'The Fairies of Midsummer Night's Dream', we can deduce that attention to the peasant is necessary to Lawrence's conception of what good art might be:

> The sympathy of Shakespeare's mind knew no limits. He welcomes the rough pictures of the peasant as well as the refined creations of art, and embodied them for our everlasting delight. (COLL, 1907)

In 'The Crucifix Across the Mountains' the revisions strengthen the alignment of the peasant's situation with the Christ figure; both are bonded, the one to the land, the other to the cross. The periodical version read:

> he hung doggedly on the cross, hating it. He reminded me of a peasant farmer, fighting slowly and meanly, but not giving in. His plain rudimentary face stared stubbornly at the hills, and his neck was stiffened, as if even yet he were struggling away from the cross he resented...He was human clay, a peasant Prometheus-Christ, his poor soul bound in him, blind, but struggling stubbornly against the fact of the nails. (PV, 7)

The revised version keeps the stare and the neck-stiffening gestures which play on the word 'doggedly', but now defines the figure in terms of age and a character caught between 'meanness' and 'dogged nobility'. The condition of bondage is heightened by the introduction of 'fixity' (a play on the word crucifix) as a theme:

> It was a man nailed down in spirit, but set stubbornly against the bondage and the disgrace. He was a man of middle age, plain, crude, with some of the meanness of the peasant, but also with a kind of dogged nobility that does not yield its soul to the circumstance. Plain, almost blank in his soul, the middle-aged peasant of the crucifix resisted unmoving the misery of his position. He did not yield. His soul was set, his will was fixed. He was himself, let his circumstances be what they would, his life fixed down. (TI, 4)

The passage implies the peasant's lot - a life of stasis and fixity, that life of 'fixture' (TI, 87) which Maria protests against in 'San Gaudenzio.'

In the periodical version, when Lawrence looked from the crucifix to a peasant farm he noticed the peasants' toil and said, 'I understood how the Christus was made'. This was later expanded into a ritualistic hay gathering scene, the realism of which owes to Lawrence's experience of haymaking which he recalled after his 1926 visit to Eastwood:

> Some of my happiest days I've spent haymaking in the fields just opposite the S. side of Greasley Church...Miriam's father hired those fields. (L5, 591)

The hay-gatherer in 'The Crucifix Across the Mountains' both celebrates the sensuous, physical aspects of such a life and also shows its limitations:

> The body bent forwards towards the earth, closing round on itself; the arms clasped full of hay, clasped round the hay that presses soft and close to the breast and the body, that pricks heat into the arms and the skin of the breast, and fills the lungs with the sleepy scent of dried herbs: the rain that falls heavily and wets the shoulders, so that the shirt clings to the hot, firm skin and the rain comes with heavy, pleasant coldness on the active flesh, running in a trickle down towards the loins, secretly; this is the peasant, this hot welter of physical sensation. And it is all intoxicating. It is intoxicating almost like a soporific, like a sensuous drug... (TI, 4-5)

That urgent proximity to the pulse of nature, dramatised in the image of the hay being held close to the body, is repeated in the Brangwen men of *The Rainbow* who similarly clutched nature to themselves when 'they mounted their horses and held life between the grasp of their knees' (R,8). In *Twilight* earth, hay and flesh form a tight trinity. The hay is a visual 'parcel' from

which a soporific scent emanates and into which the rain flows. Seen in the context of 'The Crown' in which Lawrence sees the Northern European as 'rounded upon a void, a hollow want' (PH 11, 366) this 'filled in' image of 'the body bent forwards...closing round on itself; the arms clasped full of hay' asks us to appreciate that peasant life has a core of meaning to it. Such a life is the antithesis to the meaningless industrialisation Lawrence believed England had embraced. While he envies and hence celebrates its physical aspects, the last phrase - 'like a sensuous drug' - in the passage above suggests both addiction and danger and indicates peasant life has its limitations; it is as fixed as the Christs are on the crucifixes.

Through the Christ figures a generalised portrait of the peasant has been created, and there has been a tentative exploration of various ideas: physicality, bonding, relationship to the land, fixity, a sense of purpose, nobility, and meanness. This provides a thematic backdrop for Lawrence's close encounters with individual peasants. What Lukàcs said in his *Studies in European Realism* of fiction also applies to *Twilight in Italy*:

> the central category and criterion of realist literature is the type, a peculiar synthesis which organically binds together the general and the particular, both in characters and situations...
>
> The point in question is the organic, indissoluble connection between man as a private individual and man as a social being, as a member of a community. (Lukàcs, 1950, 6-9)

The realism of Lawrence's art lies in his recognition of the manner in which people both illustrate the generalised peasant picture and deviate from it. Overall the revisions show Lawrence to be pursuing a portrait of the 'type'.

The Padrone, with his monkey looks, horse-like laugh, 'exclamatory noises' and hysteria over his lemon production seems to be an individual, yet each aspect of his apparent individuality, namely, his features, voice, speech, gestures and outlook on life, continues Lawrence's construct of a peasant 'type'. The Padrone's 'worn' features are like Paolo's in 'San Gaudenzio' and are seen as the flowering of a long peasant tradition:

> like the pictures of peasants in the northern Italian pictures, with the same curious nobility, the same aristocratic, eternal look of motionlessness, something statuesque. (TI, 84)

The Padrone's monkey looks are not individual; peasants are often described in terms of animals in order to indicate the unconscious, animal-like nature of their souls. Maria is like an 'oxen, broad-boned and massive

in physique, dark-skinned, slow in her soul' (TI, 84) and one of her guests is 'like a hawk indoors'. Lawrence is not criticising peasants for being dull-witted, but rather approves of their ability to be mindless; the hawk and the monkey have overtones of nobility. That the Padrone is akin to an 'ancient aristocratic monkey' suggests Lawrence's concept of the natural aristocrat, developed in the essay 'Aristocracy', but in *Twilight in Italy* the Padrone remains more illustrative of the 'dogged nobility' Lawrence perceived in the crucifixes.

Our conception of a traditional, natural, noble, unconscious, animal-like peasant is undercut by Lawrence's perception of the peasant as a materialist which is common to most of the sketches. The innkeeper Maria 'would charge us all she could', and she in turn teases Il Duro for being mean (TI, 106). Although Lawrence disliked peasant avarice, because his own childhood and early working years were beset by money worries, he *understands* the peasants because he knows the power of money to broaden both educational and social horizons. He writes of Maria:

> she knew she could alter her position, the position of her children, by virtue of money. She knew it was only money that made the difference between master and servant. (TI, 88)

The words could almost be Mrs Lawrence's thoughts, and we should remember that it was in Italy that Lawrence for the first time was able to afford rental on a large villa and have private language lessons.

Through the Padrone's odd noises which recall the 'bestial singing of these hills' (TI, 100) Lawrence attempts to show that the Padrone, as an Italian, is closer to a primitive past than Northern Europeans are. Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious* (with which Lawrence was familiar) had posited that speech was a mimetic act which had evolved from man's earliest need for expression; fish-like noises indicated that a fish had been caught. When noises give way to language Lawrence liked to make individual's catch phrase express their character. In other chapters we will come to the 'How not, Señor?' (MM, 16) of the Mozo in *Mornings in Mexico* and the 'Ach, nothing!' (EP, 65) of the German student in *Etruscan Places*. The Italian phrase which courses through the text is 'bellissimo', it is the barber's opinion of the D'Annunzio play and 'bello - il ballo?' (TI, 99) rings out during the San Gaudenzio dances. 'Bellissimo' becomes the catch phrase of the community as it sums up the effusiveness of the Italian character. Lawrence suggests that Northern languages repress the Italian spirit, the

Padrone's French renders him foolish, and two of Paolo's four English words, 'a'right' and 'boss', point to the submissive life he led in America.

If characters can be seen to share communal characteristics, another feature of each of Lawrence's travel books is the elevation of certain characters, usually male, to a mythic level: the Old Roaster in *Sea and Sardinia*, the Hopi snake dancer in *Mornings in Mexico*, and the Pan figure who enters an inn in *Etruscan Places*. In *Twilight in Italy*, each sex is represented - the old Spinner-woman and Il Duro.

The Spinner-woman encountered in 'The Spinner and the Monks' was depicted as more of an individual in the periodical version as her age and past relationships were mulled over. However, when Lawrence came to write of her again, of her 'old way of spinning' (TI, 24; the word 'old' is an addition) the revisions strengthen those mannerisms which particularly define her as representative of a past life, and its natural, unself-conscious, self-sufficient qualities. Lawrence's appreciation of these qualities causes her to be raised to the level of myth, becoming 'like the Creation' (TI, 25). Her portrayal shows Lawrence's early interest in naturalness as an Italian quality, an idea which reaches its fullest expression in *Etruscan Places*. Lawrence's re-writes integrate the Spinner-woman with the landscape more: that 'she was a living stone of the terrace' (TI, 22), that her fingers are 'brown old natural fingers' (TI, 23) and that her eyes are 'clear as the sky' are all additions. Her demeanour is natural too. She speaks openly to a stranger and is 'like a bird [who] went to sleep as the shadows came' (TI, 31).

The idea that a person's deepest nature can be detected through the eyes will be noticed frequently in Lawrence's writing. 'The Body Awake', a very early college poem of Lawrence's, states 'And the life that is polarised in my eyes'. The Spinner-woman's eyes are:

> wonderful, self-contented eyes, that were not old nor full of dreams, nor yet young and full of flame: just two calm, self-sufficient eyes, extraordinarily like flowers, in that a flower never knows it is lonely, nor cares about the past or future. (PV, 205)

In the revised version Lawrence finds the cause of such an appearance to have something to do with a difference in consciousness:

> her wonderful, unchanging eyes, that were like the visible heavens, unthinking; or like two flowers that are open in pure clear unconsciousness. (TI, 24)

The unconscious look in her eyes, and hence in her being, is dramatised when her thread breaks. She does not comment, but

> mechanically [she] picked up the shuttle, wound up a length of worsted, connected the ends from her wool strand, set the bobbin spinning again, and went on talking, in her half intimate, half-unconscious fashion. (TI, 26)

Consciousness is even an excurse from her innate being. The moment she stops spinning and darts over to fetch her checked cloth Lawrence feels 'she had cut off her consciousness from me' (TI, 26) - this phrase is an addition to the original text. In the famous 1913 letter to Ernest Collings, which expressed his 'belief in the blood', Lawrence wrote:

> we ought to look at ourselves, and say "My God I am myself!" That is why I like to live in Italy. The people are so unconscious. (CL 1, 180)

In the philosophical sections of *Twilight in Italy* Lawrence insisted on a duality between Northern and Southern consciousness, cerebral thought and unconsciousness, word and flesh. The Spinner-woman's psychological make-up causes her to become the supreme expression of the Southern polarity. While Lawrence is attracted to this assured, finite way-of-being, as with the portraits of his other old-world unconscious Italian characters, his attraction is tempered by resistance. The Spinner-woman's nature, her affinity with the world of the Eagle and Law that Lawrence wrote of in *Study of Thomas Hardy,* causes her to have no need of communion with others. Her rigid, defined nature, as if 'she were talking to her own world in me' (TI, 26) places her beyond the relationships Lawrence felt were so vital to life. As L.D. Clark says in *The Minoan Distance*:

> she goes to the extreme. In her denial of any exterior reality at all, she is cut off from examination of the self...She is therefore dangerous to the questing traveler, for whom the act of seeing new lands provides access to the mystery of being. (Clark, 1980, 118)

Indeed, her very act of spinning, her clear eyes, measured speech and curt manner depict her as a quasi-Hellenic guardian-of-the-portal figure, a block to Lawrence finding the answer to the question 'what, then, is being?' (TI, 8).

The monks who walk, and unlike the Spinner-woman *do* talk a great deal, perhaps present more of an answer, the reader feels. But this is shown to be less likely in the revisions. The 'all so still' atmosphere of the garden, was changed to 'so still, everything so perfectly suspended' (TI, 29). A suspended stillness in Lawrence's works invariably precedes revelation; the

passage is to be read for its 'message' as much as for its description. Although the brown cassocked monks 'passing between the brown vine stocks', suggest a harmony with the landscape in reality they are the antithesis to the Spinner-woman. Their hands do not work like hers but are hidden, they are 'shadow creatures' who do not belong to the sunshine and are unaware of the sunset whereas the old woman lives by it. They illustrate Lawrence's view in *Apocalypse* that religion doesn't live in the present, but only looks backwards to the history of the Passion and forwards to the day of Salvation, to which end their position is dramatised as borderline, 'the monks trod backward and forward down the line of neutrality' (TI, 130). The negatives which were added to the periodical version - their stride with 'no motion', their notion that 'nobody' could see them, their place in 'undershadow' - press the reader into realising the life-style for monks is wrong. The answer to Lawrence's underlying question of whether the monks' world can offer the Northern races anything is a definite 'no'. Although ecclesiastical orders exist world-wide the life of a particular nation is never adhered to and they remain abstracted from the community. The monks, in effect, represent an extreme expression of the Northern consciousness delineated in the philosophical sections. The suggestion is that Northern Europeans are uncomfortably similar to the monks - manually useless, undemonstrative, unaware of the present, unresponsive to a sense of place. The monks walk among cabbages which in the poem 'A Rose is Not a Cabbage' symbolise English mediocrity:

> And still, in spite of what they do, I love the Rose of England
> but the cabbages of England leave me cold. (CP, 569)

The English clerk who walks 'to fulfil his purpose' (TI, 151), and follows a linear route through Switzerland before returning to the industrialism of England, similarly represents an English 'cabbage' whose will has been broken by industrialism. He is an obvious contrast to the Basle baggage clerk of 'The Return Journey', who has a sense of purpose and enjoys his walk. The English clerk introduces a tourist figure into the text, and as in all Lawrence's travel books the tourist - from the American woman in *Sea and Sardinia*, to the girl at the snake dance in *Mornings in Mexico*, to the German archaeologist in *Etruscan Places* - is seen to be rather foolish. This works to distinguish Lawrence as a traveller rather than a tourist.

When Lawrence succinctly captures the movements of peasants, spinners, monks and clerks these become illustrative of their life's rhythm. The superficial pattern of Il Duro's life is expressed directly:

> He attended to his garden, grew vegetables all the year round, lived in his little house, and in spring made good money as a vine-grafter: he was an expert vine-grafter. (TI, 106)

But Il Duro, like the Spinner-woman, is portrayed as a mythic figure and Lawrence is attracted to his strange, earthy, animalistic, primitive 'otherness'. Like other peasants, Il Duro's physique is described in animal terms - his hair which is 'glossy as a bird's wing' (TI, 104) and his 'dark brown, animal, shapely' (TI, 105) hands. Like other peasants he has a profound relationship with the land, so he seems 'a gleaming piece of earth himself, moving to the young vines' (TI, 108). His physical qualities - 'like an animal that remains quite single no matter where it is' (TI, 104) - more deeply indicate his inner being than is the case with other peasants, and circumstance does not change him. He fetches wine on Sunday 'quickly and surely' - the same adverbs which describe him cutting vines in the week.

A deep admiration for Il Duro's capacity to be self-contained causes Lawrence to include an 'hallucinatory passage that transfigures a grafter of vines into a pagan divinity' (Porter, 1991, 210) through references to 'a satyr', and god-like eyes. Il Duro represents an ancient sensual Pan-consciousness which Lawrence later lauded for pervading the world before Christianity in 'Pan in America'. However, to see Il Duro's transfiguration as Lawrence upholding a lost Pan is to misread the portrait. Conscious of the ideology of the philosophic sections of *Twilight in Italy* , Lawrence thinks Il Duro 'belonged to the God Pan, to the *absolute* [my italics] of the senses' (TI, 109). Through adopting one path towards infinity, that of sensuality, he illustrates a return to the Mosaic position and 'the divinity of the flesh' (TI, 35). Like the Spinner-woman, Il Duro's mind responds as if 'disengaged', his quarrels end as if 'all trace of interest or feeling vanished from him' (TI, 109), illustrating his removal from both mentality and vital human relationships. His finality, his inability to enjoy relationships forces Lawrence, as with the Spinner-woman, to reject what he represents. This is shown in the kind of dark/light imagery we saw in the philosophic sections:

> But there was nothing between us except our complete difference. It was like night and day flowing together. (TI, 109)

It is the kind of unbridgeable gap in consciousness that Lawrence will feel before the American Indians. We see that whether individuals in *Twilight* present a picture of a peasant 'type', or are raised to the level of archetype and myth, they illustrate various points made in the philosophic sections. Also, Lawrence's interest in ideas means that his portraits of people harbour an impulse to work through such ideas as masculinity, marriage and exile.

Most of the central characters in *Twilight in Italy* are male - the Padrone, Persevalli, Paolo, Il Duro and John. Whether this reflects the male oriented nature of Italian society itself, or the latent homosexual tendencies critics such as Daleski believe Lawrence possessed, is debatable. Lawrence notices men's physiques, their chests, beards and thighs. Persevalli is 'almost in his prime'(TI, 60), the village *gamin* Pietro has 'cat-like, flexible loins' (TI, 77), a wood-cutter's muscles are described as 'supple as steel' and 'compelling'(TI, 99). But is this repressed homosexuality? Might it not be the projections of someone who was aware of his own body and concerned with how it matched up to others, as a 1908 letter to Blanche Jennings shows:

> I am pretty well developed; I have done a good deal of dumb-bell practice. Indeed, as I was rubbing myself down in the late twilight a few minutes ago, and as I passed my hands over my sides where the muscles lie suave and secret, I did love myself. (L1, 65)

Whichever viewpoint one takes - and is it the critics' job to decide such things? - we *can* say that Lawrence's Italian visit occurs after the death of his dominant mother and when financial concerns and having a wife are new to him - 'I begin to feel like a man of the world' (L1, 394). His own feelings are furthered into a consideration of the nature of masculinity in Italians. In 'The Theatre' women are viewed as a unit, 'altogether on the left' (TI, 56), whereas the attention paid to the differences between the men shows Lawrence's greater interest in them. The 'reckless spirits of the village' (TI, 56, an addition to the original version) who lounge against the back wall interest Lawrence most and the changes to the periodical version illuminate why. The first version read:

> At the back, under the gallery, stood men in their black-brimmed felt hats, with cloaks flung over their mouths...The men are clean, but many are still unshaven. They are shaved once a week, so that their black chins have a disreputable look; but they have dove's eyes, these Italian men. And they lounge with their wonderful ease, unconscious of the patches on their clothes, of their zoccoli, of their collarless throats, of the scarlet rag that is perhaps tied round their neck. Perfectly at their ease, the men lounge and

> talk, or watch with that wistful sadness one sees in the eyes of a child that is gazing at nothing. (PV, 222)

The accent is on their outward appearance and their respectability. The formality of their hats and cloaks is underpinned by a casual collarless state; a mix Lawrence adopted, photographs show him wearing a hat and jacket but the jackets were often home-spun. In the revisions Lawrence strives towards exploring the inner reality of the youths; what the Italian male *is:*

> At the back, lounging against the pillars or standing very dark and sombre, are the more reckless spirits of the village. Their black felt hats are pulled down, their cloaks are thrown over their mouths, they stand very dark and isolated in their moments of stillness, they shout and wave to each other when anything occurs.
> The men are all clean, their clothes are all clean washed. The rags of the poorest porter are always well washed. But it is Sunday to-morrow, and they are shaved only on a Sunday. So that they have a week's black growth on their chins. But they have dark, soft eyes, unconscious and vulnerable. They move and balance with loose, heedless motion upon their clattering zoccoli, they lounge with wonderful ease against the wall at the back, or against the two pillars, unconscious of the patches on their clothes or of their bare throats, that are knotted perhaps with a scarlet rag. Loose and abandoned, they lounge and talk, or they watch with wistful absorption the play that is going on. (TI, 56-7)

The attention to clothes remains but *how* the men move within them - the 'heedless motion' on their *zoccoli* - becomes important. Their calls to each other now contrast with their 'moments of stillness'. The ability to be self-contained and centred in on the self is at the heart of what Lawrence admires in other nations; he finds it in some forest workers in *Sea and Sardinia* and again in the Indians in *Mornings in Mexico.*

If the way Italian men appeared to be in themselves fascinated Lawrence, when he views the commonly held epitome of masculinity - the soldiers or *bersaglieri* - he admires their sense of intimacy and camaraderie:

> They keep close together, as if there were some physical instinct connecting them. And they are quite womanless. There is a curious inter-absorption among themselves, a sort of physical trance that holds them all, and puts their minds to sleep. there is a strange, hypnotic unanimity among them as they put on their plumed hats and go out together, always very close, as if their bodies must touch. Then they feel safe and content in this heavy, physical trance. They are in love with one another, the young men love the young men. (TI, 76)

The physically compelling quality of the male bond was touched on in *The White Peacock's* nude bathing scenes, the psychology of male friendship was to be explored through the call for *Blütbruderschaft* in *Women in Love,* and through themes of leadership in *Kangaroo.* But in *Twilight in Italy,* Italian male friendship slightly repelled him. Although Birkin expressed an ideal of the male bond as an '*additional* perfect relationship between man and woman - additional to marriage...equally important, equally creative, equally sacred if you like' (WL, 439-40), the Italian version of this bonding does not live up to this ideal because it has no mentality. The soldiers seem 'as if their real brain were stunned, as if they were another centre of physical consciousness from which they lived' (TI, 77). Lawrence's conclusion is 'there is something very primitive about these men' (TI, 76).

Whilst *Twilight in Italy* offers an exploration of masculinity it is contemporary with the writing of *The Sisters,* Lawrence's undertaking to penetrate to the heart of male/female relationships which he saw as life's main problem: 'the source of all life and knowledge is in man and woman, and the source of all living is in the interchange and the meeting and mingling of these two...'(CL 1, 280). Hence, *Twilight in Italy* examines every stage of the marriage cycle from courting and marriage to widows, celibates and bachelors. It is an interest which is more pronounced in the revisions, perhaps because Lawrence got married between the two writings. Lawrence finds Italian society to be matriarchal, grounded on the separation of the sexes, one in which courtships are unimpassioned preludes to marriage and children. In the periodical version Lawrence's view is put matter-of-factly, in the tone of an anthropologist:

> The sexes are always separate. There is very little flirting even, and, it seems, no comradeship between men and women. The two avoid each other. One sees very little courting in this part and no lovers. But on Sunday afternoons and evenings the woman, accompanied by a child or a friend for protection's sake, goes leading home her wine-drunken husband. Otherwise she is rarely seen at his side. And on Sunday afternoon an uncomfortable youth walks by the side of his maiden for an hour, in the very public part of the highway. That is all. (PV, 222)

The effect of time on marriage is shown. The older woman looks for her drunk husband (something Lawrence's own mother refused to do) whilst the young couple court. The revised version implies a greater continuum - the maiden of the youthful courting couple will become the desperate married woman, whose situation the revised version worsens through the

suggestion of physical violence. The man who returns to his friends will become the drunken husband.

> On Sunday afternoons the uncomfortable youth walks by the side of his maiden for an hour in the public highway. Then he escapes; as from a bondage he goes back to his men companions. On Sunday afternoons and evenings the married woman, accompanied by a friend or by a child - she dare not go alone, afraid of the strange, terrible sex-war between her and the drunken man - is seen leading home the wine-drunken, liberated husband. Sometimes she is beaten when she gets home. It is part of the process. But there is no synthetic love between men and women, there is only passion, and passion is fundamental hatred, the act of love is a fight.
> The child, the outcome, is divine. Here the union, the oneness, is manifest. Though spirit strove with spirit, in mortal conflict, during the sex-passion, yet the flesh united with flesh in oneness. The phallus is still divine. But the spirit, the mind of man, this has become nothing. (TI, 58)

The idea of love being 'a fight' and the consideration of the child is an addition to the periodical version. Lawrence himself had tremendous battles with Frieda to which the 'Love and Death' chapter of *Women in Love* perhaps owes something. This explains the addition of the battleground imagery to the original text. The women in the theatre, 'dressed hair gleaming, their backs very straight', seem 'like weapons' (TI, 58); the psychological outcome of this within marriage is incorporated into war-like vocabulary. This is a 'sex duel' and far from the sort of togetherness Lawrence will uphold in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It is typical of Lawrence's writing that he not only describes something in terms of what it is, but also in terms of what it is not, and every statement on Italian marriages is qualified by showing what is lost to them. Submission means 'there is no comradeship'. Similarly, courtships which are a 'concession to the necessity of marriage' result in 'no happiness of being together' (TI, 57). What Lawrence feels Italian marriages lack is highly coloured by his personal experience; the joy of spending time with Frieda that informs the poetry of *Look! We Have Come Through!*

Lawrence's consideration of marriage, which is discussed above, is a little laboured. He is on much safer ground when he shows through example as is the case when the nature of the Padrone's marriage is captured in two scenes in 'The Lemon Gardens.' The wife's fiery eyes and 'warlike' voice which quivers 'like bronze' (TI, 42-3) illustrates the aforementioned bellicose nature of Italian relationships, but her positioning in space in a scene where a door is mended is symbolic of her female dominance:

> If they had been alone, she would have done it, pretending to be under his direction. But since I was there, he did it himself; a grey, shaky, highly-bred little gentleman, standing on a chair with a long screw-driver, whilst his wife stood behind him, her hands half-raised to catch him if he should fall. (TI,42)

The couple's position illustrates a sentiment Lawrence expressed in a letter:

> I daren't sit in the world without a woman behind me...a woman that I love sort of keeps me in direct communication with the unknown, in which otherwise I am a bit lost. (CL 1, 179)

Lawrence touched on the question of children in a letter of 15 May 1912, one month after his first meeting with Frieda: 'I want you to have children to me - I don't care how soon. I never thought I should have that definite desire' (L1, 403). For a man so committed to the idea of children, the fact that he was childless when he wrote the revisions perhaps explains why children are considered and why their effect on marriage is emphasised. Within Italian marriages they are seen seen to be put on a pedestal - made into the very reason for marriage. The following passage was added to 'The Theatre':

> Husband and wife are brought together in a child, which they both worship. But in each of them there is only the greatest reverence for the infant, and the reverence for fatherhood or motherhood, as the case may be; there is no spiritual love. (TI, 57)

In *Sea and Sardinia* the comic side of this is seen when a professor's children slop their food in an orgy of bad manners while the parents watch adoringly. But in *Twilight in Italy* infant worship is perceived to thwart the male-female relationship Lawrence held so dear, and be a grave mistake against history as 'the children are not the future' (TI, 45). When Lawrence then shows the childless signore's wife playing with her baby nephew we need to be alert to Lawrence's dual attitude - both his love and wariness of children. The passage is quoted because it is a beautiful piece of writing, and unusual in English literature. Dickens, James and Twain are famous for their portrayal of children, rather than babies.

> Then I heard a noise, and there in the corner, among all the pink geraniums and the sunshine, the Signor Gemma sat laughing with a baby. It was a fair, bonny thing of eighteen months. The Signora was concentrated upon the child as he sat, stolid and handsome, in his little white cap, perched on a bench picking at the pink geraniums.

> She laughed, bent forward her dark face out of the shadow, swift into a glitter of sunshine near the sunny baby, laughing again excitedly, making mother-noises. The child took no notice of her. She caught him swiftly into the shadow, and they were obscured; her dark head was against the baby's wool jacket, she was kissing his neck, avidly, under the creeper leaves. The pink geraniums still frilled joyously in the sunshine. (TI, 43)

Lawrence said 'I do like babies' (L1, 52) and here as in his whimsical poem 'Baby Running Barefoot' (CP, 64) it shows. The frailty and shimmer of the picture's edges are indicated by 'pink geraniums and the sunshine', in contrast to the baby, who in its white cap and jacket becomes a solid white core to the picture. The more demonstrative way Latins do seem to hug and kiss their children is noticed in the adverb 'avidly'. This united tableau, which is perhaps a wishful projection, presents an emotional moment for the Padrone which, like emotional moments in so much of Lawrence's writing, is expressed in terms of personal disintegration:

> Her husband stood as if overcast, obliterated. She and I and the baby, in the sunshine, laughed a moment. Then I heard the neighing, forced laugh of the old man. He would not be left out. He seemed to force himself forward. He was bitter, acrid with chagrin and obliteration, struggling as if to assert his own existence. He was nullified. (TI, 44)

The inter-play of dark and light in the original description of the baby perhaps reflects Lawrence's dilemma over children. One minute he had wanted them, the next he was writing to Catherine Carswell: 'to want children, and common human fulfillment, is rather a falsity for you, I think' (Carswell, 1981, 46-7). The advice perhaps stems from seeing the damage children did to Italian marital relationships.

Together with masculinity and marriage, exile is another concept of concern in *Twilight in Italy*. The War years had elapsed between meeting certain exiles in Italy and Switzerland and then writing of them, years in which Lawrence talked of emigrating to America: 'I am still thinking of going soon to America. I feel if I stay in Europe now I shall die' (L2, 417). Hence, Lawrence remembers individuals such as Paolo, John and the exiled Italian workers in the light of his own preoccupations. His alertness to the subtle differences between the stories of Paolo who resists America, John who feels ambivalent about it and some Italians who adopt a new country, show that a very personal concern with what exile does to your soul informs these stories. Lawrence probably wondered which category he would fall into if he went to America. He clearly sympathises with Paolo's need to

escape the fixity of peasant life: 'polenta at mid-day and vegetable soup in the evening, and no way out, nothing to look forward to no future, only this eternal present' (TI, 87). Paolo's tale has the moral overtones of a fairy-tale, he found gold, but Maria felt deserted and her adultery is hinted at: 'Paolo had returned from America a year before she [the daughter Felicia] was born, Maria insisted' (TI, 93). This gossipy type of narrative - the reader getting to the bottom of a local's situation - adds to our enjoyment of travel books. But, the real interest of Paolo's story lies in the fact his trip to America was 'an excursion from reality': 'that his body was in California, what did it matter?' (TI, 92). The implication is that Paolo's soul was left behind; within the workers' camp he never learnt the language but resisted America.

Lawrence suggests that America acted like an abrasive which wore John's innate Italianess down to a greater extent than Paolo's. His 'frayed cuff', and 'red knuckly hands' bear witness to his shop job and the 'high double collar' to his adoption of American dress. If Paolo remained 'untouched' by America John's tragedy is his borderline existence between two worlds. He takes on America's language and consumer ethic but returns to Italy to do military service and marry in the Italian way. He is simply a 'hanger-on'. Neither place has any real meaning for him, and his fate is his restlessness - he will return to America.

By contrast, the Italian silk workers Lawrence meets in Switzerland have totally rejected their agrarian homeland and pursued mechanisation through taking jobs as factory hands. By crossing the border they have crossed from Italian phallicism to Northern rationalism, from past to future, and their cross-over is final, a new country has been adopted:

> I could see these sons of Italy would never go back. Men like Paolo and Il Duro broke away only to return. The dominance of the old form was too strong for them...But "John" and these Italians in Switzerland were a generation younger, and they would not go back, at least not to the old Italy. (TI, 136-7)

When Lawrence shows how the normally suppressed nostalgia for the homeland is released by some late night drinking, he suggests that total severance from one's country is an illusion. 'In Italy there is the sun, the sun' (TI, 35) laments Alfredo and Lawrence continues: 'We talked about Italy, about songs, and Carnival; about the food, polenta and salt' (TI, 135-6). In his consideration of these exiles Lawrence asks whether he could leave his homeland so dramatically. It is indeed a painful confrontation:

> the moment my memory touched them, my whole soul stopped and was null; I could not go on. Even now I cannot really consider them in thought. I shrink involuntarily away. I do not know why this is. (TI, 141)

Lawrence's portrait of the exiles in Switzerland also reflects his ideas on Rananim. Lawrence's most vehement calls for Rananim, a colony of elect people living apart from society, are made during the re-write and were, in part, a response to the war atrocities:

> I want you to form the nucleus of a new community which shall start a new life amongst us - a life in which the only riches is integrity of character. So that each one may fulfil his own nature and deep desires to the utmost, but wherein tho', the ultimate satisfaction and joy is in the completeness of us all as one...Every strong soul must put off its connection with this society, its vanity and chiefly its fear and go naked with its fellows...The great serpent to destroy, is the will to Power: the desire for one man to have some dominion over his fellow-men. (CL 1, 311-12)

The Italians who, true to Rananim ideals, live communally, a 'whole colony of Italians' (TI, 132) and in a 'great dwelling' under their appointed 'little leader' (TI, 134) Giuseppino, are in effect living out a little Rananim story. Most importantly they live outside Swiss society: 'they lived entirely among themselves' (TI, 133). By portraying the Italian's self-sufficiency but undermining it by alluding to their homesickness it seems Lawrence is not able to decide, by inference, whether Rananim is an ideal or a mistake.

In conclusion, whether people are portrayed as individuals or archetypes, or work towards the elaboration of certain key ideas, our appreciation of them depends on Lawrence's attitude towards them. A travel writer who simply hates the indigenous population will be hard pressed to write a good travel book. In *Twilight in Italy*, more than in the other travel books, Lawrence is *involved* with the locals. He is more enthusiastic about them and more responsive to their needs and problems. *Sea and Sardinia* sees him as a non-resident merely passing through. In *Mornings in Mexico* ignorance of the local language automatically distances him from the Indians. *Etruscan Places* also results from a very short trip, and a consideration of the modern Italian occupies only one half of the book. But in *Twilight in Italy* Lawrence is a resident, he speaks Italian, he enters more fully into people's lives; he views the padrone's property and enjoys the home life of the Fiori family. In no other travel book does he enter someone's house. Lawrence's acceptance by foreign people is a novelty he clearly enjoys. Of Paolo he says 'he would have given me anything'. In *Sea*

and Sardinia Lawrence is disparaging about Sicilians but in *Twilight in Italy* he loves everybody and reciprocates the effort people make towards him. He listens to Maria and to the Padrone's and John's problems. He falls in with a travelling companion in Switzerland, and entertains the Italian exiles with his mimicry, 'they laughed at my pretending to cut the slabs of polenta with a string' (TI, 136). He decides to stay in an inn just beyond Andermatt because he has seen the owner hovering in the street and knows 'she would be glad of a visitor to pay her rent' (TI, 156).

The emotion and spontaneity Lawrence displays in *Twilight in Italy*, the fact his heart was 'ready to burst with loving affection' (TI, 63) at peasant theatre, or that he 'wanted to weep over' (TI, 157) the deafness of an old inn-woman, is, to some extent, a symptom of his comparative youth and can be engaging. Unfortunately, the negative result of such immaturity is a text which is at times frustrating, haphazard in construction, too gushing and too intense and too ready to solve the problems of the universe. But, then again (and this is the feeling one always has about *Twilight in Italy*), the response of the immature writer to both his surroundings and his emotions is perhaps fresher, more immediate. Lawrence simply revels in Italy, he is also deeply in love, and both are transmuted into a certain pristine, imagistic quality of prose that is not found elsewhere in the travel books. Who else would have described a courtyard as a place where 'bamboos fray the sunlight and geraniums glare red' (TI, 33)? Who else would have seen a Bavarian's clear eyes as 'like sharp light shining on blue ice' (TI, 5)?

LAWRENCE'S REVISIONS

The additions Lawrence made to 'Italian Studies' which was published in the *English Review*, September 1919 (pages 202-35) were numerous. Whole paragraphs were frequently inserted and are alluded to in my discussion. This list can only point out those places where lengthy passages were added:

'The Spinner and the Monks'

- Five paragraphs which explore an Eagle/Dove duality. (TI, 19)
- Five paragraphs from 'The day was gone...' (TI, 30) to the end of the sketch.

'The Lemon Gardens'

- Forty paragraphs of 'philosophy' on the nature of the Italian soul from: 'Again I had to think of the Italian soul...' (TI, 34) to 'The padrone took me into a small room...' (TI, 41)
- Nine paragraphs of 'philosophy' on the Northern races from 'Wherein are we superior?' (TI, 44) to 'Mais, said the Signore...' (TI, 47)
- Four paragraphs which present Lawrence's vision of England from 'I thought of England...' (TI, 53) to the end of the sketch.

'The Theatre'

- Twenty five paragraphs on Northern art and drama as an expression of the spirit of 'Not-Self' from 'There is, I think, this strain of cold dislike...' (TI, 68) to 'Enrico Persevalli was detestable...' (TI, 73)

CHAPTER III

THE RAINBOW

On 13 November 1915, just four months after its publication, Bow Street Magistrates Court ordered *The Rainbow* to be destroyed and banned. For it is a novel in which Anna both hangs out the family washing and it is also a novel in which, naked and pregnant, she affirms her individuality thus:

> Her fine limbs lifted and lifted, her hair was sticking out all fierce, and her belly, big, strange, terrifying, uplifted to the Lord. Her face was rapt and beautiful, she danced exulting before her Lord, and knew no man. (R, 171)

A woman who served her family according to her social self was acceptable; one who reached towards some a deeper identity, in a manner that made a mockery of Christian practice, was not. As Graham Hough says: '*The Rainbow* marks the transition from books which others might have written to books which no one but Lawrence could write' (Hough, 1956, 54).

The above quotations draw attention to the fact that *The Rainbow* is created from two levels of experience, namely the historical and the deeply psychological. Julian Moynahan says in *The Deed of Life: The Novels and Tales of D.H. Lawrence,* that without the ritualistic scenes or the symbolic characters:

> *The Rainbow* would have emerged as a kind of naturalistic slice-of-life, recording without tragic or humorous coloring typical experiences of a family over the course of three generations. Tom is a yeoman farmer tied to the land; his son-in-law is first a village craftsman and then an art teacher in a county set; his granddaughter is trained at a university and comes to enjoy the friendship of artistic and upper-class people in London.
> (Moynahan, 1963, 50)

The first chapter's two part structure illustrates the interweaving of the two types of narrative. By setting the vital, instinctive Brangwens, who 'felt the rush of the sap in spring' (R, 9), against the historical changes of part II which begins 'About 1840, a canal was constructed' (R, 13), Lawrence alerts one to the psychological and historical paths the remainder of the book will follow. This chapter will show that this view of *The Rainbow,* although true to a point, is too simple. First, the novel can be carved up into the two boxes of historical realism and psychological awareness and something said about each.

Our sense of historical realism is due to the fact that *The Rainbow* follows the lives of three generations which reflect the historical pattern of

English life between about 1840 and 1905. To some extent Ursula, with her university degree, is a product of the kind of social mobility and educational training the changeover to an industrial society both allowed and demanded. In Ursula and Skrebensky we see the demise of religion, the increased isolation of the individual and the deracinated way of life industrialism contributed to. Our sense of realism is compounded through identification with this *Familienroman*; we probably know children like Anna who resent their step-parents or pine like Ursula to be free of family constraints, or fathers who like Tom and Will feel marginalised when children are born. And there are lighter moments such as when the elder daughter changes from being a gawky youth into a fashion-plate for the first boyfriend. Lawrence's skill lies in making the old stories of family life shine anew and one enjoys the sense of continuity to be expected of such a genre. Tom Brangwen tells Lydia, 'We've been here above *two* hundred years' (R, 37) and the sense of the same ground being trodden is realised when Ursula walks out with Skrebensky:*

> Hesitating, they continued to walk on, quivering like shadows under the ash-trees of the hill, where her grandfather had walked with his daffodils to make his proposal, and where the mother had gone with her young husband, walking close upon him as Ursula was now walking upon Skrebensky. (R, 278)

And yet, countering this sense of the cyclical and continuous are the differences between the generations. Ursula can never undertake the domesticated life that Anna has. As Leavis said in *D.H. Lawrence Novelist:*

> Lawrence...feels with a peculiar responsiveness to the paradox of a continuity that is at the same time discontinuity: lives are separate, but life is continuous - it continues in the fresh start by the separate life in each generation. (Leavis, 1964, 110)

Lawrence's greater interest in processes of individuation can be seen in the way in which his novels re-work similar scenes. *Sons and Lovers* dealt with the home-coming of the elder son from the metropolis and childbirth. In *The Rainbow* the treatment of these same themes indicates the different

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* That the interplay of the generations provides much of the interest in *The Rainbow*, leads me to disagree with Howard Harper. In an article which appraises the BBC's version of *The Rainbow*, he thinks Imogen Stubbs as Urusla 'unifies and enhances the essential humanity of the book, which Lawrence's abstractions sometimes obscure' (Harper, 1989, 206). I think that this interpretation condones the central role I feel the TV version gave Urusla, which tended to obscure the fact that *The Rainbow* is as much about the march of the generations, their similarities and differences, as it is about Ursula.

requirements Lawrence now has of the family novel. The birth of Paul Morel is externalised through the community's participation in the event. However, *The Rainbow* is more concerned with the development and flow of individual being; birth is now portrayed as a moment of individual crisis for Tom:

> the big shell of his body remembered the sounds of owls that used to fly round the farmstead when he was a boy...
> Elsewhere, fundamental, he was with his wife in labour, the child was being brought forth out of their one flesh. He and she, one flesh, out of which life must be put forth. The rent was not in his body but it was of his body. On her the blows fell, but the quiver ran through to him, to his last fibre. (R, 71)

Lawrence, in showing the divided nature of human consciousness, is trying to reach a level of consciousness which ran deeper than that which any previous novelists (even George Eliot) had depicted. Indeed, *The Rainbow* is very much founded on Lawrence's own theories of novel writing. His contact with Italian Futurist writings, inspired him to write to Edward Garnett in a letter of 5 June 1914 about the possibilities for a new type of characterisation. Marinetti's ideas on 'an intuitive physiology of matter' or 'that which is physic [psychological] - non-human, in humanity' interested him, and he said he wanted to penetrate beyond the social self to 'another ego':

> I don't care so much about what the woman *feels* - in the ordinary usage of the word. That presumes an *ego* to feel with. I only care about what the woman *is* - what she is - inhumanly, physiologically, materially... (L2, 183)

He believed in 'another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognisable'; a sort of base element in every person. That carbon is the chemical basis of life facilitates the expression of this:

> [The individual] passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically-unchanged element. (Like as diamond and coal are the same pure single element of carbon. The ordinary novel would trace the history of the diamond - but I say, 'diamond, what! This is carbon.' And my diamond might be coal or soot, and my theme is carbon.). (L2, 183)

To create characters in accordance with these observations was an ambitious aim. How did he do it?

To think that for a matter of moments, usually at moments of emotional crisis (isn't this why Lawrence likes writing about them so

much?) one lapses back into some kind of primordial essential self, which although gender related, perhaps links one to a more archaic form of consciousness was one way of trying to delve deeper into the human psyche. At such times Lawrence's characters intuitively 'know' things, they sense the inner rocking motion of their lives, and feel things 'underneath' themselves. Michael Black points out in *D.H. Lawrence: The Early Philosophical Works* that Lawrence wrote like he did because he strove for an 'algebra of speech' - words could be substituted in order to take an idea to its end and be translated back. Unfortunately, the sense of language being stretched to accommodate the metaphysic becomes a strain. A more successful instance of Lawrence trying to show what the woman *is* occurs at Anna's birth when Tom goes upstairs gingerly to visit her:

> Her brown-grey eyes opened and looked at him. She did not know him as himself. But she knew him as the man. She looked at him as a woman in childbirth looks at the man who begot the child in her; an impersonal look, in the extreme hour, female to male. Her eyes closed again. A great, scalding peace went over him, burning his heart and his entrails, passing off into the infinite. (R, 77)

This works because the situation remains truer to the narrative. Lydia, as a foreigner has less of a ready language for complex emotions than the average person. Also, we have previously seen her conducting her business - rocking her child at the lighted window, laying a table - in a self-contained manner which approximates to this condition.

Lawrence is also more succesful at delving into the inner self when the relationship between a character and the external world is presented as particularly fluid. To penetrate beyond the realistic world, and discard the sort of social constraints necessary to realism, Lawrence needed to get his characters out of the structured world. Place becomes a peg on which to hang the changeover from realism to symbolism. Either a character's perception of place and people is affected by emotion, or vice versa, their perception of the natural world prompts characters to action. To illustrate the former, Brangwen finds his daughter's wedding so emotional that when he leaves the church the world seems 'like a vision'(R, 127). To illustrate the latter, when Anna enters the cowshed with her father, the cattle and the rattle of chains soothe her crying; 'a new being was created in her for the new condition' (R, 75).

Lawrence was sensible enough to know that a book based entirely on people's deepest feelings, which showed only their intuitive, unconscious

responses to places and people, was impossible. Firstly, to use a Lawrence word it would become an 'amorphous' mass, secondly it would be a lie because this is no longer the primitive world; social structures such as work, education and so on exist. Nonetheless, Lawrence felt that society or 'the cosy jam-pot of the State' (STH, 17) repressed those deep-seated needs which lingered on from earlier times. In *The Rainbow*, the interaction of the deeper self with society is worked up into something of a fight and people's inner feelings are continuously pitched against social convention. If 'the final aim of every living thing, creature, or being is the full achievement of itself' (STH, 12) then society is shown to severely thwart this; Anna is unable to tolerate religion, Ursula has difficulties with the educational system.

However, to see the novel as constructed on two levels; that of social history and psychology, with the perception of place changing according to whether people are being their social selves or responding to something altogether more internal, is limited. This chapter holds that there is a third level at play in the novel; that the metaphysic of both the *Study of Thomas Hardy* and 'The Crown', which interrupted and succeeded *The Rainbow*, deeply influences the portrayal of place, community and human relationships. Place becomes an illustration in prose of the metaphysic. At any one time, in order to guard against the novel disintegrating, *The Rainbow* appears to have a strong historical reality, but simultaneously, unusual language and imagery engenders a de-historicising process which subverts this. Lawrence's comment about his book having 'a new basis altogether' (Moore, 223) might refer not only to a psychological approach to character, but also to the direct transformation of philosophy into art; a way of writing seen again in the travel writing of *Twilight in Italy*.

Let us return to that most famous of openings, to the Marsh Farm and the river Erewash twisting 'sluggishly through alder trees' (R, 9). Water, associated with the source of physical life and with the unconscious, featured at the beginning of *The White Peacock* and *Sons and Lovers*. *The Rainbow's* opening landscape, grounded on a horizontal axis, and appreciative of space, colour and light - the 'empty sky', golden corn, 'sunny valley' - creates a freshly watered place perfect for rainbows. The Brangwen women's dream of education and experience will lead Ursula to the town which can be glimpsed through the canal arch; Lawrence polarises a certain kind of world on either side of it. Cossethay's church spire set against Ilkeston's factory chimneys intimates the differences between a life of older values and one concerned with commercial success. The blonde Brangwens, in their milieu of pale vegetation - alder trees, corn, and

daffodils - contrast with the 'blackened colliers' who belong to the 'dim smoking hill of the town' (R, 14). The dualistic concern with light and darkness implies a moral judgement; the world of the Marsh is wholesome and healthy and Ilkeston is regrettable. Such dualism enhances our feeling that this place truly exists as any contrast infers a reality. But the sum of two is often more than the sum of its parts, so when the Brangwens smell the pit-refuse burning and hear the sound of trains which 're-echoed through the heart' (R, 14), we feel that here is a place which is beginning to run to a rhythm which is different from that of the old farming life. Lawrence, like Carlyle and Ruskin, is interested in the way technological changes, such as the coming of the railway and colliery, can occasion a gap between commercial and spiritual 'progress'. The Brangwens have changed from being self-sufficient to being 'almost tradesmen' (R, 13) but externally their quotidien farming routine has changed little; exactly the sort of gloss Lawrence found so frightening about the far-reaching psychological effects of technological change. His effort to get under the skin of the Marsh, as he tried to in his travel writing, reveals the tremendous shifts of emphasis in notions of purpose, motivation and belonging that have actually occurred. The tragedy is that the Brangwens now feel 'strangers in their own place' and the infiltration of the money ideal into their lives, the fact the town needs their produce, means they no longer work 'because of the life that was in them' (R, 42).

Although *The Rainbow* charts the kind of eclipse which occurs between the Marsh and the new industrial life in Ilkeston, and its historical exactitude speaks for the general disintegration of rural life taking place in Britain at the turn of the century, the impulse towards myth contained in the language and imagery, as we said, undercuts its historical nature. The specific numbers, distances and times which characterised the world of *Sons and Lovers* are absent or vague. As Graham Holderness points out in *D.H. Lawrence: History, Ideology and Fiction*, the canal is built 'About 1840' (R, 13) and the school is 'just near the Marsh' (R, 243). Biblical language and the alignment of the Marsh with the flood story raises it to the level of myth. Like the Aztec myth of creation which opens *Mornings in Mexico*, the description of the Marsh Farm is a creation piece, but one in which Lawrence is rewriting the book of Genesis according to his metaphysic. In 'The Crown' he talked about his belief that time had no beginning or end. This led him to believe there were two ways to infinity:

> From the present, the stream flows in opposite directions, back to the past, on to the future. There are two goals, at opposite ends of time. There is the vast original dark out of which Creation issued, there is the Eternal light into which all mortality passes. And both are equally infinite, both are equally the goal and both equally the beginning. (DP, 258)

The 'choreography' in *The Rainbow* follows this patterning:

> Looking out, as she must, from the front of her house towards the activity of man in the world at large, whilst her husband looked out to the back at sky and harvest and beast and land, she strained her eyes to see what man had done in fighting outwards to knowledge... (R, 11)

Lawrence clamoured for a re-ordering of the creation myth because after reading the materialists he believed that knowledge was acquired through experience. He disliked the Christian perception of creation, that God made man, that the word preceded flesh. The word, he thought, should not precede the creation of flesh; the flesh should have created the word. For the Brangwens then, feeling must precede knowledge: 'They *felt* the rush of the sap in spring, they *knew* the wave which cannot halt, but every year throws forward the seed to begetting...' [my italics] (R, 9). The idea that the feel of a place profoundly influences human character, which Lawrence later formulated into something of a thesis, is dramatised. The Brangwen eyes change from laughter to anger: 'through all the irresolute stages of the sky when the weather is changing' (R, 9), and the Erewash, which twists 'sluggishly through alder trees' (R, 9), corresponds to the 'blood intimacy' the men enjoy. Lawrence had admired Hardy's portrayal of Egdon as a tragic power, describing Eustacia and Wildeve as 'one year's accidental crop' (STH, 25). Similarly, Tom Brangwen is described as 'fresh like a plant' (R, 20). The Marsh is the breeding ground for the slow, simple, organic life of the Brangwens, but the likening of people to plants, with analogies of re-birth, growth and death implied, remained with Lawrence all his writing life. Plants, like people, he said in the *Study* , can either grow upwards into explosions of colour, or they can topple and grow downwards. The division of the Marsh Farm community into the women, who are lured by the vicar's children and Lord William's wife to look upwards and outwards to a life equated with 'education and experience' (R, 12), and into the men who are associated with the downwards pull of the earth, follows this pattern.

Wiggiston, the colliery town where Ursula and Miss Inger visit uncle Tom is like the Marsh presented as both a historical reality and as something unreal. Seen in terms of uniformity, corruption, repression,

transience, and confusion, to which end images of disease and death are employed, it contrasts directly with the Marsh Farm. The pattern of red houses on black roads which 'repeated itself endlessly' (R, 320), in terms of the colouring and the sense of growth, seem like a leprosy. Wiggiston's arrest in time - the 'new red-brick [is] becoming grimy' (R, 320) - makes it seem a historical reality. As with the description of the Marsh Farm, the correlation between people and place is direct. Uncle Tom's black coat blends in with the surrounding black landscape, and just as the eyes of the Brangwen farmers reflected the sky around them Tom's are 'dark eyes liquid and formless' (R, 321). His library, dedicated to the 'hard, mechanical activity' (R, 321) of science becomes a microcosm of Wiggiston. The language of repression and bondage which describes the architecture, the 'rigidity of the blank streets' (R, 320), and the 'asphalt causeways, held in between a flat succession of wall' (R, 320) is reflected in the human architecture, specifically in the image of the shell:

> Like creatures with no more hope, but which still live and have passionate being, within some utterly unliving shell... (R, 321)

People are a product of place then, and Lawrence likes to tribalise them into an image. In the later travel writing Italians were seen as Tigers, Mexicans as reptiles. In *The Rainbow*, if the fresh, light, open, real environment of the Marsh produced plants, the dark, dusty, shut in, unreal character of the industrial city of Wiggiston produces something akin to crustaceans whom we could imagine grubbing in the 'meaningless squalor of ash-pits and closets' (R, 320) which constitutes the view from Tom's house.

Lawrence's need to get down to the fundamentals of people's souls causes him to consider Wiggiston's attitude to life. It is typical of his writing that another place, in this case the Marsh Farm, hovers on the periphery as a mode of definition and provides the grid lines for the narrative. Most of what we come to know about the human force that drives Wiggiston contrasts with what we already know about the Marsh. We have here the kind of conurbation, like a heart with 'no pulsation of humanity', that Baudelaire wrote of. Lawrence wants to show that the heartbeat of the place has changed. If the Marsh folk used to work for love and life, money drives Wiggiston. If the Marsh heart beat to the rhythm of nature and a certain humanity, that of Wiggiston has had to change. Uncle Tom explains:

> "They believe they must alter themselves to fit the pits and the place, rather than alter the pits and the place to fit themselves. It is easier," he said. (R, 322)

This change of perspective and rhythm, the sense of control and ownership which is at the centre of mechanisation, is seen to have occasioned changes in the community's relationship with society and the self. Marriage and home, what Tom and Lydia lived for, are now seen as a 'little side-show' (R, 323). And the machine, because it forces a person to blank out, changes people's relationship to time, and thus to the self. That the machine age forces Uncle Tom to live in the present counters the sense of continuity enjoyed by the early Marsh Farm residents, and engenders what Lawrence felt was a dangerous a way to live - escaping the responsibility of the self:

> Then, and then only, when the machine caught him up, was he free from the hatred of himself, could he act wholely, without cynicism and unreality. (R, 325)

In an age of increasing industrialisation and house building, Lawrence, like Arnold Bennett and H.G. Wells, was alert to the features of the urbanising process. Like others, he decried Wiggiston's urban sprawl and saw deeply into its effect on the human psyche. But what appears to be the reforming voice of a Dickens or Zola is a voice without substance. Wiggiston can be aligned with the underworld of classical literature, or the world of nightmare, and this places it firmly outside any particular geographical or historical definition. The colliery owners and the streets of their town, which would probably be named after them, remain nameless and the townspeople seemed 'not like living people, but like spectres' (R, 320). Presumably they are pale from working in the pits, but the narrator, who stands back in horror as victim and alerts the reader to results without giving them reasons, draws on the techniques of classical literature and myth. With no exchange of looks, speech or gesture the way in which people 'passed meaninglessly along' (R, 321) is reminiscent of the unhappy souls in Virgil's underworld. And both Ursula and Miss Inger question Uncle Tom, in much the same way as Aeneas did Dido, to establish something of a paradox; that unreality is reality. The narrative voice has perceived Wiggiston to be 'unreal, just unreal' (R, 321); Ursula questions 'Is this place as awful as it looks?'; Tom says 'It is just what it looks' (R, 322). And Miss Inger's presumption about the people's lives not being 'so bad' is undermined by Tom's assertion that it is:

> Yes, they are pretty bad. The pits are very deep, and hot, and in some places wet. The men die of consumption fairly often. But they earn good wages. (R, 322)

This sums up the scene which *Sons and Lovers* dramatised so well, when Mr Morel sweated over a stubborn section of coal. But now an adherence to the methods of classical literature, is suddenly given form when Tom's servant - a widow whose husband died of consumption - enters; it is all too convenient. Nonetheless, Wiggiston functions in the text as a metaphor for a destroyed and abused England and also acts as a signpost which points towards Ilkeston's future, to what, given time, Ilkeston will become.

Lawrence looked at Britain from the perspective both of war and of his recent travels to Europe and saw both its past and future; the attraction of a rural past and the horror of mechanisation. Although *The Rainbow* is a complaint about mechanisation destroying rural lives and outlooks, this is only in passing. Important to an understanding of *The Rainbow,* and to the kind of interplay Lawrence wants to achieve between the polarities of the Marsh and Wiggiston, the mix of rural and industrial communities, is the configuration of two circles, or cells, meeting. At the Marsh the canal's aqueduct showed the interpenetration between what were once two distinct worlds. In 'The Crown' Lawrence wrote about the manner in which two elements conjoin to make a third quite different thing: the clash of two cymbals, the foam that marks the conjoining of land and sea. This leads one to think that Lawrence is not so much interested in the way the new world of industrialism eclipses the old rural one (although he willingly charts its results) as he is in considering the third element which is produced.

In *The Rainbow* he wants to consider the new type of life, the new type of person, which will spring from the meeting of the old and new lives. He is not so much interested in an eclipse as a clash. We see then that the bedrock on which the narrative flows is deeply philosophical. No doubt war, which brings the fate of the individual into sharper focus and also the kind of questions which continually plague the human condition such as: Is there personal immortality? or What is the right relation between the individual and society? contributed to the mood. In the *Study* Lawrence's concern with the relationship between the individual and society held that people were capable of achieving a level of personal fulfilment beyond that normally reached. As we noticed earlier he felt the flowering of man's inner nature, which could only be brought about by communing with all the unknown forces we feel in ourselves and in nature, was repressed by

current ways of living: 'Yet we must always hold that life is the great struggle for self-preservation... As if it would be anything so futile, so ingestive' (STH, 13). The theorising fed into the fiction and is realised in *The Rainbow* 's concern with the way in which characters achieve self-hood. This seems at odds with the word 'community' in my thesis title, until one considers that any community or society is only made up of individuals; how individuals turn out is important. *The Rainbow* then, in addition to being the history of three generations, is about inner thoughts and feelings, other ways of uniting with the universe, a different sense of community, more a communion. We can now consider the novel in this more metaphysical light.

Lawrence appreciated the way Hardy's characters were always 'struggling hard to come into being' (STH, 20) and said that 'the *via media* to being, for man or woman, is love' (STH, 20). While *The Rainbow* appears to be about the love relationships of three generations it is actually about the repercussions of marriage on people's state of being. On about 2 May 1913 Lawrence wrote:

> I can only write what I feel pretty strongly about: and that, at present, is the relations between men and women. After all, it is *the* problem of today, the establishment of a new relation, or the re-adjustment of the old one, between men and women. (L1, 546)

Marriage could help re-order society, as it encouraged the self to reach its potential. That Lawrence's concern with each generation's loves and marriages extended beyond the novelist's concern with heritage and story-line can be detected through the way in which the tale of each love affair is told within the same framework - the first kiss, the first sexual encounter. The other phases of development he pinpoints, such as adjusting to children, were probably designed to go beyond Hardy characters involved in the 'struggle into love' and 'the struggle with love'.

These kinds of structures indicate that the relationships are meant to be contrasted. Within the sweep of time the novel covers, marriage allows each generation a different kind of self-development, one in which their relationships to place and community are important. Tom's slow, instinctive disposition, his certain rootedness, mark him out as a man of old Brangwen stock: 'it was a very strong root which held him to the Marsh, to his own house and land' (R, 27). He is more in touch with the place and community of the Marsh, unlike Anna's household which remains somewhat removed from Cossethay. True integration with place means one

feels rather than analyses. Tom feels the Marsh countryside, as he did literature; it is part of his life and can never be seen as a beauty spot, as Matlock is to the growing urban population. Ursula will be more self-consciously aware of the countryside than Tom ever was. Tom's relationship to the community is as sure and wholesome as his relationship to place. The approval of the pub clientele and Tilly, who is a cantankerous darling in much the same mould as the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, must precede his proposal of marriage. The notion of rootedness also describes Tom's links to other less obvious communities of literature and language. When he contemplates the universe, and one windy night puts on clean clothes and picks flowers in readiness for his proposal, his social and economic situation combined with attitudes of respect and a wavering between purposefulness and hesitancy, connects him to a line which extends beyond that of his own family. Such stalwarts of the British countryside have been the subject of literature from Hardy's Gabriel Oak to the brothers of Bruce Chatwin's *On the Black Hill*. Lawrence uses language to dramatise popular idioms which are applicable to Tom's marriage. It could be said that Tom and Lydia's coming together was a case of two paths crossing; it fits then that he meets her on the road, and again on the church path, before going up a pathway to propose to her. It could also be said that Tom is part of the furniture and Lawrence's very conscious description of interiors works to dramatise this:

> The furniture was old and familiar as old people, the whole place seemed so kin to him, as if it partook of his being, that she was uneasy. (R, 37)

This also dramatises the fact that both Tom and Lydia have established lives. Lydia has the sense of Tom being the nucleus in his own home, and he feels the same about her when he sees her with Anna at the lighted window. In most of Lawrence's subsequent novels for characters to come together was to break through social or psychological barriers - as he had done with Frieda.

History, in the form of inherited family characteristics, impacts on Tom's relationship. His reluctance to force sexual attention on Lydia has been shaped by his respect for his mother. He waits in the dark for Lydia to put Anna to bed with a patience characteristic of the Brangwens. But Tom is part of the first generation to live through the changes the opening alerted us to. History, in the way it impacts on personal history - the mobility which has led him to meet a voluptuous dark girl in Matlock and an

aristocratic stranger - has shaped the more individual nature of his response to Lydia, has slightly unsettled him, planted the seeds of change and difference in him, made him yearn for the unknown in a vague way which will become stronger in each of the generations to follow.

Initially Tom imagines Lydia as 'the symbol of that further life' and thinks that 'with her he would be real' (R, 40). This is far removed from his final acceptance of both her foreignness - she is 'beyond him, the unattainable' (R, 90) - and of the limited nature of his existence:

> Was his life nothing? Had he nothing to show, no work? He did not count his work, anybody could have done it. What had he known, but the long, marital embrace with his wife! Curious, that this was what his life amounted to! At any rate, it was something, it was eternal. He would say so to anybody, and be proud of it. He lay with his wife in his arms, and she was still his fulfilment, just the same as ever. And that was the be-all and end-all. Yes, and he was proud of it. (R, 120)

If Lawrence believed marriage is at the basis of society and that married fulfilment depends on both partners extending their being to their furthest limits, Tom's fails as he returns to the kind of 'blood intimacy' associated with his forbears at the beginning of the book, an existence which Leavis in *D.H. Lawrence Novelist* showed that Lawrence actually decried. But this compromise is ennobled by the stateliness, grace, reciprocity and mutual respect at play in his marriage. Lydia's arrival on his 'threshold' asking for butter is mirrored by the way he lingers at her 'threshold' (R, 43). Respect for each other's physical space foreshadows Tom's respect for Lydia's emotional space. He lets Lydia cry her tears for the past, for what is unknown to him, and talk herself out, despite his sense of pain and obliteration. That Tom has been able to translate metaphysical notions of the unknown into an everyday practical response and allowed Lydia 'to be', is one of the saving strengths of their marriage. Tom and Lydia'a marriage, and its effect on the self, corresponds to the patterning Lawrence felt typical of the Age of Law which he wrote of in the *Study*. Essentially they are separate beings, but sex, the hour, darkness, most importantly some kind of inner logic, conjoin them.

Lawrence employs the movements of nature in order to dramatise the patterning of Tom and Lydia's marriage and illustrate their strong links with the universe. Lawrence's adherence to Herbert Spencer's belief in attraction and repulsion being a fundamental law of the universe explains why the coming together of Tom and Lydia is fraught with oscillation. Lydia puts her hand to Tom's coat and says she wanted to marry him, they

kiss, they sit and in continuing the embrace experience a kind of re-birth; she repulses him by setting a tray (a retreat into her past), they kiss again and then he feels 'she was drifting away from him again' (R, 47). Marriage having been decided on he comes out of the house and looks at the moon:

> He went out into the wind. Big holes were blown into the sky, the moonlight blew about. Sometimes a high-moon, liquid-brilliant, scudded across a hollow space and took cover under electric, brown-iridescent cloud-edges. Then there was a blot of cloud, and shadow. Then somewhere in the night a radiance again, like a vapour. And all the sky was teeming and tearing along, a vast disorder of flying shapes and darkness and ragged fumes of light and a great brown circling halo, then the terror of a moon running liquid-brilliant into the open for a moment, hurting the eyes before she plunged under cover of cloud again. (R, 48)

A pictorial summing up of what is true of Tom and Lydia's marriage is presented. Lydia, beside the fire, has been associated with light, 'the wide, young eyes blazing with light' (R, 45); Tom, on account of his 'black clothes' and the night he enters from, with darkness. The sky which is in 'a disorder of flying shapes and darkness' reflects Tom's consciousness which races and is confused after his transfiguring experience. Lydia, widowed and a victim of circumstance, has drawn comfort from Tom's body ('she lay still against him') just as she will take refuge in the more stable life he can offer her. The desire to be protected is obviously in her nature, as she converted from Catholicism to the Church of England for protection on her arrival in England. Tom's attitude to the moon is one of delight and acceptance, each thing has its ordered position in the universe. He does not cleave to it and desire it in the personal way that the subsequent generations do.

The most obvious differences between the generations and their marriages can be detected when we consider that each one relates to society, the unknown and the self in different ways. In the *Study* Lawrence thought that the route to psychic health was for mankind to get back in touch with the unknown, so for characters in *The Rainbow* to display such an awareness of some kind of logic or impetus behind the ordering of the universe is useful to him. Writers before Lawrence had portrayed man as a speck in the wheeling universe who feels the presence of that which is beyond the self - Gabriel Oak alone on the hillside with the sheep and the stars, for example. Moments of human experience, childbirth, death and so on can afford us glimpses of what Spencer called the life beyond the 'veil' but the

human condition is not to know.* And in *The Rainbow*, although each generation feels the unknown to be something both desirable and palpable, their relationship with it changes in every case. When Tom takes Anna into the barn, while her brother is being born, he feels the presence of the night and stars as a vital force around him, and life is realised in terms of what is beyond him:

> When her pains began afresh, tearing her, he turned aside, and could not look. But his heart in torture was at peace, his bowels were glad. He went downstairs, and to the door, outside, lifted his face to the rain, and felt the darkness striking unseen and steadily upon him.
>
> The swift, unseen threshing of the night upon him silenced him and he was overcome. He turned away indoors, humbly. There was the infinite world, eternal, unchanging, as well as the world of life. (R, 77)

But he accepts his distance from it. He also settles for a translation of the concept. Lydia, with her exotic past, will be a temporal representation of the spiritual nature of the world to him. The effect of aligning Spencer's ideas on the unknown with womanhood is two-fold. Philosophical thought is made more tangible (perhaps only to Lawrence) but it also becomes too idealistic; ask a man in the pub if he feels a sense of the unknown through a woman! But it is an idealism *The Rainbow* attends to; the gap that lies between each generation's hope that the sexual partner might correspond to the unknown and the real situation, is always shown.

Just as the Brangwens glimpsed the outside, industrial world through the canal arch at the novel's opening so Anna perceives Will, because he is a stranger to Ilkeston, as 'the hole in the wall, beyond which the sunshine blazed on an outside world' (R, 106). Will hopes that Anna will liberate him into wholeness, but in fact their relationship is one of fierce battling as Anna fights to assert her individuality over Will, who like the phoenix he carves on the butter stamp hovers about her in the home. The way in which Lawrence makes place dramatise the patterning of a couple's relationship and hence their relationship between the unknown and the self is most clearly seen in the stackyard scene (pages 113-117). The pattern of their relationship and its effect on their efforts at coming into being differs from that of their forbears. And yet, the moon, as a symbol of the unknown, provides a certain continuity between scenes in which Tom, Anna and Ursula Brangwen react to it in different ways. Anna is the mother of

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* Daniel Schneider points out, in *The Artist as Psychologist*, that Lawrence's vocabulary probably derives from Spencer, who wrote of 'that Reality which is behind the Veil of Appearance' and proposed that force is an effect of 'The Unknowable' (Spencer, 1862, 120).

Ursula, the new woman, and so it is fitting that the moon, the planet which Lawrence in *Fantasia* called 'the planet of women' (because it stops the earth colliding with the sun and so represents 'separateness') plays a larger part in their key scene. If the influence of the moon was felt in Tom and Lydia's courting its presence, 'a large gold moon hung heavily to the grey horizon' (R, 113) is more insistent in the stackyard scene between Anna and Will, and Ursula seeks an even fuller, richer unification with it. I agree with Daleski's interpretation, which sees Anna as someone resisting the kind of union which is a byword for possession:

> What Anna clings to then, in response to the moon which seems glowingly to uncover her bosom, is her own individual separateness of being. (Daleski, 1965, 95)

Julian Moynahan comments that:

> As husband and wife, mother and father, Will and Anna fail to live up to the in-human selves they expose in this scene. As a design, the sheave-gathering scene remains a thing in itself; its actors are really symbols, and the meaning of the symbols has little to do with the actual couple who live out their marital career and raise seven children in the village of Cossethay and in the provincial town of Beldover. (Moynahan, 1963, 66)

His argument is refuted when one considers the way in which the scene so completely reflects the pattern of their future life. What do they do but gather corn? What does she become in mythic terms but a latter-day Ceres or fertility goddess? What does Will do with his corn but try to thread his sheaves with hers as he will try to merge with her in their life?

Although Lawrence was interested to show man coming into being, he realised that any attempt at self-fulfilment is thwarted by the human tragedy he saw in Hardy: that man was torn between wanting to be a social animal and an individual:

> This is the tragedy, and only this: it is nothing more metaphysical than the division of man against himself in such a way: first, that he is a member of the community, and must, upon his honour, in no way move to disintegrate the community, either in its moral or its practical form; second, that the convention of the community is a prison to his natural, individual desire, a desire that compels him, whether he feels justified or not, to break the bounds of the community... (STH, 21)

Lawrence's recognition of man's inherent self-division, which can accommodate neither societal or spiritual needs fully, greatly affects the portrayal of place and community. When characters strive towards being

their social selves we encounter the kind of concretely observed presentation of place so admired of *Sons and Lovers* - Ursula's first day at school can be aligned with Paul Morel's first day at Jordan's factory. When characters lapse into their 'essential' selves, place and community are presented in a more disintegrated, hallucinatory fashion.*

The Brangwens' gradual reaching out to society, with Will more involved in public life than Tom was, and Ursula yet more so, encompasses the questions Lawrence asked himself about the relationship between the individual and society was, or rather what it could or should be. *The Rainbow,* with all the impetus of the observation Lawrence made in his study of Hardy that to leave the 'walled security, and the comparative imprisonment, of the established convention' is to die, becomes a novel in which the notions of what a community is, and what sort of freedoms and limitations this imposes on the self are paramount. In terms of the two ages Lawrence delineated in the *Study of Thomas Hardy* - 'It seems as if the history of humanity were divided into two epochs: the Epoch of the Law and the Epoch of Love' (STH, 123) - Ursula represents a stage in the changing consciousness, not just of her sex, or of her class, but of English, and moreover, Western consciousness. Within Lawrence's scheme Tom Brangwen corresponds to the epoch of Law which the *Study* sums up in the words 'Father, Law, Nature'. The next generation corresponds to the epoch of Love, which Lawrence felt to be ending in his own time, and which the *Study* sums up in the words 'Son, Love, Knowledge.' Lawrence believed 'What remains is to reconcile the two' (STH, 123). Ursula is a new shoot, the person going beyond the old order as it ceases. In addition to existing as a character she provides the vehicle for Lawrence to work out his notions of the relationship between the individual and society, which he felt needed to undergo a drastic change if society was to progress in any marked way.

As we have seen, Ursula's forbears are more firmly rooted in their place and community than Ursula, who on her quest for independence is invariably viewed as a 'prefiguration of the modern woman' (Hobsbaum,

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* This kind of fluidity between a character and their external world can be seen in the light of Lawrence's ideas on the nature of thought and perception. An article by Pamela Rooks in the *DH Lawrence Review* charts the similarities between Michael Polanyi's theory of 'Personal Knowledge' - a fusion of the personal and objective which 'transcends the distinction between subjective and objective' (cited Rooks, 1991, 25) - and Lawrence's idea that to indulge in knowing 'in apartness' was incompatible with individuality. And indeed, the kind of lapsing into subjectivity that characters undergo, when place becomes mutable, amorphous even, appears to present them striving for individuality in this particular kind of way.

1988, 57). Her teacher's letter is a comment on the situation of women, and their lack of opportunities, as it existed at the turn of the century:

> "I cannot see very clearly what you should do, Ursula, "came the reply, "unless you are willing to become an elementary school-teacher." (R, 332)

And Ursula manages to go beyond this lack of opportunity. She extends Lettie's vague yearnings in *The White Peacock* to do something with her life several stages further by entering university, as the women of *Sons and Lovers* could not. We, especially the female readership, are behind Ursula as she battles with her parents in her search for complete social independence. Her parents also sum up national attitudes towards female emancipation that are finely tuned into dramatic incidents which can be cross-referenced with Lawrence's other works:

> Mrs Brangwen ridiculed and held cheap Ursula's passions, her ideas, her pronunciations. Ursula would try to insist, in her own home, on the right of women to take equal place with men in the field of action and work.
>
> "Ay," said the mother, "there's a good crop of stockings lying ripe for mending. Let that be your field of action." (R, 329)

Ursula is socially superior to the poor women of *Sons and Lovers* who make ends meet by darning stockings, her job as a teacher will take her beyond the usual middle-class situation - to darn stockings until marriage - and allow her to create ripples in the Wiggiston of *Women in Love* with her own coloured ones. What is so astute about *The Rainbow* is the way it is alert to the fact that when anybody evolves into any sort of position which society can label, in this case the New Woman, the identity which critics pin rather too readily on Ursula, it is usually a process so complex that an awareness of social history alone cannot explain it. That Ursula needs to escape her situation and is then attracted to members of the suffrage movement for reasons other than political ones is made plain.

After Winifred, and then Skrebensky's departure for the Boer War, Ursula feels her life is meaningless:

> Ursula Brangwen a person without worth or importance, living in the mean village of Cossethay, within the sordid scope of Ilkeston. Ursula Brangwen, at seventeen, worthless and unvalued, neither wanted nor needed by anybody, and conscious herself of her own dead value. (R, 332)

All her life people have acted as emissaries from the wider world, from Lydia, who 'caused the separateness and individuality of all the Marsh

inmates' (R, 225), to Tom who studied engineering in London and travelled to Italy and Germany:

> [Tom] seemed to emphasise the superior, foreign element in the Marsh. When he appeared, perfectly dressed, as if soft and affable and yet quite removed from everybody, he created an uneasiness in people, he was reserved in the minds of the Cossethay and Ilkeston acquaintances to a different, remote world. (R, 224)

Appropriate to the way Cossethay sees and tastes the appearance of the outside world in him, is the fact that his homecoming gifts are a mother-of-pearl mirror and a box of luxury sweets, 'such as Cossethay had never seen' (R, 225). That Ursula feels differences more acutely and more imaginatively than the rest of Cossethay is realised through her connection with the grandmother: 'The little girl and the musing, fragile woman of sixty seemed to understand the same language' (R, 236). Ursula is the one who, instead of eating the sweets outright, hides them under the bed in order to savour them. The fact that the fuel to Ursula's discontent is parcelled out over several chapters like this makes her hatred of parochialism seem more intense, and encourages the reader to become more sympathetic towards her.

As Ursula gets older we are made acutely aware of the way in which strong-minded individuals can influence the course of one's life, as indeed Ottoline Morrell and Mabel Luhan did Lawrence's own. At every stage, whether school, teaching and university Ursula meets a representative of the suffrage movement. But she is not primarily attracted to Winifred, Maggie and Dorothy respectively because of the 'modern girl' (R, 311) they represent. The attraction to Winifred is physical:

> Miss Inger was a Bachelor of Arts, who had studied at Newnham. She was a clergyman's daughter, of good family. But what Ursula adored so much was her fine, upright, athletic bearing and her indomitably proud nature. She was as free as a man, yet exquisite as a woman. (R, 312)

The friendship with Maggie is grounded in the way she seems 'personal within all this unclean system of authority' (R, 352). The visits to Nottingham suffrage meetings and Maggie's contempt for the fact that 'Men will easily have a passion for you, but they won't love you' (R, 382) is a by-product. To define Ursula too closely as a New Woman is then a little misleading. With *The Lost Girl* (which Lawrence had been writing before *The Rainbow),* when Alvina refuses marriage in order to become a maternity nurse, Lawrence turned away from depicting such a role model: 'There is no

need to go into the details of Alvina's six months in Islington. Surely enough books have been written about heroines in similar circumstances'. It is preferable then to see Ursula as a representative of the working section of society at this time, rather than as an example of the modern woman. Her attitudes reflect the changing attitudes towards sex, money and society of both the men and women of her generation. She is less respectful of parental authority, cares more for money and social success than Hardy's characters who Lawrence's *Study of Thomas Hardy* found cared little for such things. She accepts sex before marriage, in a way her grandfather Tom never could. Ursula lives in a more divided, fractured world than her forbears, working and living are not integrated as they were at the Marsh. If Tom put his all into his marriage, and Anna and Will found a profound satisfaction in their creativity, Ursula is a figure standing at a cross-roads as she tries to find her place in the world. First she goes down society's track by looking for personal fulfilment through education and work, then she puts love to the test.

Lawrence's account of Ursula's teaching in 'The Widening Circle', or Ursula's attempt at integrating with society, works well because while it details the destruction of idealism many teachers have doubtless felt, it is also grounded in Ursula's story, her idea that the world of work will afford her some special kind of self-fulfilment. The gap between dream and reality Ursula encounters is foreshadowed by the manner in which Beldover, which provides the black backdrop to her first efforts at commuting, changes in accordance with her emotions. It is raining, the tram floor and the windows are steamed up and her fellow commuters are presented as automata: 'She was shut in with these unliving, spectral people' (R, 342). The loss of vision from the steam and the veil of the rain, and the cocooning, womb-like effect produced, ground Ursula's visionary zealousness in a certain reality:

> The Monday morning came. It was the end of September, and a drizzle of fine rain like veils round her, making her seem intimate, a world to herself. She walked forward to the new land. The old was blotted out. The veil would be rent that hid the new world. She was gripped with suspense as she went down the hill in the rain, carrying her dinner-bag. (R, 341-2)

To have her mind reeling with lofty ideas while her body grinds along in the rain (there is something depressing about dinner bags) is a good send up. At school, behind the socio-historical details of teaching methods now gone - huge classrooms, segregation of the sexes, learning by rote, caning -

lies Ursula's quest. Will she find self-fulfilment through establishing her position in society here? When Ursula proudly slams her wages onto the kitchen table she seems to have found a place in the world. Certain forms indicate this and so does the moment when she slots herself into her desk:

> This was a new world, a new life, with which she was threatened. But still excited, she climbed into her chair at her teacher's desk. It was high, and her feet could not reach the ground, but must rest on the step. Lifted up there, off the ground, she was in office. (R, 346)

But Ursula is a square peg in a round hole. To cane Williams traumatises her, but there is a sense in which, to borrow from the title of Lawrence's later poetry book, she has come through and found a position from which to teach. She learns that it is 'power, and power alone that mattered' and that its complex structure contravenes the outward hierarchical appearance of pupil, teacher, head. The head teacher is in league with the boys, as to deal with their misdemeanours affirms his position. Ursula's realisation that teaching is detrimental to her dawns in stages: 'what she was herself she did not know'(R, 349); 'she wavered, became neutral and non-existent' (R, 350); 'Ursula Brangwen must be excluded' (R, 365). The repetition Lawrence is criticised for works here as it shows how feelings are defined in waves. With Ursula's work experience, the suppression of her ideal to be a teacher who would be 'so *personal*' (R, 341), we witness the gradual disintegration of the self. To fit in with society is often to be at odds with the self.

It is characteristic of Lawrence's dialectical style that a question, in this case how to achieve self-hood, how to live properly, stalks at the back of his writing. Ursula's growing disillusionment means that through her, society, and more specifically the establishment, is on trial. The questions increase the more the gap widens between society's affirmation of Ursula's success, and her own realisation that the world of work can provide so little personal salvation. She moves through all her different 'circles' of experience like one big question mark. As a teacher she asks 'Why should she say to herself, that it mattered, if she failed to teach a class to write perfectly neatly?' (R, 362). At University she asks herself 'What was Latin? - So much dry goods of knowledge?' (R, 403). And the cliched nature of the questions, especially the latter, makes us feel Lawrence is putting the authorial finger rather too insistently into the weighing up process. In the *Study* Lawrence wrote:

> Take this vague and almost uninterpretable word "living". To how great a degree are "to work" and "to live" synonymous? That is the question to answer... (STH, 33)

And it is typical of Lawrence's fictional style that after work, one possible route to fulfilment has been followed, another, love, enters the frame. And this way of dividing experience up with such precision causes Lawrence to be far from realistic - the tendency of a writer who in his personal life subjected his all to whatever experience he was undergoing.

Skrebensky, as man, adventurer and a figure of the establishment acts as a figure against whom Ursula can define herself. The language emphasises this. Ursula is unformed and malleable, 'an unfixed something-nothing' (R, 264) when she meets him, but by the time she rides alongside him in the car, as he leaves for the Boer War, she appears to be form emerging out of matter:

> the wind was rushing on her lifted, eager face, blowing back the hair. He turned and looked at her, at her face clean as a chiselled thing, her hair chiselled back by the wind, her fine nose keen and lifted. (R, 283)

The fact Ursula bears the tidemarks of a refuted Christianity - true of the condition of an England suffering the demise of religion - also leaves her in the state of mind to take spiritual words and 'make them pander to her own carnality' (R, 267). She is ripe for Skrebensky, the man who can only respond to women in a sexual way. In the dog-cart after a day trip to Derby, under-cover of the rug, he unpeels her glove from her hand rather insidiously:

> In outward attention they were entirely separate. But between them was the compact of his flesh with hers, in the hand-clasp. (R, 276)

The harshness of the word 'compact' alerts us to how different this conjoining is to the 'logic of the soul' (R, 40) which bound Tom and Lydia, and for which we now mourn. Lawrence, in addition to portraying the specifics of Ursula and Skrebensky's love affair, sees it to be symptomatic of the state of love as he perceived it in his own age. As with the central character of his previous short story 'A Modern Lover' there is a tendency towards physicality, mutual self-gratification and sensationalism. As Lawrence said in 'The Crown':

> You get a flash, like when you strike a match. But a match once struck can never be struck again... Sensationalism is an exhaustive process.

...

> Egoistic sex excitement means the reacting of the sexes against one another in a purely reducing activity. (DP, 287)

And indeed this 'exhaustive process' is what we see with Ursula and Skrebensky when a nervous dissipated energy causes them to make love in what seems like the length of England, from Piccadilly hotel rooms, to Oxford, the Weald and the sand dunes of the Lincolnshire coast. Lawrence saves the tale of Ursula's love affair from bending to the metaphysic through his insistence on the fact that she is young and, like most young girls, rather in love with the idea of being in love. When Skrebensky drops her off on their last drive before he joins the war: 'The fact of his driving off meant nothing to her, she was so filled by her own bright ecstasy' (R, 284). Sex as a game can be seen to be particular to both her stage of sexual maturity and to that of her era, as Lawrence perceived it.

Skrebensky is representative of the two ways to live, of 'self-preservation' and of 'excess', mentioned in the *Study*. On one hand a childhood spent in a vicarage, his position in 'the horsey set of the sappers', with Colonel Hepburn as his benefactor, aligns him with the establishment or 'self-preservation'. On the other hand, his affirmation that 'the outside world was more naturally a home to me than the vicarage' (R, 272), his sprawling movements, the tales of his travels and of his friends' love affairs align him with a 'world of passions and lawlessness' (R, 277), or Lawrence's 'excess'. That he seems like the latter to Ursula results from her naive, rebellious and sexually inexperienced perception. The reader, with Kipling's portrait of this breed of men in mind, discerns that Skrebensky's very lawlessness can be attributed more to his job than to his innate character. Lawrence plays on this kind of duality to ask questions about the nature of man's relationship to the community, and to what extent it is possible to live outside it as a pioneer or freelance. His argument with Hardy in the *Study* was that although the characters didn't look for self-preservation in monetary terms they were tied to the notion of self-preservation *per se:*

> But there is the greater idea of self-preservation, which is formulated in the State, in the whole modelling of the Community. And from this idea, the heroes and heroines of Wessex, like the heroes and heroines of almost anywhere else, could not free themselves. In the long run, the State, the Community, the established form of life remained, remained intact and impregnable, the individual, trying to break forth from it, died of fear, of

> exhaustion, or of exposure to attacks from all sides, like men who have left the walled city to live outside in the precarious open. (STH, 21)

> the individual succumbs to what is in its shallowest, public opinion, in its deepest, the human compact by which we live together, to form a community. (STH, 51)

In *The Rainbow* Lawrence distinguishes between two types of community. Public opinion of the Wessex variety is flouted when Ursula kisses Anton to the disapproval of her schoolfriend, but is adhered to when she makes a cake for Anton's birthday as 'she felt it would not be in good taste for her to give him a present' (R, 285). We should notice that they commit the acts of lawlessness they do because of the community they have been raised in. Skrebensky kisses Ursula in Cossethay church because it is a 'perfect place for a *rendez-vous*' (R, 282) and it is the sort of thing, according to his tales, that soldiers do. Ursula, stifled by her family and in a state of rebellion, does so because this is the place she used to play with her father and it is a symbolic trampling over his will. At this level, that of contravening public opinion, Ursula and Skrebensky meet, if for different reasons.

And yet at a deeper level there is clearly a divergence. Skrebensky's lawlessness is in fact a veneer. As a soldier he professes that his home is the army. And his perceptions of war and nationhood are a string of clichés: war is 'genuine', about making things and protecting people from falling 'prey' to what would become an animal-like society. We realise that Skrebensky, contrary to his appearance, is entirely embedded in the establishment and that Ursula by her categorical rejection of him is very clearly not.

Ursula has rejected marriage and the imperial life Skrebensky offers. Her perception of Wiggiston as a nightmarish underworld indicates her rejection of industrial society. Work is seen to be a sham. This view, that Ursula rejects society at every level and escapes it by running off with Birkin, pays too little heed to the fact that towards the end of *The Rainbow* we see forming in Ursula, or rather welling up from the depths of her being, a feeling for a different sort of society, which extends beyond social convention, class and nationality. When Lawrence went to Mexico he was fascinated by the fact that he perceived Indians had no sense of either money, time or distance. Towards the end of *The Rainbow* too Ursula's altered sense of money, time and distance leads me to think that she is not rejecting society, simply a specific industrial one. Much to Skrebensky's disapproval she gives a bargeman's daughter a necklace of semi-precious

stones in a spontaneous gesture - as she feels she '*loved* them' (R, 293) - which shows her classless attitude towards life and illustrates her renunciation of money. At the Marsh wedding she feels this type of movement very potently:

> Shadowy couples passed and re-passed before the fire, the dancing feet danced silently by into the darkness, it was a vision of the depths of the underworld, under the great flood. (R, 295)

This allusion to the conceptualisation of the world which Lawrence wrote of in *Apocalypse,* when man, unconstrained by boundaries, had wandered the world in nomadic fashion, presages a different scale of time. Ursula comes to have a different sense of distance too - far space - which is more aligned with the unknown. She responds to the moon 'out of the great distance' (R, 296) and comes to believe by the end of the book that 'the man would come out of Eternity to which she herself belonged'. (R, 457)

She yearns more towards a desire for community in the deepest sense of the word. For a book which is concerned with what lies below the level of appearances we can say society is the appearance and community the deeper desire. The rest of the novel sees Ursula straining towards this kind of relationship in a very undefined and dream-like way. Perception of place works as a kind of barometer to this state of mind. To an extent the latter part of the novel breaks down under the strain of the metaphysic. At a seaside weekend party, which foreshadows the life of the bright young things rejected in *Women in Love,* Ursula finds Skrebensky trying. She responds to the call of the sea which seems to be 'tantalising her with vast suggestions of fulfilment' (R, 443), and to such a pitch that she plunges into the moonlight and the sea in a communion which almost obliterates Skrebensky:

> Suddenly, cresting the heavy, sandy pass, Ursula lifted her head and shrank back, momentarily frightened. There was a great whiteness confronting her, the moon was incandescent as a round furnace door, out of which came the high blast of moonlight, over the seaward half of the world, a dazzling, terrifying glare of white light.
>
> She gave her breast to the moon, her belly to the flashing, heaving water. He stood behind, encompassed, a shadow ever dissolving. (R, 443-4)

The passage seems turgid, exaggerated and hysterical until one realises that it corresponds very neatly with a passage in the *Study of Thomas Hardy*:

> He who would save his life must lose it. But why should he go on and waste it? Certainly let him cast it upon the waters. Whence and how and whither it will return is no matter, in terms of values. But like a poppy that has come to bud, when he reaches the shore, when he has traversed his known and come to the beach to meet the unknown, he must strip himself naked and plunge in, and pass out: if he dare. And the rest of his life he will be a stirring at the unknown, cast out upon the waters. (STH, 19)

But here in *The Rainbow,* metaphysic becoming manifest in prose like this reduces Ursula to something of a pencil stick person crawling across some rather previously defined lines. The alignment of action with metaphysic in such a detailed way does not allow the full import of the scene to be accessible to us. Lawrence's real point, which is also drawn from the *Study,* that this is a baptism, the beginning of Ursula's metamorphosis from being a woman concerned with 'self-preservation' into being an individual who lives life to 'excess' becomes somewhat obscured. *Women in Love* will be the novel in which Lawrence, through the character of Ursula can consider the persona of the 'traveller'; an individual whose relationships to place and community do not reflect any conventional ties to society. It is of course the person whom Lawrence was to become.

WOMEN IN LOVE

'Did Lawrence call all his characters Ursula?' someone once asked me; evidence that even though *Women in Love* tells the story of just one Ursula, it seems completely different from *The Rainbow*. Lawrence's habit of first writing long, and then re-writing, is reflected in the difference in the two novels. In *The Rainbow*, symbology and a highly developed language enabled him to express a concept of people's essential selves and their response to the unknown; metaphysic and art were joined. In *Women in Love*, Lawrence is now more sure of his ground and writes in a more succinct style. With its short episodic chapters it is the better crafted and the greater novel yet one can't help feeling that some of the raw energy is lost. There are other differences. We move from a largely rural and parochial landscape to an urban, industrial one (*The Rainbow* touched on this with Ursula's job in Beldover and the visit to Wiggiston). The community is less family oriented, more fragmented and wide ranging. The four central characters, socially mobile, educated and emancipated, move freely between the text's pockets of industrial, aristocratic and bohemian culture.

To conclude his discussion of *Women in Love* in *The Dark Sun* Graham Hough says we forget how observant Lawrence is of 'the ordinary social scene':

> the picture of Hermione and her world, the scenes in the Pompadour and the glimpses of Bohemian life that go with them, the society in the Tyrolean skiing resort - we can begin to see, perhaps more clearly than those who were nearer to Lawrence in time, that whatever else he has done he has contributed some unforgettable pages to the chronicle of an age. (Hough, 1983, 90)

This chapter will discuss the fine presentation of these different places in the novel which hitherto has received little treatment in critical essays. It will also show that while each place appears to be a separate circle of existence, true to the kind of life and human intercourse that takes place within it, various connections and a certain interrelatedness contribute towards Lawrence's main theme, the dissolution of England. Writing from the depths of Cornwall, afflicted by the banning of *The Rainbow* and by the war, Lawrence was in sombre, recalcitrant mood. War highlights questions of nationalism: 'What are we fighting for?' When he looked at England long and hard Lawrence found the answer to be, very little. *Women in Love* can

be seen as a statement on the breakdown of Lawrence's relationship with England. It is a most definite, if regretful one.

A picture of Beldover, based on Lawrence's early Eastwood experience opens the novel. We notice the historical exactitude of this. Janet Roebuck's study *The Shaping of Urban Society* explains that the small colliery town was integral to the pattern of industrialism; it evolved on account of the increased need for coal when wood, needed for building, became too precious to burn:

> Few established urban centers were located on coal fields, and except for the growth of the port involved in the coal trade, the expansion of the coal industry made little direct contribution to the growth of existing cities. In the long run, its major impact on urban development would be the development of "new" coal towns. (Roebuck, 1974, 77-8)

In 'Coal-Dust', when 'a farm belonging to the collieries' (WL, 114) is passed and hens peck at a boiler like ghosts of the place's former life the changeover from rural to industrial, with which *The Rainbow* was concerned, is complete; and in the first chapter Lawrence alerts us to the pertinent characteristics of one such colliery town:

> On the left was a large landscape, a valley with collieries, and opposite hills with cornfields and woods, all blackened with distance, as if seen through a veil of crape. White and black smoke rose up in steady columns, magic within the dark air. Near at hand came the long rows of dwellings, approaching curved up the hill-slope, in straight lines along the brow of the hill. They were of darkened red brick, brittle, with dark slate roofs.
> The path on which the sisters walked was black, trodden-in by the feet of the recurrent colliers, and bounded from the field by iron fences; the stile that led again into the road was rubbed shiny by the moleskins of the passing miners. (WL, 11-12)

Social history books have catalogued the smoky air, blackness and filth and the depressing sense of uniformity engendered by this type of housing (built to save money on the dividing walls) but the details, such as the effect of the work clothes on the stile, promise the intimacy of the shared experience for which Lawrence's writing is valued. In industrial fictions mechanisation and uniformity have become stale with semantic inflation, but this problem is avoided by Lawrence's reliance on the power of suggestion. The polarity established between Beldover and 'the purer country of the other side, towards Willey Green' (WL, 12), enhances the ugliness of the one and the beauty of the other.

Lawrence's great friend Bertrand Russell defined: 'the essence of industrialism' as 'the employment of elaborate machinery and other means (such as railways) of diminishing the total labour of production' (Russell, 1923, 34). Lawrence's sense of history, influenced by his reading of Carlyle, was always personal: the deeds of men of power. *Women in Love* brings together the idea of machines and of powerful men - the academic and more personal notions of industrialism - to present a clear portrait of the industrial family responsible for shaping Beldover. The narrative rests on the historical turning point mentioned in *The Shaping of Urban Society*:

> As markets expanded, coal sources suitable for mining by primitive outcrop methods were soon exhausted, and new methods had to be developed to work deeper seams; shafts were sunk, and elementary drainage systems and lifting equipment were introduced. The new mining techniques required the investment of relatively large amounts of capital. (Roebuck, 1974, 77)

Gerald is billed as the great reformer:

> And then began the great reform. Expert engineers were introduced in every department. An enormous electric plant was installed, both for lighting and for haulage underground, and for power. The electricity was carried to every mine. New machinery was brought from America, such as the miners had never seen before, great iron men, as the cutting machines were called, and unusual appliances. The working of the pits was thoroughly changed, all the control was taken out of the hands of the miners, the butty system was abolished. (WL, 230)

The stage of development in the mining industry Gerald Crich represents, as Graham Holderness points out in *D.H. Lawrence: History, Ideology and Fiction,* is the stage when 'human relations are subordinated to the domination of the productive mechanism' (Holderness, 1982, 203). It follows the 'laissez-faire' stage of both capitalist and labourer being enriched and the subsequent 'paternalistic' stage Gerald's father represents, when personal wealth mitigates the effects of industrial action. Gerald and his father are based on the Barber-Walker family, onetime colliery owners, who still live in Eastwood and have not forgiven Lawrence to this day. The original of Gerald, Thomas Philip Barber, took the business over from his father in 1897 and the modernisation and rationalisation Lawrence sketched, which took place because of the need to reach the 'deep hard' and 'deep soft' seams, occurred between 1906 and 1912.

However, the novelist's prerogative to extend historical fact, to consider the moral and psychological implications of historical action is

seized in 'The Industrial Magnate'. Through comparison regret at the demise of the old paternalistic, near feudal system of production and business is felt. Mr Crich's charitable activities were directed towards personal salvation, but his business was devoted to the *mutual* benefit of himself and his men. Gerald's interest is more utilitarian, (he would probably rather be an explorer) and he curbs charitable gestures such as a widows' coal allowance. He stands for a rejection of democracy, attempted equality, the personal touch. His relationship to his workers is more impersonal and assumes an inherent superiority. It is more violent; images of cutting and blades are continually associated with him. When the masses 'made way for his motor-car automatically, slowly' (WL, 223), one can detect a suppressed resistance which points towards the strikes which were a feature of the expansion of which Lawrence writes. In protest against the wages to be paid for machine-extracted coal the miners of the Barber-Walker pits went on strike in 1907, 1908 and 1911-12. But while Lawrence gestures towards the kind of pent-up resistance which occasioned the strikes he chooses not to mention the strikes themselves because to do so would be to get involved in historical specifics and *Women in Love* is a novel which is interested in the broader psychological sweep of what industrialism does to people's sense of worth, self and morale. It is then a novel which both adheres to a historical framework, but also refuses to be limited by it.

History and psychology are interwoven as they were in *The Rainbow*. Although Beldover has the visual appearance of an industrial town, one which is living under a new 'system', Lawrence knows that its size and recent past - relatively small and rural - still defines its mindset. He wants to show that the collective mind of Beldover lags behind the historical body. Contact with the land and the country cart is still there. The marriage to which the girls walk is rather rural and Hardyesque and the industrial place has not yet become a place of strangers. Ursula watches Hermione walk into church and knows her social position and family history. The community, so far as it is a system of knowledge, still lives. In 'Coal-Dust' the ogling people who inhabit the 'hot world silted with coal-dust' (WL, 114) represent that kind of living only found in a close-knit community where surveillance enforces shared standards. The tragedy of Beldover is that a certain way of thinking which is slow, sure, decent, accountable, considered, is being overlaid by another. So when Lawrence marks the changeover to a completely mechanised method of production he wants to show the effect on men and master. For the miners, acceptance of the new conditions, their subdued resistance to Gerald and their wage-oriented functional relations

with him, and the suggestion that this denies the more personal relationship with their previous master, is a kind of living death: 'Their hearts died within them, but their souls were satisfied' (WL, 231). The effect of mechanisation on Gerald is that the machine's power evokes illusions of grandeur in him: 'he was almost like a divinity' (WL, 232). But such moments of elation are riddled with ones of an abiding fear, his sense of self is now so inextricably linked with his work that he is fearful of personal collapse and disintegration; his face is a 'mask', his mind is 'like a bubble floating in the darkness' (WL, 232). To consider the effect of the changes on both the workforce and the master is an intelligent and welcome move as the literature which draws attention to the working class - Zola's *Germinal*, Dostoevsky's *Poor Folk* - usually only examines the work-force as victims.

Lawrence's vocabulary, the insistence on 'the superhuman system', indicates that the mining industry is meant to symbolise industrial capitalism in general. In Lawrence's day the effect of industrialism on society was a much discussed topical subject; the effects of television on the nation today is perhaps a modern parallel. Some points that Russell made in *The Prospects of Industrial Civilization*, which he may have discussed with Lawrence at Garsington, are found in the chapter 'The Industrial Magnate'. Russell's accent on production, on quantity, and their effect on shaping a modern consciousness, only interested in efficiency and results, are seen in Gerald's restless desire for performance and achievement. Russell also thought that mechanisation caused people to forget how to live and stripped life of romance. Indeed, for much of the time Gerald Crich is restless and quite unromantic. He is an action man who, when he isn't swimming, skiing, wrestling or organising something, grabs kisses off Gudrun and smokes while he walks. He could never linger over kisses and country walks as Birkin and Ursula do. The subject of types of energy was topical. H.G. Wells in *Mankind in the Making* (1904) considered Gladstone to be a man of energy and Darwin to be more phlegmatic in his evaluation of 'energy' or 'go'; he decided that society usually values the former kind of man without realising that the phlegmatic may 'bring out truths, with the incomparable clearness of a long-exposed, slowly developed, slowly printed photograph' (Wells, 1904, 447). Gerald then continually dramatises what mechanisation can do to a man and his mind. On the London train Birkin asks Gerald 'What do you think is the aim and object of your life, Gerald?'. He replies: 'Oh - finding things out for myself - and getting experiences - and making things *go*.' (WL, 57).

In *The Shape of Things to Come* H.G. Wells lays down the cause of the war:

> It arose naturally and necessarily from that irregular and disproportionate growth of human appliances as compared with the extension of political and social intelligence. (Wells, 1933, 65)

Lawrence too, by showing the out-of-joint nature of technology and the human mind in Beldover is sympathetic to the idea that industrialism, in terms of the adherence to order, the application of will, can be equated with warfare; Gerald is described in military terms. Isolated in Cornwall and turned down for active service, Lawrence was trying to expel the war from his mind. As critics have noted, although the War provides the historical context of *Women in Love,* its existence is suppressed. References to it are indirect but acerbic. Pussum declares she's not afraid of blood and a young man jeers 'have you ever seen blood, except in a dentist's spittoon?' (WL, 70). Birkin's monologue on the state of the human condition in 'An Island' captures the felt hypocrisy of war:

> What people want is hate - hate and nothing but hate. And in the name of righteousness and love, they get it. They distil themselves into nitro-glycerine, all the lot of them, out of very love. - It's the lie that kills. If we want hate, let us have it - death, murder, torture, violent destruction - let us have it: but not in the name of love. - But I abhor humanity, I wish it was swept away. (WL, 127)

The discovery of nitroglycerine of course enabled bomb production. As a response to the wholesale slaughter of the War many artists like the poet Eliot Crawshay-Williams were concerned with the socially distressing idea that afterwards society would only consist of 'sick and halt and weak and old'. But Lawrence, already one of the sick and feeling the bitter insult of being turned down for conscription, goes one stage further when he has Birkin imagine a world empty of people where only grass and a hare are left.

Lawrence made a habit of suppressing things in his writings: coal-mines in *The White Peacock,* his wariness of Indians in *Mornings in Mexico.* Why did Lawrence suppress all direct reference to war? Let us think about what appears to be an indirect reference to the war, the incident when Gerald asserts a violent control over his Arab mare:

> But he held on her unrelaxed, with an almost mechanical relentlessness, keen as a sword pressing in to her.

> ...Gudrun looked and saw the trickles of blood on the sides of the mare, and she turned white. And then on the very wound the bright spurs came down, pressing relentlessly. (WL, 111-12)

Bayoneting at the Front characterised the period of the war in which Lawrence was writing as 1916-1917 was the period when British armies were on the offensive. Bayonets in hand they were made to advance in close formation on the Germans who machine-gunned them to pieces. That Lawrence has shown the blood, the sinking into the flesh, relentlessness, the same mechanical attitude required of warfare leads us towards Graham Holderness' notion that the war is the 'unspoken subject' (Holderness, 1982, 199) of *Women in Love.* Although this is put a little too strongly, his idea that Lawrence saw war and industrialism as springing from the same ideology bears more weight:

> [The] exclusion of the war is a necessary technique for its exploration of ideology. The war is, in one sense, the negative or destructive side of industrial capitalism: the violence and destructiveness concealed by ideology ...Gerald's 'great social productive machine' conceals the process of disintegration within itself as the ideologies of patriotism and civilisation concealed the true violence and pointless destructiveness of the war. The society of which the text speaks is the silence of the war's ideology, the historical truth which that ideology cannot mention - that war is merely the logical extension and fulfilment of bourgeois society.
> (Holderness, 1982, 208-9)

If Lawrence had foregrounded the war the novel would have been specific, timely, and been relegated to the 'war literature' shelf. The claim that war is the symptom of a nation whose *corpus* bears the disease of industrialism would have been lost.

If *The Rainbow* was interested in the growth of Ilkeston and Wiggiston, *Women in Love* explores the industrial town as a force. Beldover is 'like a country in an underworld' and 'the people are all ghouls' (WL, 11). But Lawrence is also a writer who understands that a place is defined by people's responses; by what and how people think. Gudrun articulates the horror of Beldover, sees the colliers as animals, or inhabitants of the underworld and cries 'I want to go back' (WL, 12), and Ursula's passivity speaks of reluctant accord. Indeed the process of Ursula's consciousness being cruelly awakened to the ghastliness of the place - suppressed through the necessity of living there - is finely drawn. A duel exists in the text between Gudrun's perception of Beldover and Beldover's perception of her. It is a duel which registers the chaffing of a consciousness returned from

London - an example of the new social mobility which typified the age - against a small-town mentality. The horror of the place as an all engulfing mass is internalised in explosive language: 'stretch of torment', 'defaced' and 'utterly formless' (WL, 11). While this gauges Gudrun's strength of feeling, it reflects Lawrence's own feelings about Eastwood. Ursula and Gudrun's simple walk has to become a voyage of discovery, and we sympathise with Gudrun's sensibility as it is hurt at every turn. Alongside the rural despoliation she feels a jumble of emotion - incredulity at people's acceptance of the ugliness, impatience towards the attentions she receives - which marks her recoil from local patterns of living and attitudes.* That Beldover sees the sisters as jumped up women in fancy clothes and can only deal with them by thinking of them as hussies illustrates what Hawthorn says is true of Lawrence's writing: 'People are measured not in terms of "ambition" or "brilliance", but in terms of their conformity to the norms of the community' (Hawthorn, 1990, 71).

The question of whether it was possible to find a new kind of life within England troubled Lawrence, and accordingly *Women in Love* scrutinises other lives in order to examine what alternatives there might be to Beldover. Lawrence is interested in other pockets of cultural interest: the worlds within the world of industrialism which act as a kind of umbrella to the text. One appreciates Lawrence's skill at being able to describe Shortlands of the newly emergent industrialists, Breadalby of the established aristocrats and the Cafe Pompadour, with its alternative Bohemian set, so convincingly. Just prior to going to Cornwall he had of course enjoyed, and suffered, the experience of being introduced to such varied social circles. The English scene - 'the lawn of an old English country house in [what I should call] the perfect middle of a splendid summer afternoon' - that Henry James made his own on the first page of *Portrait of a Lady* informs the descriptions of Breadalby. In *The Shape of Things to Come* H.G. Wells comments on the literature written during the war that:

> Many of the stories begin with a holiday party or a country-house gathering or some such bright setting. The weather that August (1914) was exceptionally fine. (Wells, 1933, 66)

In *Women in Love*, although direct reference to the war is suppressed for the reasons already outlined, the impulse to show the country house as part of

* This accords with Jeremy Hawthorn's thoughts in 'Lawrence and Working-Class Fiction', his call for the need to define such fictions beyond the author's social origin and the fiction's own content, to think about the sort of attitudes which are class-particular.

the old order is present. It is a place of cedar trees and parkland, tea on the lawn and the sun going down over the surrounding fields: a place to be enjoyed in the company of well-connected friends. Like Kipling Lawrence had an ear for shop-talk. It is light 'like a rattle of small artillery' (WL, 84) and is in full force when Alexander Roddice comes down from the house and the narrative voice informs:

> the Home Secretary had said such and such a thing, and he, Roddice, on the other hand, thought such and such a thing, and had said so-and-so to the P.M. (WL, 85)

The triumphal placing of the 'P.M.' acts like an exclamation mark, and the intimate tone speaks of an assured relationship to power. Here the foibles of another world are pinpointed in a lively manner. Later on in Lawrence's career the wry eye that did not suffer fools gladly was trained into rather more barbed attacks in *Nettles*. But Lawrence is interested in more than just sticking the knife in; for the purpose of the novel the worlds he creates must fulfil a representative role. If Shortlands represents the rising face of new England, Breadalby represents Old England in decline.

Breadalby is seen as a root to the English mind and a channel for aspiration. In *Tono-Bungay,* a novel which takes England in decline as its subject, H.G. Wells explains the symbolic value of Bladesover House:

> Bladesover is, I am convinced, the clue to almost all that is distinctly British...Grasp firmly that England was all Bladesover two hundred years ago...that all that is modern and different has come in as a thing intruded or as a gloss upon this predominant formula, either impertinently or apologetically; and you will perceive at once the reasonableness, the necessity, of that snobbishness which is the distinctive quality of English thought. Everybody who is not actually in the shadow of Bladesover is as it were perpetually seeking after lost orientations. We have never broken with our tradition, never even symbolically hewed it to pieces, as the French did... (Wells, 1933, 12)

Similarly, the Crichs' Shortlands in its impulse towards living a comfortable segregated life upheld by power, draws its inspiration from Breadalby. Shortlands needs to lay on the lamps and fireworks to create the golden glow that Breadalby naturally has. Factories, not sheep, linger on its outskirts. While the gates of Breadalby are open only to the select and none would dare trespass there, Shortlands has to affirm its new found wealth with a yearly extravaganza at which the police keep out the hangers on: an assertion of wealth and privilege rather than an assumption of it. However,

although the life of Shortlands presents a new style of English living - the beginnings of the *nouveau riche* - and that of Breadalby represents the continuance of an old order and old money, Lawrence condemns them both. At both places there is the talk of old hats - Hermione says she would kill anyone who stole hers, at the Crich wedding party talk of old hats comprises the table-talk. Lawrence's running metaphor indicates the outdated nature of both worlds.

The Cafe Pompadour, with the red plush seats Augustus John used to recline on first in gypsy earrings and then in wartime khaki, Bohemian and 'alternative' that it is, is examined as another kind of life. It is one which jealously maintains its position outside the system, beyond both the old and new establishments. The cafe's name is based on the Cafe Royal's private dining-rooms where Lawrence much later on a flying visit from America made a last ditch and by all accounts very drunken and desperate attempt to recruit his friends to come to the Rockies and form Rananim. With the noting of the fashionable but scruffy dress, the animated and international flavour, the witty talk, the note of hysteria and violence which leads to Pussum's poutings and the jab of a knife into Halliday's hand, Lawrence captures the atmosphere of the place exactly, certainly if the reminiscences of Beverley Nichols (recorded on BBC radio in a programme about the cafe in the years around the Great War) are taken into account:

> Picasso used to come in and oh, so many names, all the Bloomsbury group, Virginia Woolf and all the Sitwells were usually having a violent row with somebody and there was a tremendous mateyness, and of course, sometimes there were scenes not exactly of violence but rather rococo scenes, and I remember seeing somebody take off his wooden leg and hurl it across the room at Mistinquette because he was very annoyed because she was supposed to have the most beautiful legs of any woman in the world and he thought she hadn't. (Bradshaw, 1978, 146)

Lawrence also captures the attitudes of the group well; the notion, for example, that bread-and-butter 'artistic' work is a preferable alternative to the prostitution of industrial or economic work. Pussum will do 'Chiffon and shoulders' modelling for Lord Carmarthen. Similarly, T.W.H. Crosland, a real life habitué of the Cafe Royal, had his visiting card printed with 'Jobbing poet....funerals attended' (Bradshaw, 1982, 149).

The three worlds Lawrence presents so accurately point to what is so true of English life - that it is a very segregated society fractured by class. Each world has been found to be so very different, or have they? They appear so outwardly, but *au fond* some remarkable similarities are realised.

Each place is so terribly English. There is tea on the lawn at Breadalby, boating and picnicking at Shortlands. The cafe, for all its wildness, is still so very English; when the Cafe Royal was rebuilt in 1922 a customer said 'they might as well have told us that the British Empire was to be pulled down and redecorated' (Bradshaw, 1978, 149). Despite an appearance that convention is being denied each place adheres to its own social code. At Breadalby, Hermione's flowing pre-Raphaelite attire, bizarre dances and her invitations extended to every class portray her as defying the conventions of her own class. But her attitude undercuts her actions as the narrative voice informs us: 'She knew herself to be the social equal, if not far the superior, of anyone she was likely to meet in Willey Green.' (WL, 16). Her doors might be open to others than those who were her equals in class and position, but a rigid social code dictates that to come down to breakfast late, or not go for a walk, is a social crime. At Shortlands adhering to social convention - dressing for dinner and playing the role of host - acts as an antidote to Gerald's sense of being in a vacuum; he admits that his life is 'held together by the social mechanism' (WL, 58). The Pussum might be unmarried, financially independent and living in London, but to sleep with Gerald raises the worry of what Halliday's friends will think.

In all three places there is an undercurrent of violence: the jab of Gerald's spurs into the Arab mare, the thrust of the knife in the Pompadour, the crack of the paperweight at Hermione's. In all three places women are marginalised. The Pussum is a pet whom Gerald feels guilty about not paying-off; miners discuss how much they would pay for five minutes sex with the two sisters; in 'Water-Party' Gerald judges Gudrun incapable of rowing a small boat across the water. In all three places one feels an authorial resistance to the self-conscious talkative way people carry on. We see Gerald's craving for metaphysics, the forced conversations at Breadalby which are 'mental and very wearying' (WL, 84), the Cafe people's glibness. In terms of Lawrence's philosophy they indicate intellect gone wrong. Whether we are in intellectual Breadalby or artistic Bohemia (and Lawrence intended this kind of opposition) the talk is lacking. At Shortlands conversations trail out, in Bohemia Pussum doesn't know if she is afraid of beetles because of what they look like or because they bite. She can only simper 'Oh I think they're beastly, they're horrid...it gives me the creeps all over' (WL, 70). In presenting three different types of place and their attendant ways of living Lawrence has both dissected his subject matter and at the same time united it in a portrayal of what is evidently meant to be a representative picture of England. The similarities show Lawrence

advancing the view that the English are a convention-bound, class-ridden, self-conscious, violent race. In short they are utterly repugnant and corrupt, to which end the dissolution of England is the main theme of the text.

Jessie Chambers recalled that Lawrence loved Baudelaire's *'Fleurs du Mal'* which takes the corruption of Paris as its theme. The marshy, watery, topography of *Women in Love* and the Baudelairean description of people as evil plants suggests Lawrence's furtherance of a similar theme. Halliday has 'a soft, warm, corrupt nature, into which one might plunge with gratification.' The marshiness of *The Rainbow* has turned into a more watery landscape. The 'film of disintegration' (WL, 65) which floats on Pussum's eyes parallels the element into which Gerald happily plunges in 'Water-Party' and 'Diver'. Later when Gudrun draws some water-plants at Willey-Water he seems to grow out towards her just like the Fleur du Mal he is presented as:

> Gudrun was aware of his body, stretching and surging like the marsh-fire, stretching towards her, his hand coming straight forward like a stem. Her voluptuous, acute apprehension of him made the blood faint in her veins, her mind went dim and unconscious. (WL, 120)

The reader has a choice. Lawrence's conceptualisation of England can be seen as a result of an imagination which was made misanthropic, disillusioned, and in punishing mood from his personal experience. After all he was suffering terribly from his illness at this time and writing such possibly telling things in the letters of January and February 1916 as:

> I have been ill for weeks. I really got the sense of dissolution, that horrible feeling one has when one is really ill. (L2, 512)
> [After a numbness down the left side] I have felt very bad, so nearly disintegrated into nothingness. (L2, 526)

England, as it is presented in *Women in Love* then, could easily be a place in which the objective world corresponds to the inner state of mind, and as my subsequent chapters on the travel writing will show there is always something of this to be found in Lawrence. Alternatively, his criticism of England can be seen to voice some sort of truth, and correspond closely to the mood of the period. Indeed, H.G. Wells at the end of *Tono-Bungay*, the novel the narrator says could have been called Waste, says that while England is quaint, 'the realities are greedy trade, base profit-seeking, bold advertisement', and goes on to say the note the novel has tried to sound is 'a note of crumbling and confusion, of change...' (Wells, 1933, 253). His image

of decay, like Lawrence's, drew on plants and is re-considered at the novel's end:

> I compared all our present colour and abundance to October foliage before the frosts nip down the leaves. That I still feel was a good image.
> (Wells, 1933, 249)

Whichever view one takes (I think Lawrence's view of England owes to both), we realise that we are in the presence of a voice desirous of change. Although *Women in Love* explores the different lifestyles of England, the letters show Lawrence is unable to imagine that England can provide the setting for any sort of progress:

> one must look to the future; one must create the future. This is why we go to Florida; a new life, a new beginning; the inception of a new epoch. (L2, 488)

His geographical position in Padstow, Cornwall, is translated into the situation of an outsider in England. He writes to Lady Cynthia Asquith:

> It is like being at the window and looking out of England to the beyond. This is my first move outwards to a new life. One must be free to love, only to love and create, and to be happy. (L2, 491)

This sense of being an outsider is there in the central characters of *Women in Love* (it is a word the novel uses regularly). The visual image of the two sisters in their brightly coloured stockings set against the slag-heaps in the sun dramatises their sense of alienation in Beldover. Gerald and Birkin in their way are also outsiders. Gerald 'did not belong to the same creation as the people about him' (WL, 14) and while Birkin can play the part of a wedding guest to perfection, he 'did not fit at all in the conventional occasion' (WL, 20).*

Lawrence uses the industrial scene to focus the sense of dislocation that all his characters have. When the sisters watch the Crich wedding from the schoolyard which is placed outside the wall of the church, the rhetoric brings to mind the *Study of Thomas Hardy*. They will be the ones who leave 'the walled city, and the comparative imprisonment, of the established convention' (STH, 21). Birkin's later feeling of 'bumping one's nose against

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* John Humma in an article called 'Lawrence in Another Light: *Women in Love* and Existentialism' points out that, although Lawrence wrote before Heidegger's seminal work, such Lawrentian themes as mystery, passion, death, dread, the absurd and the non-existence of God place him beside other existentialists such as Dostoevsky, Kafka or Camus (Norman Mailer and Eliseo Vivas thought likewise) the idea of characters being outsiders - one thinks of Camus' *The Outsider* - adds to Humma's argument.

the blank wall ahead' (WL, 125) draws on the image of being trapped inside this same 'walled security' (STH, 21). If *The Rainbow* was the novel in which Lawrence's central character struggled to take on one conventional circle of experience after another - college, work, a relationship and so on - *Women in Love* shows Birkin and Ursula sloughing them like skins, while Gerald and Gudrun cling to theirs. It is the novel in which Lawrence not only extracts his two central characters from England but also from social convention. He allows them to step outside conventional working and emotional relationships, move outside what he saw as the limiting confines of society and become an experiment in starting a new way of life. Although Lawrence, working through his characters, turns his back on all that he finds he also tries to envisage what might be.

As in *The Rainbow* marriage is felt to present a basis for a new society. In view of the chaotic, war-torn times Lawrence lived through there is an inevitability about an area of human life which was still under individual control being invested with hope. *Women in Love* extends the previous novel's treatment of marriage: an ideal of marriage is defined within a theoretical framework, but also shown through contrasting the relationship between Ursula and Birkin with that of Gudrun and Gerald. To tell *and* show is invariably Lawrence's method.

The theoretical framework is in evidence in 'An Island' when Birkin rows Ursula out to an island in Willey Water. This incident skilfully shows the present state of play in Birkin and Ursula's relationship, yet also sets it in the wider context of heterosexual relationships in general, and considers how these might be improved. When Ursula and Birkin both push objects - daisies and paper boats - onto the water the way these conjoin on the dark surface of the lake prefigures their own coming together and is symbolic of Birkin's Rananim impulses. Through their lively argument we also see a wonderful drawing together in spirit which defined Lawrence's other couples with potential, couples like Lettie and George, Alvina and Cicio. The difference is that Ursula and Birkin share an allusive and imagistic language which enables them to think about their relationship and consider the very idea of relationships themselves. With their wider view of the world (when compared to the characters of *The Rainbow*) their need to conceptualise relationships within the context of the world about them is greater. Ursula follows Birkin's lateral imagistic train of thought, she picks up easily on his image of the self as a plant. Birkin's illness (Lawrence had tuberculosis again in 1916) exacerbates his notion that his life is not lived 'properly', does not reach the 'really growing part' (WL, 125) of himself.

Ursula channels the discussion into generalities and asks: '[why] there is no flowering, no dignity of human life now?' (WL, 126). This invites Birkin to present his image of humanity as a tree and graft onto it his bleak view that people are 'apples of Sodom' (WL, 126) with their insides full of ash. It is important that Ursula asked that question as it tones down the reader's resistance to Birkin the preacher. It is also important that Ursula questions 'Where are you any better?' (WL, 126), at the split second the reader wants to ask the same. Birkin admits that he, like the rest of humanity, is living a lie and says that he would gladly disappear with the rest. That Ursula listens to Birkin at all and does not jeer at him (as Hermione, the habitués of the Cafe, and Gudrun and Gerald all later do) lets Birkin call for the abolition of the word 'love'. She has encouraged him to formulate his awareness, that his life is a lie, into a course of action. He will strip himself of old ideals, jobs and relationships and says, vaguely, that the most important thing is 'freedom together'.

The phrase seems like a paradox and indeed interpreting Lawrence's conception of marriage has occasioned critical debate. But Lawrence himself knew how complex and knotted the idea was. It is for this reason that like the student of physics he isolates each component part. He explores first the idea of togetherness, then that of freedom, in order to achieve a fuller understanding of what he envisages.

Togetherness is explored in the chapter 'Moony', a chapter filled with the spirit of place. Here Birkin symbolically stones the image of the moon on Willey Water and advances some ideas about the importance of togetherness in relationships, and what aids and inhibits this. In its dense use of symbol and repetition and in the way human emotion and the moonlit setting are bound together, the chapter echoes the moonlit stackyard scene which defined the tenor of Will and Anna's relationship in *The Rainbow*. But in that scene Will and Anna responded to the rhythms of the farm while barely conscious of them. However, in *Women in Love* Birkin's consciousness of his surroundings, his interaction with the topography of place in an acutely conscious way and his intellectualising of it, changes the tenor of the scene and our response to it. Critics have homed in on Birkin's invocation of Cybele, the Phrygian goddess who through her Greek association with Aphrodite represents fertility and femaleness, to define their rather varied response to this scene. Graham Hough says Birkin is launching an attack on 'the white goddess, the primal woman image, *das ewig weibliche*' (Hough, 1956, 79) which re-asserts itself when the image reforms on the pond. Leavis feels 'the possessiveness he divines in Ursula is

what (though that, we may feel, is not all) he sees in the reflected moon' (Leavis, 1964, 188). Mark Kinkead-Weekes rejects Hough's idea of matriarchal dominance and links the episode to ideas of ego and the novel's themes of creation and dissolution, and to Lawrence's belief that disintegration is necessary in order that the new can be brought forth. I think the passage is about all of this; while it is both anti-female and anti-ego it is also about the role of the ego in love. The traditional view is that Birkin, in the grip of the powerful emotion women engender in him, for once at a loss for words, stones the moon in a gesture which speaks of a violent antagonism towards women and the dominance of consciousness (light) in general.

However, I think that those strange images that arise from the depths of the pond - a cuttle-fish, white birds; a shattered rose and then a kaleidoscope - suggest, illustrate that the 'meaning' of the passage cannot be entirely equated with the desire to smash either femaleness or consciousness. I think that as from an oracle, the pond emits images which each symbolise different ways of running a relationship. When the moon's bright image is broken into tentacles of light its alignment with something as odd as a cuttle-fish demands interpretation. In 'Water-Party' Gudrun rejected the lantern with a cuttlefish on it and forced Ursula to take it. Ursula was left 'feeling rather resentful at the way Gudrun and Gerald should assume a right over her' (WL, 176). By inference, the image of a cuttle-fish symbolises domination: one possible way a relationship can be run. When Birkin throws the stones harder the moon's light changes to being like that of a flight of white birds:

> Rapidly, like white birds, the fires all broken rose across the pond, fleeing in clamorous confusion, battling with the flock of dark waves that were forcing their way in. The furthest waves of light, fleeing out, seemed to be clamouring against the shore for escape, the waves of darkness came in heavily, running under towards the centre. (WL, 247)

The thing to notice is that despite the outward show of light and its struggle with inflowing darkness, the moon at the centre remains 'not yet violated' it even appears to be a 'strengthened moon, that shook upon the water' (WL, 247). This symbolises another kind of pattern for a relationship, that despite struggles for power and domination a core or centre (of individuality?) should be maintained. It is the one Birkin lays hold of. The simile attached to the shattered moonlight resulting from Birkin's third violent act is that of a rose which introduces the theme of dissolution Kinkead-Weekes refers to.

In 'Water-Party' Birkin stated his belief in the two rivers of life, 'the river of dissolution' and the 'silver river of life' (consciousness), and while he saw humanity as 'pure flowers of dark corruption' admitted that there 'ought to be some roses, warm and flamy' (WL, 173). The difficulty of such rose-like people existing is shown when words like 'insidiously' and 'blindly' are used to describe the reforming of the rose image. By the fourth and last time Birkin throws stones the image produced is utterly chaotic - there's no moon or centre, it is 'without aim or meaning'. While the image of the kaleidoscope aptly represents chaos, there is a deeper message. Kaleidoscopes impose an illusory sense of order as no two turns will ever reveal the same pattern. What seems to have pattern and order is only a facet of chaos. This is the danger that Lawrence saw in society, that it imposes a false order on the free creativity of human beings.

Ursula suffers from Birkin's violence towards the moon image: 'she felt she had fallen to the ground and was spilled out, like water on the earth' (WL, 248). When she meets him and says 'You won't throw stones at it any more will you?' - it is an odd thing to say considering she hasn't seen Birkin for weeks - but it is typical of the way Lawrence easily shows the emotionally intense nature of a situation. Conversation which is full of the kinds of silences characteristic of French cinema (to indicate unease and impasse) is as fragmented as the image of the moon has been. To have seen Birkin's frustrations dramatised means that we now take Birkin's struggle to formulate his ideas on relationships seriously, rather than see him as a didactic mouthpiece for Lawrence's ideas. The image of the 'golden light' (WL, 249) in Ursula, which Birkin professes he wants, can be equated with the moonlight on the pond and symbolism and dialogue are skilfully linked. Just as the shattered moonlight battled against waves of darkness to assert itself, here we have the female and male ego engaged in battle, each trying to assert their will or point of view. Ursula expresses the heartfelt point of view expressed by many oppressed women:

> "You only want your own ends. You don't want to serve *me*, and yet you want me to serve you. It is so one-sided!" (WL, 249)

Amidst the intellectual milieu of parties and classrooms, Birkin has been confidently loquacious to this point, but just as a lack of words lead him to stone the moon image, his response to Ursula's accusations is vague:

> "I want us to be together without bothering about ourselves - to be really together because we *are* together, as if it were a phenomenon, not a thing we have to maintain by our own effort." (WL, 249-50)

Birkin is encountering Lawrence's own problem as a novelist, how to express complex emotions with mere words. Birkin concludes 'Words make no matter'. Like an academic with his back to the wall, lacerated we could say by Ursula's taunts - she is the only one who speaks with exclamation marks - Birkin's total frustration is crystallised when he says: 'I wouldn't give a straw for your female ego - it's a rag doll' (WL, 250). Ursula picks up on this objectification of the ego in a retort which shows that she can give as good as she gets:

> "You want me to be a mere *thing* for you! No thank you! *If* you want that, there are plenty of women who will give it you. There are plenty of women who will lie down for you to walk over them..." (WL, 250)

The previously introduced idea that there is a gap between ideas and words is shown in Ursula's tendency to 'read' Birkin wrongly. She thinks his insistence on letting go is a recipe for sexual ecstasy. Like the reader, Ursula is an initiate to this 'philosophy' of love.

At the end of this chapter, after Ursula has revealed herself to Birkin, and left, he remains in deep thought. His previous words 'Love is a direction which excludes all other directions' (WL, 152) are picked up on in his conceptualisation of the idea that 'There was another way, the way of freedom' (WL, 254). This route is seen to be at odds with the way that lay 'beyond phallic knowledge' (WL, 254), as it was suggested to him by the African fetish in Halliday's flat, and is defined thus:

> a lovely state of free proud singleness, which accepts the obligation of the permanent connection with others, and with the other, submits to the yoke and leash of love, but never forfeits its own proud individual singleness, even while it loves and yields. (WL, 254)

It is summed up in the image of binary stars, each one single and yet retained in its orbit by the force of the other. The ideal of the perfect marriage which *Women in Love* puts forward is one of partnership combined with the maintenance of individuality, support, succour: continuity in a period of destruction. Once Birkin has realised Ursula's own claim to individuality in 'Excurse' the sense we often have in Lawrence that the true couple are long in the making begins. But if this sounds remarkably like the Christian conception of marriage, the fact Birkin and Ursula decide to live a

nomadic, wandering way of life questions a great many of the stereotypical conceptions of marriage. The image of the modest woman, rooted in the veiled wives of the Old Testament, as mother and mistress of the house and extended family is questioned. So too is the once Stoic, but lately Christian, notion that marriage is for the procreation of children as maintaining a home or bringing up a family within such a life would be difficult. Marriage in *Women in Love,* raised as it is to a position of salvation, like any other activity associated with a high level of expectation - religion, academic thought - becomes synonymous with self-denial. Ursula forgoes a conventional wedding, rejects her family and past. That memories linger long after such bonds are severed is poignantly captured in the way, once in the Tyrol with Birkin and the others, Ursula associates the lamps of the peasants as they swing in and out of the wooden chalets with those of her father at home. Denial might be necessary to the ideal, but our memory of her as such a romantic child in *The Rainbow* and of those endearing scenes with her father allows us to imagine the deprivation and loss she feels, as indeed Frieda Lawrence felt, at rarely seeing her own daughters.

Lawrence's faith that marriage and finer human relationships could provide a foundation for society causes him to run the Ursula/Birkin and Gerald/Gudrun relationship in parallel; it was also a technique copied from George Eliot. The careful placing of adjacent chapters such as 'Death and Love', which depicts the self-centred and fraught consummation of Gudrun's relationship at her house, and of 'Excurse', which describes Ursula and Birkin's much less inhibited lovemaking in the woods, highlights the antithetical nature of the two experiences. The contrast between the outdoor and indoor setting is important. The kinds of notions Lawrence associates with these places: confinement and enclosure in the case of the indoor setting; mystery, freedom and change in the case of the outdoor one, also colour the relevant relationships. Gudrun and Gerald's, which has formerly been portrayed as a ghastly trinity of sex, violence and power, is now consummated in an act which is secretive and ridden with guilt. Their consciousness of the walls around speaks of their wariness of the society around them. Their relationship, beleaguered by habit and the clash of their wills, can be seen in terms of containment and deadlock. Gudrun receives Gerald 'as a vessel' (WL, 344); he later says of her, 'Gudrun seems like the end to me' (WL, 439). Save for their sexual habits Gudrun and Gerald are locked into the social conventions of society. As an artist Gudrun appeals to society's taste; she makes small things which can be contained in the hand, she even sees Gerald, society's perfect host, in stereotypical pictures:

> It was a real delight, in make-belief, to be the childlike, clinging woman to the man who stood there on the quay, so good-looking and efficient in his white clothes, and moreover the most important man she knew at the moment. (WL, 164)

Lawrence uses the tarnished nature of Gudrun and Gerald's relationship to illustrate the patterning of a more perfect relationship. When their lovemaking scene is described the reader is invited to retain the memory of the tenderness of Ursula and Birkin's lovemaking as it was depicted in the previous chapter, a chapter where the emphasis on a shared sense of mystery and of the unknown was reflected in the mirrored sentence structures. Birkin feels 'a palpable revelation of living otherness' and Ursula experiences 'Mystic, palpable, real otherness' (WL, 320). The upshot of Ursula and Birkin's battles is movement, change, difference, some sort of progression. They encourage a greater sense of self in each other and knock each other's edges off; Ursula stops Birkin being so priggish, he stops her being so sentimental and calms her tendency towards nervousness: 'she had learned at last to be still and perfect' (WL, 315). They thrive in the sense that one never wholly knows the other; Ursula is hostile towards Birkin's odd little dance in 'Water-Party', for example. That their world is open and full of possibilities shows Lawrence striving to show the importance of mutability and change in marriage. The suggestions that sex offers them a flight into the unknown, the idea of potential, expansiveness, sums up their relationship and counters the sort of deadlock and sense of finality we feel about Gudrun and Gerald's relationship.

Lawrence's letters show his state of mind at this time to be particularly misanthropic. In February 1916 he writes to Mark Gertler: 'I wish there could be an earth-quake that would swallow up everybody except some two dozen people' (L2, 531). It is an easy step for him to see humanity as being divided, as two types of people. Those of the Gerald and Gudrun variety, as representatives of the way Lawrence felt humanity *in extremis* was going, are defined as 'flowers of dissolution -Fleurs du mal' (WL, 173): over-conscious people by day, but ones who indulge in sexual perversions by night. Their habitat is the stream of corruption, of which Lawrence spoke in the *Study*, and the mud, which Gudrun fears will fall from Gerald's boots on his clandestine visit, is its symbol. While Birkin feels implicated in humanity's corruption he acquiesces easily in Ursula's notion that perhaps they are not Fleurs du Mal but more like roses. England and

the majority of its people have been rejected, but a philosophy of marriage as the key to a new start has been worked through.

The possibility of England being changed from within that was advanced in *The Rainbow*, and that Ottoline Morrell supported by offering Garsington as a centre for Rananim, has disintegrated. The new era was to be founded by a colony of friends (mainly married) whom Lawrence tried to recruit to go to America. When Lawrence was on the brink of a new experience, be it marriage or death, his art, namely *Sons and Lovers* or 'The Ship of Death', has to imagine what the experience might be like. Now, at a period in his life when England is seen as finished, and the only way forward as he told Bertrand Russell was to 'clear out of the old show' (L2, 546) bearing a new philosophy of partnership - as he did with Frieda on his 'Savage Pilgrimage' - *Women in Love* has to consider what this might be like. Conscious of the rose as the symbol of England, Lawrence makes Ursula and Birkin the roses of a new, different kind of English society, one which must be founded outside the confines of the old order of which Garsington - or the Breadalby of the text - is an integral part. They leave with the idea that marriage must be about two self-respecting individuals, who need each other, but don't make each other responsible for their own lives. A place needs to be found for this new life (and there are problems with this which we will come to later).

The *denouement* of the book takes place in the snowy Alpine valley. Emily Dickinson wrote 'I never heard the word "escape"/ Without a quicker blood' and Lawrence is good at re-creating the emotions of exhilaration and anticipation undercut by a certain nervousness that Ursula and Birkin experience; the sense of people walking a tightrope of their own making. They 'came forth at last in a little high-table land of snow, where stood the last peaks of snow like the heart petals of an open rose' (WL, 400). Lawrence's reputation as a skilled landscape writer is nowhere more deserved than in the atmospheric, poetic account of the Tyrol. It is a commonplace that Eskimos have over ninety words for snow. Lawrence, by describing the snowscape at different times of day, in varying lights, can find a vocabulary which avoids the kind of repetitive description so easily be brought about by a scene which is in itself monotonous. By day there is a 'terrible waste of whiteness' (WL, 400); with 'blue evening' and the change to the 'great pallid slopes' the peaks are 'rosy, glistening like transcendent, radiant spikes of blossom' (WL, 408). At night the party venture out after the dance into the 'murderous coldness' and seem to be in a 'silence of dim, unrealised snow' (WL, 408). Snow, as a presence, has been captured. Its

intangibles - space, grandeur, and the sense of submission, stillness, smallness, and vulnerability it instils in human beings - are incorporated in the image of Gudrun crouching before the window in a sort of trance 'as at a shrine' (WL, 401); a wonderful contrast to the wholesomeness of the scrubbed and oiled Tyrolese wooden interiors which teem with light, song, dance, coffee and küchen.

In this rarefied atmosphere, Lawrence examines how travel effects changes in people's consciousness with respect to both the individual and social self. Gudrun and Gerald's relationship has been moulded and defined by the conventions of society; it has been a conventional affair. Now the structures of English society have been removed their consciousness responds in new ways to their sexual and religious feelings. We see the awakening of Gudrun's religious sense; before the awe inspiring scenery she becomes 'child-like and remote' (WL, 402). Gerald's sexual appetite becomes insatiable and Gudrun has her fling with Loerke who is portrayed as vilely corrupt. Here we see a divergence. Ursula and Birkin's relationship, because it is fuelled by its own internal dynamics and is not reliant on the structures of society for definition, is able to weather, indeed relish, the kinds of changes travel evokes in the inner self. While Gudrun and Gerald's sense of identity disintegrates that of Ursula and Birkin's is affirmed. At the Reunionsaal, the party begins to feel a sense of their own Englishness and notice that people look with deference at them, 'the four English strangers, the elect' (WL, 406). But it is Ursula and Birkin who can reach out beyond the sort of identity which is tied up with nationality, it is they who respond to those qualities of life that Lawrence valued and which travel releases: spontaneity, joyousness, laughter, 'animal emotion' (WL, 411).* As Lawrence's seeds of new society they are able to respond to the new physical and moral terrain.

However, Lawrence's need to illustrate Ursula and Birkin's removal from a decaying England with the justification that 'lice crawl off a dying body' (WL, 396) leads him into some rather morally grey areas. Before the political and economic integration of Europe, when jobs were not readily available to the English abroad, Birkin's need to live by private means establishes him as a natural aristocrat with the freedom to 'be' that Lawrence

* William Davis said in an article entitled 'Mountains, Metaphors and other Entanglements: Sexual Representation in the Prologue to *Women in Love*" that the characters' actions and feelings do undergo 'transfiguration'. But I find his suggestion that Lawrence's rejected prologue, which uses phrases such as 'subterranean kindling' to suggest homo-erotic feelings between Gerald and Birkin to be too specific. I cannot agree with his claim: 'In brief they have entered the world of homo eroticism' (Davis, 1990, 71).

applauded in his essay 'Aristocracy' but is at odds with the anti-materialistic values the novel established in the chapter 'A Chair'. The notion of love at all costs is difficult to envisage in the light of discarding one's own family ties and connections.

But aren't we missing the point? Lawrence wrote:

> The only thing now to be done, is either to go down with the ship, sink with the ship, or as much as one can leave the ship, and like a castaway live a life apart...I will stand outside this time. (L2, 528)

He asked in the larger historical picture: 'What does a crashing down of nations and empires matter, here and there!' (L2, 529). While Lawrence's sense of time, as the discussion of Beldover shows, pertained to the historical past, *Women in Love's* ending also alerts us to the idea that the advantage of travel, movement, change is that an engagement with the present is that much stronger:'the wonder of this transit was overwhelming' (WL, 388). In addition to taking on new values such as pride, decency, placing a high value on marital love, I think that by ending *Women in Love* on the note of travel Lawrence is suggesting that the new era will come into being through having a different conception of time - the present. This will bring with it other ways of living 'being' as opposed to 'doing'.

SEA AND SARDINIA

Lawrence left England in 1919 and returned to Italy, where he wrote *Sea and Sardinia*. The class-based, materialistic, mechanised, industrial society of post war England depressed him and Frieda said that during the war he became 'abstract and mental' (Not I, 73). Personal upsets such as the medical examination described in Kangaroo, accusations of spying, the exile from Cornwall when Frieda said 'something changed in Lawrence for ever' (Not I, 84) and the 1915 suppression of *The Rainbow* also encouraged his departure.

Consequently, the Lawrences sought solace in the sun-drenched hills and glittering seas of Italy, the country which since their heady elopement had signified happiness. But Lawrence found Florence, Rome and Picinisco too cold, and dubbed Capri's arty expatriate social life - Compton Mackenzie, Mary Canaan, Dorothy Brett (who followed Lawrence to Mexico) - a 'stewpot of semi-literary cats' (L3, 451-469). By March 1920 he had fled to the rural seclusion of Taormina in Sicily, to rent the aptly named villa Fontana Vecchia (ancient springs) and remarked 'I prefer the Italians' (L3, 451). Views over the glittering Calabrian sea provided relief from a punishing work schedule which included *Mr Noon*, a chapter of *Movements in European History* and the poems. 'I am still stuck in the middle of my novel *[Aaron's Rod]*', Lawrence wrote in October 1920 (Sagar, 1979, 106) while Heseltine threatened legal action over the Halliday figure in *Women in Love*. Initially, Fontana Vecchia, with its dramatic sunrises surrounding almond blossom and olive groves (which became the subject of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*) and the feel of the past - 'here the past is so much stronger than the present' (Nehls 11, 44) - seemed an idyll. In June 1920 Amy Lowell read:

> We love our Fontana Vecchia, where we sit on our ledge and look far out, through the green, to the coast of Greece. Why should one travel - why should one fret? Why not enjoy the beautiful indifference. (L3, 539)

But, as with Capri, reality encroached. Six months later, from 4-13 January 1921, Lawrence wrote about travelling the length of Sardinia in *Sea and Sardinia*.

On a more subjective note, Lawrence visited Sardinia because by December 1920 he said he was 'rather tired of Sicily' (L3, 641). His view of people duplicates this; expatriates were a 'parterre of English weeds all cultivating their egos hard one against the other' (L3, 625) and the locals

seemed 'impudent' (L3, 639). Unlike most travel writers, whose need for flight is equally strong, Lawrence's deracinated state enabled him to consider living where he visited: 'I am going to make a little dash to Sardinia to see if I should like to live there' (L 3, 646). Eighteen days later, a letter of 20 January 1921, shows he had rejected it:

> liked the island very much - but it isn't a place to live in. No point in living there. A stray corner of Italy, rather difficult materially - to live in.
> (L 3, 649)

The book born of this ten day trip was an equally hasty affair. Lawrence's plan to return and write more extensively about Sardinia in 'the early summer' (L3, 648) never materialised, so what exists today (according to Aldington's introduction in the Heinemann edition) was written in six weeks from memory. A month after the trip Lawrence told his illustrator, 'I've nearly finished the Sardinia' (L3, 665), and within two months it was being proofed (Sagar, 1979, 110). Despite the haste Frieda affirmed the account's 'extraordinary accuracy' (Pinion, 1978, 260).

The manner in which a country is seen alters one's perception of place and community. In Lawrence's other travel books, when he takes coffee in his lounge in *Twilight in Italy*, or sits on his verandah in *Mornings in Mexico*, his status as resident is obvious; he has time to formulate his feelings about each country. Time is not a constraining factor. He visits the theatre in Italy, is driven to snake dances in Mexico and the 'Walk to Huayapa' (MM) is an 'excursion'. The 'strange suspension' (TI, 28) of an Italian Saturday or the 'peculiar looseness' (MM, 15) of a Mexican Sunday are felt. *Sea and Sardinia* is an exhausting contrast. Lawrence, as a non-resident, travels without guidance and is constrained by bus and train times in 'a dash' (L 3, 649). This, plus the wide range of transport and the directional insistence of the chapter titles - 'To Sorgono', 'To Nuoro' - makes *Sea and Sardinia* the work which explores the concept of travel and being a traveller most fully. As Stevenson said in*Travels With a Donkey* (1879), 'I travel not to go anywhere, but to go' (cited Fussell, 1980, 158), or as Dame Freya Stark said, 'the journey is the main ingredient of serious travel' (Maitland, 1982, 33).

Serious travel was defined by Lawrence in his essay 'New Mexico' when he imagined the world as a paper-wrapped sweet. If tourists with cars and classy hotels skim the world, proper travellers 'break through the shiny sterilised wrapping and actually *touch* the country' (PH, 142). In *Sea and Sardinia*, Lawrence's command of the language, and the use of cheap inns, knapsacks and second-class travel rather than hotels, suitcases and

first-class travel, not only reflect his impecunious state, but represent his attempt at touching the country. His recognition that the journey is 'the main ingredient of serious travel' caused him to differ from the contemporaries Rebecca West described in *D.H. Lawrence:*

> none of whom would have moved from one place to another except in the greatest comfort procurable and with a definite purpose, or have endured a disagreeable experience twice if we could possibly help it... (West, 1930, 25)

Such a way of travelling results in gruelling hardships such as a search for food in Trapani, a tiny cabin where the Lawrences are squeezed 'like two matches in a matchbox' (SS, 45), and the cold in Nuoro which causes them to retire to bed before supper. Lawrence was fifty years ahead of the back-packing market and publications like Fodor's *Rough Guides* and Lonely Planet's *Survival Guides* which suggest that to use hotels and taxis does not do a country justice. But budget travel is a way of travelling in which the hardships of cold, hunger, tiredness are compensated for in two direct ways, each of them dualistic in nature. The first compensation is that Lawrence has a more direct experience of the landscape and community. This can be as negative as the night walk to Naples harbour or as positive as watching a church procession and 'the beauty of the shuffling woman host' (SS,127).

Another compensation of travelling in a spontaneous manner is entry to a state-of-being ruled by the present. Engagement with the present allows the traveller to escape from his own persona (to catch trains or find rooms allows little time to think) and allows for a deeper relationship with the self. The practicalities of travelling - the question of what ticket to buy and where and when to go - provides the soul with a refuge from the other kinds of awkward and fundamental questions posed by life. There is refuge from 'the terrors of infinite time', that time when the 'slippery, naked dark soul finds herself out in the timeless world' (CSS, 724) which terrifies Cathcart in the short story 'The Man Who Loved Islands'. However, as LD Clark says:

> never did Lawrence better embody his belief that the present moment, with the soul in transit, is the all-inclusive unit of time, the *terra incognita* of constant discovery. (Clark, 1980, 232)

Thus Lawrence also realises the journey is a metaphor for life and speeds up the self-discovery that is the process of life:

> to go to Italy and to *penetrate* into Italy is like a most fascinating act of self-discovery - back, back down the old ways of time. Strange and wonderful chords awake in us, and vibrate again after many hundreds of years of complete forgetfulness. (SS, 123)

Lawrence's poem 'The Heart of Man' (1928-9) sees this as a neglected act:

> There is the other universe, of the heart of man
> that we know nothing of, that we dare not explore. (CP, 606)

A dramatisation of the recurrent tensions between the 'moment in time' and 'infinite time', escape and discovery, security and insecurity occurs when Lawrence views Cagliari from the heights. As he climbs, the fact he dodges a pail of slop water suggests he is firmly caught in the present and the homely image that he might 'squat in a corner and play marbles and eat bread and cheese' (SS, 57)* suggests a certain security. However, such security in the present is undermined by confronting the spaces which suggest infinity:

> we stand and look at the sunset. It is all terrible, taking place beyond the knotted, serpent-crested hills that lie, bluey and velvety, beyond the waste lagoons. Dark, sultry, heavy crimson the west is, hanging sinisterly, with those gloomy blue cloud-bars and cloud-banks drawn across... Deep below lie the sea-meres. They seem miles and miles, and utterly waste. (SS, 58)

It is not enough to suggest that Lawrence's insecurity illustrates his agoraphobia - what unnerves him is the confrontation with the soul that space initiates. The switch from localised to general scenes, the change between the quotidian aspects of travel (which offers self-escape) and those moments of uplift or fear (when one confronts oneself), is the key to the way the text seems so shifting and contradictory. Not only is *Sea and Sardinia* about the landscape and people, it is about landscapes of the mind, about the painful difference between innocence and experience, not knowing and knowing, dream and reality, wishing for things and having those wishes destroyed. I will consider these landscapes of the mind before moving onto Lawrence's sense of place and community.

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* The reference to cheese is a direct reference to Lawrence's childhood which he described in the essay 'Return to Bestwood': 'There was a little hedge across the road from the Co-Op then, and I used to pick the green buds which we called bread-and-cheese.' (PH 11, 275)

1). Landscapes of the Mind

An urge for freedom is buried deep in the human psyche. In *Sea and Sardinia* Lawrence, as a freelance writer can, in part, fulfil this. His first line, 'Comes over one an absolute necessity to move' (SS, 1), both implies a certain recklessness and the idea that such urges are unconscious and deep-rooted (Lawrence had just read Freud and written *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*). The rest of the book presents a multi-faceted construct of what true freedom, perhaps possible through making travel a way of life, might be like; but Lawrence's ensuing disappointments in Sardinia show that the ideal of freedom can only be approximated to. One aspect of this ideal is to be a ship-bound wandering soul, and Lawrence muses over the picture of man roaming the seas of the earth while he sails to Sardinia. This image, which is as conscious of the biblical ark as it is of Odysseus, was part of Lawrence's lifelong vision and was variously interpreted from Rananim to his last poem 'The Ship of Death'. He wrote 'if one can get to the S. Seas, one can roam: of that I feel sure' (L 3, 655). Particularly pertinent to *Sea and Sardinia* was an adventure article which Lawrence referred to in a letter of 27 January 1921 while he was writing up the Sardinia trip.* Ralph Stock, the author of this article, had dreamt of sailing continuously, working only for his necessities, but he became so rich through pearl diving in the Marquesas that he abandoned the dream and sold up. Lawrence was disgusted by this ending for two reasons. Firstly, it represented the destruction of his own dream, and secondly, recognition of the gap between dream and reality always hurt. Nonetheless such dreams are alluded to:

> Ah, if one could sail for ever, on a small quiet, lonely ship, from land to land and isle to isle, and saunter through the spaces of this lovely world. (SS,45)

It is a dream with masculine boundaries: 'To find three masculine, world-lost souls, and, world-lost, saunter and saunter on along with them' (SS, 46).

That Lawrence constructs such a multi-faceted dream is an authorial device which enables *Sea and Sardinia* to become a book which explores the gap between travel's dreams and its realities. Each aspect of this dream - spaciousness, endlessness, the type of ship, where it would go, and the make-up of the crew - is gradually shattered as the text progresses.

Although Sardinia's 'open' countryside (SS, 86) was the antithesis to Sicily and Britain's 'tight little landscape' (PH, 252), the dream of spiritual

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* 'The Dream Ship: the Story of a Voyage of Adventure More than Half Around the World in a Forty-Seven Foot Boat' was published by National Geographic (issue 34, Jan 1921, 11-52).

space - 'give me room for my spirit' (SS, 72) - was less easily achieved. The text records the way people such as the bounder, the ship's carpenter or the bus-mate who shouts 'awkward questions' (SS, 159) 'invade' his personal space. Lawrence's resistance to these attentions was not developed while travelling, or reserved for foreigners. An early poem 'The Best of School'* might delight in the human contact of watching over a class - 'I have such swarming sense of lives at the base of me' - but it also admitted the importance of 'living my life in earnestness, still progressively/ and alone' (cited Sagar, 1986, 45).

The dream of 'for ever' is countered by the brevity of the Sardinia trip Perhaps Mt Eryx is seen as guard rather than gateway to Africa, because Lawrence's financial situation had forced him to abandon an adventure trip to Tanganyika with his illustrator Jan Juta; impecunious circumstances prevent a man sailing for ever. The dream of a 'small quiet, lonely ship' (SS, 27) is nearly realised when the Cagliari ship is described as an 'almost empty ship' (SS, 27) but this is shattered by meal bells, the shouts of the loutish crew and the sound of people being sick. The dream of forever exploring a 'lovely world' is negated when Lawrence explores the difference between a place's distant appearance and the reality of it in close-up. From afar Trapani is:

> magical under the far sunshine and the keen wind, the square and well-proportioned buildings waiting far-off, waiting like a lost city in a story, a Rip Van Winkle city. (SS, 33)

As the ship approaches salt heaps glitter, windmills turn in a fairy-tale fashion and the palm lined central avenue (again the African overtones) holds the promise of beauty. In reality Trapani is full of 'mangy' people and the unsurfaced 'sunless streets' are dishearteningly commercial with dead rabbits and cats for sale. The joke is on Lawrence when he calls it a 'tortuous unreal town' (SS, 39). The point is, it *is* real, and diametrically at variance with the dream of it. Similarly in *Pictures From Italy* Dickens describes his stay in Genoa (1844-5) and points to his disappointment at the differences between appearances and reality:

> we could see Genoa before three; and watching it as it gradually developed its splendid amphitheatre, terrace rising above terrace, garden above garden, palace above palace, height upon height, was ample occupation for us, till we

* The version of the poem to which I refer is to be found in Sandra Gilbert's *Acts of Attention: The Poems of DH Lawrence*. This differs from the version published in *The Complete Poems*.

> ran into the stately harbour...I never in my life was so dismayed! The wonderful novelty of everything, the unusual smells, the unaccountable filth...the disorderly jumbling of dirty houses, one upon the roof of another; the passages more squalid and more close than any in St Giles's or old Paris... (Dickens, 290)

To travel through Sardinia with his wife at his side, destroys Lawrence's dream of male exclusivity; hence her negative portrayal as the Q-b or questioning 'tourist' who continually cries 'how lovely!' and asks:

> if the weird object on the top of Pellegrino is a ruin. Could there be a more touristy question! No, it is the semaphore station. Slap in the eye for the q-b! (SS, 28)

She is put down for demanding their last meal on the ship to Cagliari. He, of course, is permitted to put the restaurant owner in Sorgono in his place!

Sea and Sardinia also destroys Lawrence's dream of his persona as a traveller: free, aimless, de-nationalised, and at one with a local community. His request to 'wander aimless across this vivid oyster world, the world empty of man' (SS, 46) is not tolerated. A pedlar demanding 'what do you sell?' is typical of others who question his movements in a well-meaning but banal travel-speak that is as peculiar to the state of being a traveller as 'when are you submitting?' is to being a student. It is ironic that it is those very circumstances intrinsic to travelling which encroach on the dream of being free. Travel necessitates being forced into the confines of trains and ships, into close proximity to people like the ship's carpenter waiting 'like a spider' (SS, 29), being exposed to the Cagliari girl's bad French and to the whisky bounder's assertive fragmented conversation. It is typical of Lawrence's art that by June 1922 the next destination, Australia, appears to offer the antithesis to this crass questioning:

> One nice thing about these countries is that nobody asks questions, I suppose there have been too many questionable people here in the past. But it's nice not to have to start explaining oneself as one does in Italy. (Not I, 121)

Dramatisation of this psychological claustrophobia occurs when Lawrence, stranded in a single sex cabin, portrays himself as almost buried alive:

> I listen to the sighs of the others, the wash of dark water. And so, uneasily, rather hot and very airless, uneasy with the machine-throbbing and the sighing of my companions... One sleeps - but a bad sleep. (SS,179)

In *Sea and Sardinia* Lawrence is conscious that the desire to be de-nationalised and reach a simpler way of life can only be partially achieved, because it is opposed by two forces connected with his own nationality. Firstly, his own Englishness prevents him from accepting that which makes Italians peasant-like. Secondly, Sardinians always see him as an English product. Lawrence's awareness of being inextricably bound to his own Englishness, to all the esoteric social customs and mores entailed by this, becomes sharply focussed over hygiene standards. On the Palermo train the employer of a vomiting servant girl who leaves her alone *sans* European style sympathy is held to be 'natural' (SS, 16). However, on realising no-one is going to clear the sick up, Lawrence admits 'one begins to be a bit chary of this same southern 'nature'. He is also repelled by a wall full of bloody mosquito marks at the Sorgono inn and by its proprietor's filthy appearance (SS, 96). The custom of using the outskirts of town as a public convenience outrages him most:

> we were in the thick of the public lavatory. In these villages, as I knew, there are no sanitary arrangements of any sort whatever. Every villager and villageress just betook himself at need to one of the side-roads. It is the immemorial Italian custom. Why bother about privacy? (SS, 97)

The tone of comic horror places Lawrence inside the conventions of English travel writing which sees natives as barbarians. It is a tradition in which the travel writer is required to uphold English standards in the face of all adversity, to be eccentric, and to have a stereotyped view of Italians; Lawrence conforms to them all. The 'kitchenino' (a diminutive of the cliché that the English travel with all but the kitchen sink) points towards both eccentricity and an adherence to English standards. The Lawrences gaily brew tea (the drink associated with the British the world over) everywhere - 'at the station we make tea on the spirit lamp' (SS, 85); 'the q-b made a little tea on the spirit lamp, and we sat in bed and sipped it' (SS, 144). To make tea *en route* was obviously fashionable. In *Farewell Spain* (1922) Kate O'Brien writes admiringly of one couple: 'They made tea, if you please, in the maize fields and eucalyptus woods' (O'Brien, 1985, 38). Lawrence often identifies with the stereotypical British conception of Italians as lazy, grasping, dirty, and unreliable; the ship's crew are 'loutish' and a carpenter is described as 'unemployed for the rest of his life' (SS, 28). His shock at Palermo driving standards has an exasperated, exaggerated, particularly British ring:

> I, of course, am nearly knocked down and killed. Somebody is nearly knocked down and killed every two minutes. (SS, 18)

But as this chapter will later show he can also move outside stereotypical attitudes and appreciate ordinary people as individuals. Lawrence had rejected England but *Sea and Sardinia*, more than the other travel books, shows him realising that abandoning one's cultural baggage is not so easy. Lawrence is so English, he eats bacon sandwiches and discusses the weather: 'it is going to rain: what luck!' (SS, 9). Encounters between his spirit and that of Sardinia will be intruded on and made more mundane by his Englishness.

However, Lawrence's art is built on tension; contradictory to his Englishness is what can be labelled most un-English or 'alternative':

> The image of himself Lawrence now projects is that of a small, perky, idealistic, quarrelsome British eccentric abroad, the kind who at home might take to sandals, home-ground flour, spelling reform, and earnest naturism. (Fussell, 1980, 156)

Colourful native costumes are not seen as photographic material but as an expression of individuality. They not only contrast with the 'khaki democracy' of the war years, but with the dullness of the English psyche: 'I like so much the proud instinct which makes a living creature distinguish itself from its background' (SS, 88). Lawrence wants a patterned saddle-bag, wants bus drivers to eat with him, feels a drunk pedlar is a kindred spirit although commonsense tells him 'there was a gulf between me and him, between my way and his' (SS, 111). Many contemporary travellers would have despised this 'communing with the natives'. Norman Douglas, for example, in *Looking Back* said of East Africans that 'to have intercourse with natives would be considered eccentric' (Douglas, 1934, 337). Lawrence oscillates between being English and so un-English; between repulsion and attraction.

Lawrence had condemned England when he left, and mentally set himself apart from it. However, *Sea and Sardinia* shows that to believe one can shed one's nationality is a delusion since others invariably view one as a representative of one's country. This is a truism travellers encounter: a Fijian fisherman asked me to recite the story of King Arthur, and after the Heysel football disaster Indians asked, 'Why are the British hooligans?' Sadly, the time and place Lawrence travelled in, post-World War 1 Italy, exacerbated this tendency. Italians, as past allies, resented the fact that the exchange rate had plummetted whilst sterling remained buoyant. Consequently, coal prices and British enjoyment of the low exchange rate are major conversation topics. The ship's carpenter lets Lawrence, who sees

Italians as parasitic, have a taste of his own medicine when he alludes to the English as vulture-like:

> The English and the Americans flocked to Italy, with their *sterline* and their *dollari*, and they bought what they wanted for nothing, for nothing. Ecco! (SS, 48)

A schoolmistress on the Naples train speaks similarly:

> Ah, it is all very nice to be English in Italy now. You can travel, you go to the hotels, you can see everything and buy everything, and it costs you nothing. (SS, 187)

Lawrence's reaction to being *misread* (he neither has a big budget, nor stays in hotels) denies the implication: 'I am not England, I am not the British Isles on two legs' (SS, 48). Rebecca West's view that Lawrence wrote of his own concerns is illustrated here. Lawrence hated newspapers for their 'artificial stock emotion' (PH 11, 580), so the Italian dislike of the English is seen to be influenced by newspapers when the carpenter's conversation is likened to 'wads of chewed newspaper' (SS, 49) and the schoolmistress is described as one who chews 'over newspaper pulp' (SS, 185). Frieda said Lawrence only ever liked the *Sydney Bulletin* which dealt in 'people's living experiences' (Not I, 113).

Closely connected to Lawrence's vacillations between being English and so un-English is the fact that *Sea and Sardinia* features Lawrence almost as much as it does the community; it could be quoted more often in biographies. We see Lawrence's fear of maskers and claustrophobic situations, his defiance in travelling second class on trains, his readiness to adopt the travel writer's need to make snap-judgements and design utopias. We learn of his anti-democratic leanings - leaders are 'paid servants' - and of his belief that evil shows through on people's faces; on Messina station he expresses a belief in capital punishment after he has seen a convict's 'long, nasty face'.

> It is a great mistake to abolish the death penalty. If I were a dictator, I should order the old one to be hung at once. (SS, 10)*

I disagree with Anthony Burgess' opinion that *Sea and Sardinia* 'gives the most charming - and quite unself-consciously charming - portrait of

* This is a ruthless conclusion to his observation 'the face is index to the mind', found in his college notebook of 1907, in an essay entitled 'to find the mind's construction in the face' (Duncan's words of Cawdor in *Macbeth*).

Lawrence himself' (Burgess, 1971, xii). Lawrence is far from charming, he calls an inn owner a 'dirty, disgusting swine' (SS, 96) and ridicules a girl's 'expensive, complicated dress' (SS, 31). He is racist and sexist. His vituperative outlook dubs Sorgono the 'Sodom-apple of this vile village'.

However, what redeems this, and greatly contributes to the comic tone of *Sea and Sardinia,* is Lawrence's *reaction* to and *assimilation* of the disappointment he suffers as his dreams of travel get slowly smashed piece by piece. He stands outside himself, conscious that he is the idealist who continually goes up the wrong track, literally in the case of discovering Sorgono's public lavatory! To his credit the resulting black mood is analysed: 'I think it was because Sorgono had seemed so fascinating to me, when I imagined it beforehand' (SS, 99). The comic potential that exists between the exposition of an ideal and the reality is mastered, and is applied to both place and community. 'Beautiful they look!' Lawrence says of some sailing ships, but counters himself with:

> Yet if I were on board somebody would be chewing newspaper at me, and addressing me as England - coal - exchange. (SS, 49)

On the evening Lawrence encounters the gloom of a Nuoro inn, a white-haired Signora is judged to be almost witchlike and like an 'old dame', but the next morning she is a 'nice, capable, human old woman' (SS, 149).

2). The Spaces of Sardinia

Lawrence cannot always be so self-mocking. Sometimes the pain of the gap between the dream of travel and its harsh realities can only be assuaged by the panorama. A cramped ship-board night is outweighed by the dawn, 'a golden hour for the heart of man' (SS, 45), a meagre meal on the Terranova steamer is compensated for because 'the stars were marvellous in the soundless sky' (SS, 175). Those aspects of place that are most untouched by man - sunrises, stars, sea and sky - afford the most solace because they reassert contact with a primeval past and provide links through time to our fellow-men. As Lawrence later wrote, 'the world of the first century was full of star-cults' (AP, 38); the Southern sky looks the same as it did to the ancient Chaldeans, 'the breast to breast contact of the star-gazer and the skies of night' (AP, 108). The best places then for Lawrence are virgin and immutable, and hence the sea, which fulfils these criteria, features strongly. In the poem 'Middle of the World' the traffic of the P&O liners seems irrelevant in the face of the 'Minoan distance':

> This sea will never die, neither will it ever grow old
> nor cease to be blue...
> They [the ships] only cross, the distance never changes. (CP, 688)

The sea, with its nineteenth-century romantic associations of exploration, Melville's associations with the unknown and the unconscious, and Freud's associations with the womb, appealed on many levels. Paul Fussell's assertion that 'the *Sea* of the title has largely an alliterative office' (Fussell, 1980, 157) is misleading as the sea becomes a 'place' within the text with as much importance as Sardinia, hence the balanced Sea and Sardinia of the title. It offers Lawrence two important things: a greater sense of the unknown and more freedom than he can find on land.

Lawrence felt he could get closer to the 'unknown' or 'ultimate' for which he yearned at sea. Whilst writing *Studies in Classic American Literature* Lawrence admired Melville's alignment of the sea with man's unconscious, hence the 'dizzying dip' (SS, 26) movement is emphasised and shown to induce a near hypnotic state which causes the mind's 'stupefaction' or dimness: 'I feel very dim and only a bit of myself' (SS, 31). This advances our understanding of a passage such as the following:

> Slowly, slowly we turn round: and as the ship turns, our hearts turn. Palermo fades from our consciousness: the Naples boat, the disembarking crowds, the rattling carriages to the land - the great *City of Trieste* - all fades from our heart. We see only the open gap of the harbour entrance, and the level, pale-grey void of the sea beyond. There are wisps of gleamy light - out there.
>
> And out there our heart watches - though Palermo is near us, just behind. We look round, and see it all behind us, - but already it is gone, gone from our heart. The fresh wind, the gleamy wisps of light, the running, open sea beyond the harbour bars. (SS, 26)

The balanced exhilaration of 'as the ship turns, our hearts turn' (SS, 26) dramatises that to go to sea is to enter an unconscious state. The 'wisps of gleamy light' beyond the 'open gap of the harbour entrance' represent the unattainable 'Unknown' Lawrence yearned for. To pass through the harbour represents a metaphorical release into a different element, one in which the unknown is tantalisingly near and in which Lawrence is hard up against 'the fresh wind, the gleamy wisps of light, the running open sea' (SS, 26). To state the obvious, the sea with its *movement* is different to the land and it makes Lawrence feel free as the ship's 'motion of freedom' is a joy 'to the wild innermost soul' (SS, 26).

To simply accept that the sea makes one feel free is impossible for Lawrence. His dualistic mindset (discussed in my Introduction) causes him to explore and strengthen the differences between land and sea, unconscious and conscious, unknown and known, freedom and restraint. The sea provides relief from 'resistant people on land' (SS, 27) and thus becomes directly associated with freedom from constraint. In a wider context the sea provides escape from society, as a letter of 27 January 1921 shows:

> one must decide to break from the land and to break from the last deep land-connections: with society essentially. (L3, 655)

We see that Lawrence's inherent dualism often often leads him in the direction of making very important distinctions. However, at other times the sort of dualistic approach he has is merely descriptive and strategic.

Lawrence's approach to land is dualistic in this kind of strategic way. Before Sardinia can be described, Sicily, the place he flees, has to be defined in order to open up the possibility for comparison. Viewed from the Messina-Palermo train Sicily is: 'Steep, craggy, wild' and 'a tangle of heights' (SS,9). Its monochrome parameters and concentrated greyness: 'lavender morning sea' and the 'grey complications of steep heights' relieved only by lemon groves (SS,13), reflect Lawrence's indifference. Perhaps Sardinia was grey, but Lawrence's refusal to colour the scene, the fact that he says 'the sea takes strange colours' (SS, 6) without saying what, shows description bearing the taint of his nihilism, especially in his account of the Lipari Islands:

> Ghosts of the unpleasant-looking Lipari islands standing a little way out to sea, heaps of shadow deposited like rubbish heaps in the universal greyness. (SS, 14)

Lawrence's conception of Sicily was not always so negative. In 'Introduction to Memoirs of the Foreign Legion' for example, Sicily is eulogised:

> Lovely, lovely Sicily, the dawn-place, Europe's dawn, with Odysseus pushing his ship out of the shadows into the blue. Whatever had died for me, Sicily had then not died: dawn-lovely Sicily, and the Ionian Sea. (PH 11, 328)

But now the station road seems 'cruel' (SS, 5) and Messina is an 'earthquake-shattered' town. The ancient spirit, which Lawrence's essay 'The Spirit of Place' (SCAL) believed all landscapes possess, is in a state of mourning:

> The landscape is ancient, and classic-romantic, as if it had known far-off days and fiercer rivers and more verdure. (SS, 8-9)

The suggested sense of loss which pertains to Sicily is also true of Lawrence's perceptions, the image he once had of it is lost. To proceed to Sardinia Sicily has to be displaced from his mind. In Mandas this is effected by landscape being seen as an eighteenth-century picture:

> that romantic-classic manner which makes everything rather marvellous and very topical: aqueducts and ruins upon sugar loaf mountains, and craggy ravines and Wilhelm Meister water-falls: all up and down. (SS, 72)

The abstraction of the Sicilian landscape's grey, stony, craggy, dry, ancient, romantic-classic yet cruel features into picture form, creates a set of references against which Sardinia can be compared. Sardinia, when compared with the 'picture' of Sicily with its 'rolling upland hills' (SS, 84), is judged more 'real'. This sense of reality - 'all so familiar to my *feet*' (SS, 83) - results from Lawrence's childhood love of the rolling green hills around Eastwood. Sardinia's colourful costumes and greeness replace Sicily's grey and jagged precipices - green plants and trees are mentioned three times on docking. Dried up Sicilian river beds are replaced by Mandas frosts and the Gennargentu woods. In short, Sardinia becomes the very antithesis to Sicily.

The sort of dualistic descriptions of place which seem to be second nature to Lawrence extend beyond making Sardinia the antithesis to Sicily; other opposites are forged. As he advances on a town he seems to wield a wedge which always works to split the place apart. Palermo's two main streets, the Via Maqueda and the Corso, 'cross each other at right angles' (SS, 17), and *Muirhead's Southern Italy* (1925) confirms this - 'the plan of Palermo hinges on two main thoroughfares at right angles to each other' (Blue Guide, 1925, 422). But Lawrence continues this divisive frame of mind when the Via Maqueda is divided between the vegetable section and the part selling silks. This need to divide is most pronounced in Cagliari where the writing first focusses on the area that rises 'steeply to the cathedral and the fort', and then notes that 'down below is the little circle of the harbour' (SS, 55). The market is firmly divided into meat and vegetables, and the carnival is described in two halves - children, then adults. Often this dualistic force simply enhances our imaginative picture; towns do not pass before our eye in a descriptive haze, we understand how they work. At other times, when places are not only described in terms of what they are but in terms of what

they are not, it deepens our conception of the landscape. En route to Mandas, for example:

> we came to a station after a stretch of loneliness. Each time, it looks as if there were nothing beyond - no more habitations. And each time we come to a station. (SS, 72)

The loneliness of the landscape is shown very well through using this kind of contrast. On his arrival in Mandas Lawrence's personal preference for granite is shown by damning limestone:

> I realize that I hate limestone, to live on limestone or marble or any of those limey rocks. I hate them they are dead rocks, they have no life - thrills for the feet. Even sandstone is much better. But granite! Granite is my favourite. It is so live under the feet, it has a deep sparkle of its own. (SS, 83)

This really is too personal and petulant a view of landscape which bears traces of Lawrence's more ideological beliefs such as that whatever counters the flow of life is evil.

If Lawrence needs to divide landscapes he also reconciles them. When he enjoys the view from various vantage points in *Sea and Sardinia* his prose divides but his eye also picks out those little features, a bridge or a road, which provide a link. The sea-meres of Cagliari seem: 'miles and miles and utterly waste. But the sand-bar crosses like a bridge, and has a road' (SS, 58). Cagliari is divided into its Cathedral and harbour areas but is linked through the description of the bastions:

> Half-way up there is a strange place called the bastions, a large, level space like a drill-ground with trees, curiously suspended over the town. (SS, 54)

The words 'strange' and 'curiously' indicate the place holds other suggestions for Lawrence than that of being half-way. This is revealed in 'To Nuoro' when the bus stops for a church procession, and parks on a similarly 'level out-look place' (SS, 128):

> usually, the life-level is reckoned as sea-level. But, here, in the heart of Sardinia, the life-level is high as the golden-lit plateau... (SS, 28)

Another aspect of Lawrence's dualistic conception of countryside, in the sense that it is a habit of noting contrasts, is the manner in which Sardinian 'roundness' and Sicilian 'jaggedness' are opposed and their physical attributes held to be suggestive of moral issues. The Sardinian

villages of 'brick-adobe houses' which seem 'the next thing to mere earth' (SS, 70), create a harmonious contrast to the suggested discord of the jagged Sicilian landscape. Unlike England, where Lawrence called the spawning London suburbs and miners' houses 'scabs' (PH, 140), man has not imposed his will on the landscape in Sardinia. Lawrence values that arable land exists in patches between scrub and cattle, the way farming techniques do not dominate the landscape. This blended, balanced, organic landscape was approved of in his essay 'Flowery Tuscany' (PH, 45-58).

The selectivity Lawrence displays in his description of place also results from his own set of values. The commentary in Muirhead's *Southern Italy* on the very Messina-Palermo trip Lawrence made lists the ruins of Tyndarus, a 'castle', an eleventh-century church and 'the ruins of the Chiesazza' (Muirhead, 417-20). Once in Nuoro Lawrence says 'in Italy and Sicily castles perch everywhere'(SS, 143) but such landmarks are edited out of Lawrence's account of Sardinia for personal reasons: the ruins because he regarded the whole of Sicily one great ruin; the castle because he hates sights - 'sights are an irritating bore' (SS, 150). He thought 'happy is the town that has nothing to show' (SS, 150). Churches are left out because he is against formal religion on accounts too numerous to mention.

To say that Lawrence is intent on dividing the Sardinian landscape into well defined physical and moral areas (while also being selective) is not to say it always remains apportioned and static. On the contrary, the Sardinian landscape is highly dynamic and ever shifting as it becomes subject to such forces as history and memory. Let us consider the force of history on the Sardinian landscape. Lawrence's other travel books and letters display a tendency to plot countries in terms of each other as if on a grid. Italy, in *Twilight in Italy*, for example, is considered between the nordic North and primitive South. Sicily is seen as between Africa and Europe, giving Lawrence an 'on-the-brink feeling - one hop and you're out of Europe: nice, that' (L 3, 625). He follows this tendency in placing Sardinia as 'lost between Europe and Africa and belonging to nowhere' or 'off the map' and 'outside of time and history' (SS, 55). In *Mornings in Mexico* and *Etruscan Places* Lawrence will explore those countries *not* outside time and history: a Mexico conquered by the Conquistadores where Catholic churches are built on Aztec sites; a onetime Etruria to which Roman roads and modern land reclamation have added their changes. For now, the attraction of Sardinia is that its history is virgin, it remains unclaimed by any country:

> They say neither Romans, nor Phoenicians, Greeks nor Arabs ever subdued Sardinia. It lies outside; outside the circuit of civilisation. Like the Basque lands. Sure enough, it is Italian now, with its railways and its motor-omnibuses. But there is an uncaptured Sardinia still. It lies within the net of this European civilization but isn't landed yet. (SS, 3)

However, this claim for Sardinia's non-history, non-culture is both an extreme view and wrong. The Baedeker tells us:

> Sardinia possesses sites created by the Phoenician culture and the round towers known as "nuraghe" are peculiar to this island. (Baedeker, 29)

I feel Lawrence writes of his own concerns, makes a place conform to his vision. Surely the ignored Phoenician *nuraghe* are as much a part of history as the ancient churches and amphitheatres Baedeker tells us of? Besides, how can Sardinia's history be denied while Lawrence admits to witnessing history in the making by dwelling on post-war food shortages, bad exchange rates and declining manufacturing standards? However, despite being rankled by Lawrence's manipulation of reality one admires the manner in which he turns Sardinia's questionable lack of history into a positive force by presenting a lonely, rural landscape uncluttered by monuments. Living, natural phenomena, cattle or people working alone in the fields, replace them. At Mandas, for example:

> Extraordinary how the heathy, moor-like hills come near the sea: extraordinary how scrubby and uninhabited the great spaces of Sardinia are. It is wild, with heath and arbutus scrub and a sort of myrtle, breast-high. Sometimes one sees a few head of cattle. (SS, 71)

An adherence to this ahistorical theme causes Sardinia to be presented in mythical terms. Cagliari's 'end-of-the-world lagoons' (SS, 55) seem 'weary and end of the world' (SS, 60). A bay looks 'lost to mankind' (SS, 171).

Just as Sardinia's landscape is dynamic, changing in the light of myth, memories, especially of England are a force which acts strongly on it. Things English are often referred to by travel writers as an aid to the reader's imagination. Dickens, for example, in *Pictures From Italy* likens Genoa's painted villas to 'the entrance to Vauxhall Gardens on a sunny day' (Dickens, 293). However, when Lawrence likens the Mandas countryside to England this is not simply a courtesy to the reader. His attraction to the English-style view is 'adapted'to his own concerns in the writing process. I quote at length as this will show those points that also have a place in his

'philosophical' writings, and because Lawrence's landscape description is best when it runs to length.

> There was a little paddock-garden at the back of the station, rather tumble-down, with two sheep in it. There were several forlorn-looking out-buildings, very like Cornwall. And then the wide, forlorn country road stretched away between borders of grass and low, drystone walls, towards a greystone farm with a tuft of trees, and a naked stone village in the distance. The sun came up yellow, the bleak country glimmered bluish and reluctant. The low, green hill-slopes were divided into fields, with low drystone walls and ditches. Here and there a stone barn rose alone, or with a few bare, windy trees attached. Two rough-coated winter horses pastured on the rough grass, a boy came along the naked, wide, grass-bordered high-road with a couple of milk cans, drifting in from nowhere: and it was all Cornwall, or a part of Ireland, that the old nostalgia for the Celtic regions began to spring up in me. (SS, 82-3)

True to Lawrence's best descriptive writing, a static picture, contained within specific boundaries, is brought to life. The localised homely spot - 'at the back of the station' - is joined to the more distant village via the road, which provides a defined area on which to build. (To join one place with another invests the scene with a sense of purpose and is explored more fully in *Etruscan Places.)* The now defined scene bursts into life through an attention to movement: the sun rises, barns 'rose', horses 'pastured'. It is to Lawrence's credit that he doesn't merely tell us that Mandas is like England but actually writes about those features of landscape which make it English - outbuildings, divided fields, grass verges and drystone walls. By defining what makes England so English, even if it is an off-shoot, he is deeply involved in the psychology of travel which dictates that one can only truly define one's country and nationality in exile. As Kipling wrote in his poem 'The English Flag' - 'And what should they know of England who only England know?'

The manner in which this seemingly English scene is written up reflects many of Lawrence's views on life. A concern with man's dual impulse towards both loneliness and the communal life is reflected in the way the 'forlorn looking buildings' and 'forlorn country road' are countered by the companionship of 'two sheep'. And trees are seen to have befriended buildings - a 'greystone farm with a tuft of trees', or 'a stone barn rose alone, or with a few bare, windy trees attached.' The presence of the horse and boy can be aligned with the utopian vision laid out in *Apocalypse*: 'while horses thrashed the streets of London, London lived' (AP, 61). The boy is 'drifting' because Lawrence felt the tendency of modern man to rush was contrary to

the desire to 'roam' or 'saunter' (all favourite Lawrence words); he is like the colliers of Lawrence's childhood who 'roved the countryside' (PH, 156) at weekends. The naturalness of the scene is suggested by texture, colour and shape: stone not concrete, the 'naked' village, greenness and rounded hills. When Lawrence walks on the 'frozen road' his comment 'my very feet in contact' (SS, 83) is hardly casual when one considers his belief that to touch the countryside was to understand it, and when one considers that his life's purpose as expressed in the essay 'The Real Thing'(1929) was 'a question of getting into contact again with the living centre of the cosmos' (PH, 203).

Other travel writers might have aligned the Mandas countryside with an image of England and left it at that. However, it is characteristic of Lawrence's art that the Sardinian countryside is also defined in terms of what it is not. Mandas is like Cornwall but without 'the cosiness' of climbing roses, cottage shops and haystacks. It could be Derbyshire, Cornwall or Ireland but of the utmost importance is the fact it is like a Celtic landscape:

> strange is a Celtic landscape, far more moving, disturbing, than the lovely glamour of Italy and Greece. (SS, 83)

This seems rather vague, but nonetheless we get the impression of an older, more magical landscape. Although Lawrence's admission that 'one's native land has a sort of hopeless attraction when one is away' (CL, 426), was not made until a letter of October 1925 and some years after *Sea and Sardinia*, it is this which makes him over-romanticise the approach to Sorgono, which with its oak trees and white buildings clustered around the church, looks like a town 'in Hardy's country' (SS, 95). But Lawrence knows the spirit of a place is not constituted by appearances and so the idea that Sorgono is an English idyll evaporates into the reality of it being cold and filthy; a place where everyone 'betook himself at need to one of the side-roads' (SS, 97).

Although Lawrence compares Sardinia to England we should remember that he is a regionalist at heart and that the environs of Eastwood and his native Midlands influenced and shaped his conception of landscape as he travelled. That he came from the back streets allows him to bring their atmosphere to us. In Cagliari he writes:

> We go down the steep streets, smelly, dark, dank and very cold. No wheeled vehicle can scramble up them, presumably. People live in one room. Men are combing their hair or fastening their collars in the doorways. Evening is here, and it is a feast day. (SS, 58)

In addition (as discussed in the introduction) Lawrence's sense of place in *Sea and Sardinia* is often dictated by his working-class upbringing. Coal was the backbone of the Eastwood economy, thus Lawrence is a writer who notices other products which provide work: lemons outside Palermo, salt in Trapani, cork in the Gennargentu woods. He was used to bargain hunting with his mother, hence *Sea and Sardinia* includes more market scenes than his other travel books. He never tires of looking at vegetables, knows their prices and whether they are a good buy. The following shows a working-class reverence for food. It is probably one of the best descriptions of vegetables in English literature and more painterly than the working-class diet of Eastwood:

> Abundance of vegetables - piles of white-and-green fennel, like celery, and great sheaves of young, purplish, sea-dust-coloured artichokes, nodding their buds, piles of big radishes, scarlet and bluey purple, carrots, long strings of dried figs, mountains of big oranges, scarlet large peppers, a last slice of pumpkin, a great mass of colours and vegetable freshnesses. (SS, 18)

The vigour of the passage is achieved by Lawrence attaching collectives such as 'sheaves' and 'strings' to each product and letting them retain a sense of growth; the artichokes are 'young' and 'nodding their buds'. As is so often the case with Lawrence's writing the whole picture he has built up is shot through with light; 'luminous vegetables' are 'gleaming forth on the dark air, under the lamps' (SS, 18).

3). The Community

At the beginning of *Twilight in Italy* Lawrence wrote 'If only nations would realise that they have certain natural characteristics'(TI, 3). Indeed, a fantasy of travel is that nations conform to a universal standard; popular culture sees the Scots as canny, the French as romantic. We can consider Lawrence's interest in a universal Sardinian character, before moving on to the interest in people's individuality which is shown in the portraits of the ship's carpenter and the whisky drinking bounder. He said in his essay 'Democracy' (1919), 'Each self is unique, and therefore incomparable' (DP, 78).

Just as the Sardinian landscape was defined through employing Sicily and England as reference points, so the Sardinian character is defined through reference to the Italian or Sicilian character. Both sides of the coin are seen; Sardinians are both like, and unlike Italians. Bus drivers who want Lawrence to pity a filthy Sorgono inn owner cause Lawrence to remark 'here

the modern Italian spirit comes out: the endless pity for the ignorant' (SS, 114) whereas some men in a piazza are 'without the Italian watchfulness that never leaves a passer-by alone' (SS, 54). Lawrence appears to report on the community in an unbiased fashion. However, the qualities which he observes were concerns very close to his heart. He had just learnt a bitter lesson on pity when he sent £5 to Maurice Magnus, Norman Douglas' sponging friend. Magnus later appeared on Lawrence's doorstep and Lawrence, although hard up himself, paid his bills, 'a total of £20' (Meyers, 1982, 38). A respect for the Sardinian lack of watchfulness counteracts a strong theme in Lawrence's work - invasion of privacy. With his clandestine reading and writing of poetry Lawrence was a secretive child (Chambers, 1965, 94). In his early poem 'End of Another Home Holiday' his mother, personified as love invading his cloak of silence, wants: 'To put her ears to the painful sob of my blood' (CP, 64). This same gesture of someone looking under a hat, as if to 'know' him, is resisted in Mexico when a brave 'shoved his face under my hat in the night, and stared with his glittering eye close to mine' (PH, 146). In short, Lawrence picks up on the Sardinian characteristics which also reflect his own concerns. The truth about Sardinia must also include the truth about himself.

When Lawrence contrasts Sardinians to Sicilians the idea that Sardinians share general, universal characteristics becomes more intricate. In 'The Spirit of Place' (1918) Lawrence thought that a place affects its inhabitants :

> Different places on the face of the earth have different vital effluence, different vibration, different chemical exhalation, different polarity with different stars: call it what you like. But the spirit of place is a great reality. The Nile Valley produced not only the corn, but the terrific religions of Egypt. China produces the Chinese. (SCAL, 12)

He believes that living in the shadow of the cruel winds and forces of Etna has made Sicilians too physical, they 'pour themselves over the other like so much melted butter over parsnips'(SS, 7). This is dramatised fancifully in the way fruit grows - Sicilian lemon trees 'seem to be happiest when they are touching one another all round' (SS, 8) - and through the language which seems 'all stuck together' (SS, 80). However, Sardinians living in a male, open environment are the antithesis to Sicilians. Although their closeness is alluded to when the rustics who board the train at the Gennargentu woods 'talk and are very lively', they can also exist alone: 'each man knows he must guard himself and his own' (SS, 89). Other antitheses exist: Sardinian is

spoken 'in plain words'; and if the Sicilian mind is 'wavering', the Sardinian one is 'downright' (SS, 81). By the time Lawrence visited Sardinia he loathed Sicilians and described them as 'people like crabs and black-grey shrimps creeping on the bottom' (L3, 622-3). Hence he was ready to admire Sardinian differences and develop them into an opposite. The fact Lawrence makes the Sardinians so directly antithetical to the Sardinians surely shows us something about his own needs?

To compare Sardinian with Sicilian only reveals those Sardinian characteristics which are antithetical to Sicilian, hence Lawrence is anxious to portray Sardinians as the owners of a set of qualities wholly their own. They seem good natured, honest, unself-conscious and possessed of an older pre-Graecian mentality. Travel writers' ideas about racial characteristics are sometimes too sweeping. Dickens, for example, in *Pictures From Italy* says:

> They are not a very joyous people, and are seldom seen to dance on their holidays: the staple places of entertainment among the women being the churches and the public walks. (Dickens, 302)

Lawrence was as didactic in *Twilight in Italy*. However, now that he is a more mature writer every generalised comment on the Sardinian character is grounded on a particular gesture. When a hosteller upgrades his room, Lawrence observes 'the people seem warm and good natured' (SS, 54). The 'open door' of the Nuoro inn, like others he has encountered, suggests Sardinian honesty: 'Nobody about, free access to anywhere and everywhere, as usual: testifying again to Sardinian honesty' (SS, 130).

Most of the Sardinian characteristics Lawrence perceives are glimpsed through watching groups. A part of Lawrence's psyche clamoured for communal living. Jessie Chambers recalled his adolescent remark: 'wouldn't it be fine if we could live in one of those houses, mother and all the people we like together?' (Chambers, 1965, 49); later Rananim replaced this idea. In *Sea and Sardinia* Lawrence thrills to the crowd, but is happiest to be at once among and apart from a group of people, so he watches fancy-dress parades, church processions or a marionette show to glimpse many qualities of the Sardinian character. *Twilight in Italy* concentrated on isolated peasant agricultural communities, *Mornings in Mexico* on the peasant Indian but *Sea and Sardinia* represents a cross section of people - working class, bourgeois, rich and poor. All human life surging forth, which Lawrence excels at capturing (we think of the rush to market in *Mornings in Mexico*, the streaming of peasants into town in *Etruscan Places*) is exaggerated because the Cagliari townspeople are in a state of 'festa', which

to borrow a phrase from *Mornings in Mexico* will make them Sardinian, only 'a little more-so' (MM, 9). A film director-like eye while it portrays the crowd's pulse, the 'thick fringe of people' (SS, 55) also alights on individuals - a child shepherdess, pierrots, a colourful harlequin and a nurse dressed in rose-scarlet. The shimmer of satin and brocade, of the nurse's glittering earrings is emphasised. But outer shimmer hides inner qualities such as the shepherdess' haughtiness - a 'marquise to a T'; the Pierrots 'remote elegance' (SS, 56); the beau's stateliness. Lawrence is saying that inner self-assurance, a naturally aristocratic way of moving, cannot be masked Despite the class differences indicated by the pierrots' satin and the nurse's 'homespun linen', allusions to fragility and frailty suggest their similarities. The pierrots are 'frail as tobacco flowers' (SS, 56); the harlequin is 'beautiful as a piece of china'; the nurse 'bright as a poppy' (SS, 60). Tobacco flowers and poppies are noted for frail tissue-like petals around an extremely dark centre, likewise the paraders' outward appearance contrasts with those solid, strong, dark, inner qualities which Lawrence perceives they possess - unself-consciousness, the ability to be at ease.

How deeply Lawrence perceived these Sardinian characteristics can be questioned when one considers that *Sea and Sardinia* is written just after *Movements in European History*, and between *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (originally named 'Harlequinade of the Unconscious'). Lawrence's previous reading and writing often influences his next work. Indeed, the Cagliari children who have 'not a single trace of misgiving' (SS, 56) accord with the interest *Psychoanalysis* takes in the child's proximity to the 'pristine unconscious' (POU, 207) present in pre-lapsarian man, before the development into mental consciousness. The pierrot's feet - 'fluttering like queer little butterfly feet' (SS,56) - perhaps owes to Lawrence's observation in *Psychoanalysis* that feet 'move from the deep lower centres' (POU, 232). The inner 'noblesse' of the 'primrose-brocade beau' is drawn from *Movements in European History* and Lawrence's rejection of an aristocracy based on inheritance and his call for a 'natural nobility' which was 'given by God or the Unknown' (MEH, 265). Leaders, he felt, would be appointed through people recognising 'the spark of *noblesse* in one another' (MEH, 266) and pledging themselves to those who had it.

The children's unself-conscious qualities extend to the adult Sardinians who both watch and participate in the parade. The nurse is:

> as thoroughly at her ease as if she were in her own village street. She moves and speaks and calls to a passer-by without the slightest constraint. (SS, 61)

The male harlequin 'tripped with the light, fantastic trip, quite alone in the thick crowd, and quite blithe' (SS, 60). To focus on the individual invariably has wider reverberations in Lawrence's writing. Hence, the harlequin, with his ability to be both individual and communal, self-contained yet carefree, is an exemplum of those who in Lawrence's essay 'The Reality of Peace' (1917) had found their 'orbit', that peaceful path which is separate but linked to creation. The harlequin is the antithesis to Englishmen, who were portrayed in Lawrence's essay 'On Coming Home' (1923) as 'complacent inside a crystal bubble' (PH11, 252). Indeed, the carefree communal ambience of the Via Roma which 'contains the whole town' and the friendly calls and waves of the crowd, is the antithesis to the centreless British life which Lawrence wrote of from Taormina to Catherine Carswell:

> I get set on edge by the British regime. It is very decent, I believe, but it sort of stops life, it prevents the human reactions from taking full swing, there is always a kind of half measure, half-length, "not quite" feeling about. (Carswell, 1981, 134)

The throng of vigorous workers from the Gennargentu forest, who burst onto the Sorgono train, are also admired because of their liveliness. Perhaps their 'saddle bags', 'madder-brown breeches' and naturally unconscious quality reminded him of the Eastwood colliers he came to describe in 'Nottingham and the Mining Countryside' (1929) who 'loved just to sit on his heels and watch - anything or nothing' (PH, 137). Nonetheless, the Sardinian workers have the capacity to have both a communal and individual self, what Lawrence called the 'herd' and 'best' self. Their communal being finds physical expression in their uniform breeches and saddle-bags, and the way they 'play a game, shout and sleep' (SS, 91). Like that of the Eastwood miners, the flow of the stocking-caps' lives is simultaneously centrifugal and centripetal, outward and inward, communal and individual. Lawrence admired the ability to be both, a synthesis symbolised by the fact that each rustic wears his cap a little differently: folded into three; over the left ear or peaked into two fox ears.

However, outward *joie de vivre* is a foil for internal being. Internally, each man is portrayed as a strong, self-dependent individual who doesn't expect the good in people. True to Lawrence's hypothesis that place moulds character, they are seen as the half-wild creatures of their wood, 'never

really abandoning their defences'. An animal-like awareness was a lesson Lawrence had recently learned when he was robbed in Florence:

> One gets into a silly soft way of trusting one's fellows. One *must not* trust them, for they are not trustworthy. One must live as the wild animals live, always wary, always on one's guard against enemies. (Carswell, 1981, 119)

No doubt Lawrence was influenced by Hector St John De Crevècoeur's belief which he discussed in his own study of American literature:

> there is something in the proximity of the woods which is very singular. It is with men as it is with the plants and animals that grow and live in the forests; they are entirely different from those that live in the plains... By living in or near the woods, their actions are regulated by the wildness of the neighbourhood. (SCAL, 37)

Catherine Carswell remembers that Lawrence had felt a certain wildness in the Forest of Dean: 'Lawrence told me afterwards that it scared him so that at first he felt like running away' (Carswell, 1981, 102).

In addition to having the above connotations, the Gennargentu woods are a metaphor for a backwood - a place outside the events of history. The ahistorical consciousness of its inhabitants, which is not going to be broken in upon by 'the world consciousness' (SS, 91) that Lawrence found so limiting and narrowing is interpreted from their strange old fashioned caps, 'sign of obstinate and powerful tenacity:

> Coarse, vigorous, determined, they will stick to their own coarse dark stupidity and let the big world find its own way to its own enlightened hell. Their hell is their own hell, they prefer it unenlightened. (SS, 91)

Lawrence held world consciousness responsible for wasting the opportunity to revise European values after the First World War, and for suppressing *The Rainbow*. By 1922 a withdrawal, akin to that of the stocking-caps or the monks in Monte Cassino monastery (whom Lawrence visited) seemed attractive:

> I think one must for the moment withdraw from the world, away towards the inner realities that *are* real: and return, maybe to the world later, when one is quiet and sure. I am tired of the world, and want the peace like a river: not this whiskey and soda, bad whiskey, too, of life so-called. (L4, 175)

The stocking-caps do not need such a considered, cerebral, self-imposed withdrawal, theirs is more natural.

However, to justify an ahistorical consciousness, Sardinia has to be shown as history-less and here Lawrence works more from imagination than from experience. Sardinia's Celtic bareness denotes Sardinia's pre-history: 'before the curtain of history lifted...the world was like this' (SS, 82). It is true Sardinia did not suffer anything like the long process of Italian division and unification (from Bonaparte in the eighteenth century to Victor Emmanuel's unification of Italy in 1870) which is described in *Movements in European History*. However, the view that Sardinia is 'outside of time and history' and that Sardinians have remained unconquered, 'belonging to nowhere, never having belonged to anywhere' (SS, 55), is exaggerated on both accounts. In the case of the former view even Dr Baedeker's brief history of Italy tells us that although Sardinia escaped the European wars and foreign rule it was affected by them.* Baedeker also tells us of Sardinia's occupation by Carthaginians from about 600 BC until the First Punic War and by Saracens during the Middle Ages (Baedeker, 19-23). Sardinia is hardly outside history as Lawrence feigns. One sentence admits Sardinia belonged 'to Spain and the Arabs and the Phoenicians most' (SS, 55) and is a perfunctory gloss on the facts. Lawrence denies history in order to more easily attribute an ahistorical consciousness to the Sardinians.

Lawrence's view of the Sardinian community is male oriented. The woodsmen, harbour loafers, male maskers, a marionette show audience or cafe patrons - 'mostly men, taking coffee or vermouth or aqua vitae' (SS,60) - are invariably male. In *Twilight in Italy* Lawrence had written about Adeila in 'The Theatre', Maria in 'San Gaudenzio', and considered the marital relations of the wife in 'The Lemon Gardens'. However, this text was published between *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, whose theme was:

> *the* problem of today, the establishment of a new relation, or the readjustment of the old one, between men and women (CL 1, 200)

In *Twilight in Italy* the matriarchal society, in which men were conquered and woman was the 'supreme authority' (TI, 58), was rejected as a solution to the problem. However, prior to the Sardinia trip Lawrence's attitude towards the battle of the sexes was changing. He was moving towards *Aaron's Rod* (1922) and *Kangaroo* (1923), novels which celebrate male companionship; in the stories 'You Touched Me' (1921) and 'The Fox'(1923),

* Piedmont exchanged Sicily for Sardinia in 1720 and was thus inextricably linked to it, so when Charles Albert of Piedmont rose against the Austrians Sardinia 'became the centre of the movement for national unity' and 'plebiscites led everywhere to union with Sardinia' (Baedeker, 19-22).

proud male heroes conquer the female. Perhaps the predominantly masculine community of *Sea and Sardinia* is an attempt to assuage the loss of never finding 'three masculine, world lost souls' (SS, 46) to sail the world with. *Sea and Sardinia* attempts to find the 'old, hardy, indomitable male' Lawrence felt had disappeared in Europe for ever.

Occasionally women are included, most notably outside Nuoro, where they are part of a procession bearing the figure of St Anthony to church. This fine passage incorporates colour, movement, sound, light and texture. As he guides the procession in across the distances Lawrence's sense of perspective is evident, and the front and back views around this chanting, brightly dressed community are noticed:

> It was a far-off procession, scarlet figures of women, and a tall image moving away from us, slowly in the Sunday morning. It was passing along the level sunlit ridge above a deep, hollow valley. A close procession of women glittering in scarlet, white and black, moving slowly in the distance beneath the grey-yellow buildings of the village on the crest, towards an isolated old church: ...
>
> And slowly chanting in the near distance, curving slowly up to us on the white road between the grass came the procession...And in a strange, brief, staccato monody chanted the men, and in a quick, light rustle of women's voices came the responses...
>
> After the men was a little gap - and then the brilliant wedge of the women. (SS, 124-5)

This seems like pure description but its use of space covertly expresses Lawrence's views on the male/female relationship, and women's place within the family unit. The gap between men and women, with the children placed alongside, speaks for the position in society that Lawrence now felt would fulfil women. That they are in a 'brilliant wedge' suggests that their fulfilment results not only from honouring men, but also from mixing with their own sex. As song was seen as the expression of the spirit, the 'staccato' male chant and the 'light rustle' of the female response illustrate that the sexes, although separate, still commune in spirit. The procession's 'glitter of scarlet and white' (SS, 124) which in close-up is compounded of the 'scarlet figures of women' and the men with 'white linen breeches hanging wide and loose' (SS, 125) illustrates Lawrence's belief that each should retain their own identity in marriage and that marriage should be a third thing. As he was to say in 'Morality and the Novel' (1925):

> The only morality is to have man true to his manhood, woman to her womanhood, and let the relationship form of itself in all honour. For it is, to each, *life itself.* (PH, 531)

Costume emphasises gender and this is the reason for such detail:

> The long vermilion skirts with their green bands at the bottom flashed a solid moving mass of colour, softly swinging, and the white aprons with their band of brilliant mingled green seemed to gleam. At the throat the full-bosomed white shirts were fastened with big studs of gold filigree, two linked filigree globes: and the great white sleeves billowed from the scarlet, purplish-and-green-edged boleros. (SS, 126)

We might ask why this description approximates so exactly with a description of the children?

> little girl-children with long skirts of scarlet cloth down to their feet, green-banded near the bottom: with white aprons bordered with vivid green and mingled colour: having little scarlet, purple bound, open boleros over the full white shirts... (SS, 126)

The answer is not only that in Mediterranean countries children dressed in a similar way to adults. The close alignment of the passages, the way description crosses from skirt to apron to bodice before ending at the face, allows a differentiation between the women and children to occur - and no doubt reflects the fact he had just written *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* which stressed the body's lower centres. The difference is that the children are static - 'stiff as Velasquez princesses'- whereas the women with their swinging skirts, billowing sleeves and flashing aprons burst with movement and light. It is a way of emphasising both their sexuality and their maturity - they are totally at home in their costume.

Through watching groups Lawrence has perceived Sardinians as the antithesis to Sicilians and seen them as natural, unself-conscious, and part of an ahistorical male-oriented society. But as the landscape changes and Lawrence penetrates to the island's heart - a metaphor for him discovering the truth about Sardinia - isolated individuals capture his imagination:

> Across the other side a black and white peasant is working alone on a tiny terrace of the hill-side, a small, solitary figure for all the world like a magpie in the distance. (SS, 129)

This single image both suggests the ability to be alone, the agrarian life and harmony with nature Lawrence loved, and stands as a statement of

individuality. Although the stocking-caps on the Sorgono train seemed representative of Sardinians, Lawrence's essay 'On Being a Man' (1923) warns:

> If I sit in the train and a man enters my compartment, he is already, in a great measure, known to me. He is, in the first place, A Man, and I know what that is. Then, he is old. And Old, I know what that means. Then he is English and middle Class, and so on. And I know it all.
>
> There remains a tiny bit that is not known to me. He is a stranger. As a personality I don't yet know him. (PH 11, 617)

Sea and Sardinia is obliged to admit that any picture of universal Sardinianness is an average, based on observing the Sardinian as a communal being, and is thus guilty of ignoring the individual. Lawrence's portraits of the ship's carpenter, the old roaster, the pedlar, the driver and the conductor attempt to avoid this. However, *Sea and Sardinia* could never be called a celebration of the individual; although Lawrence thrilled to the crowd most of the individuals he meets are disillusioning. Only in Sorgono, significantly Sardinia's oldest and most remote part, does Lawrence find two characters - the old roaster and the pedlar - who please him.

The most unsympathetic individual portraits - the ship's carpenter and the whisky drinker - appear at the beginning and end of the text when Lawrence is furthest from the restorative influence of Sardinia's wooded, ancient centre. The ship's carpenter is a know-all whose habit of pointing out landmarks and explaining how everything works is as irritating as his financially oriented conversation. Being near to him is 'like being pestered by their mosquitoes' or being near a spider. Such venom raises the question of whether Lawrence's treatment of the carpenter is justified. Is he portrayed as an individual? Perhaps the carpenter was exactly as Lawrence said, but I feel it is too coincidental that his topics of conversation coincide so exactly with what Lawrence railed against in his philosophic writings. The fact he was a know-all picks up on the essay 'On Being A Man' (1923)* when Lawrence says he prefers 'the thought-adventure' which 'starts in the blood' (DP,214), the direct antithesis to cerebral knowledge or the 'ramming of brain facts through the head' (FAN, 92) of which the carpenter is guilty. Consider the fact the carpenter talks about the war and money. Six months prior to *Sea and Sardinia* Lawrence wrote 'what does it matter [money], so

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* In *D.H. Lawrence: A Calendar of His Works* Keith Sagar notes that at this time Lawrence began a notebook described by Tedlock which contained the material for essays all beginning 'On...' 'On Human Destiny' and 'On Being a Man' apppeared in *Vanity Fair*.

long as one gets along' (L3, 560). The carpenter, who can only see Lawrence against the background of the English economy - 'England - coal - exchange' - is guilty of leaving out Lawrence's individuality, the glorious 'I am I' (FAN, 35; from Nietzsche's *Homo Sum*) which echoes through *Fantasia*. Once again Lawrence seems to be guilty of selective writing and of making the carpenter a mouthpiece not a man.

The same can be said of the ship's bounder, a cocksure whisky-drinking 'commercial traveller' (SS,191) who joins Lawrence's table on the homeward journey. Every facet of his character is discussed elsewhere in the philosophic writings. His noisy, wriggling movements contrast with the Sardinians who watch the fancy dress parade with 'no yelling and screaming and running' (SS, 56). His 'forty disconnected words of English' (SS, 192) and 'four scraps' (SS, 197) of music fall short of the 'act of attention' Lawrence felt proper thought consisted of. The way his ego asserts itself in his treatment of the bar staff and in a gesture, his way of 'pressing on us his expensive English cigarettes with great aplomb' (SS, 194) are all akin to what Lawrence later wrote of in his essay 'Nobody Loves Me' (1929):

> pronounced benevolence, which wants to do good to all mankind, and is only a form of self-assertion and of bullying. (PH, 205)

The fact the bounder is 'doing Sicily' and talks of first class hotels places him as a tourist not a traveller. In short, the bounder, through his adherence to sensation, ego, and tourism is in Lawrence's terminology the archetypal modern, the owner of a 'new kind of shallow consciousness' (PH 11, 264), a creature so low that animal imagery describes him - he wriggles his 'large haunches on his chair' (SS, 194) and his hair is brushed into a 'showy wing' (SS,191). Perhaps the philosophy is drawn from experience of people like the bounder, but the fact he posesses no other qualities except those delineated in the philosophies is too coincidental. There are also some very personal resonances. The bounder is castigated because Lawrence, from his Band of Hope days, retained a puritan attitude to drink; recently he had been appalled at Norman Douglas and Maurice Magnus' alcohol consumption :

> we drank a bottle a day - I had very little, preferring the wine at lunch and dinner, which seemed delicious after the war famine. (PH 11, 308)

Also, the aggressive showy way the bounder played the piano - 'in splashes' - was probably an affront to Lawrence who in his poem 'Piano' cherished happy, ordered, intimate Sunday evenings gathered round the piano.

These two characters illustrate a strong tendency in *Sea and Sardinia.* This is that Lawrence's distant observation of a group builds them into an ideal; but as soon as contact with people is more intimate and conversation ensues, individuals relentlessly shatter the dream of what universal Sardinianness might be. For example, Lawrence admired Sardinian reticence; yet the bus conductor on the way to Terranova beseeches Lawrence to find him a job in England as a chauffeur - 'his manner of approach was abrupt, persistent, and disconcerting' (SS, 159). From a distance the Sardinian community seem caring and illustrative of Lawrence's essay 'We Need One Another' (1929): a hunter cares for a delinquent aristocrat; employers, in their own way, care for a sick servant-girl; a pedlar and his mate stick together like man and wife. However, prolonged contact with the bus driver shows he doesn't care if his Rome-bound passengers miss the bus, he even teases the passenger by releasing the brakes. Within their small groups Sardinians are instinctive sharers, bus conductors send bread to Lawrence's room and on the deck of the Terranova steamer 'everything among the soldiers is shared' (SS, 178); yet he finds it impossible to extricate bread from a Nuoro inn woman as he leaves Nuoro and the man in Orosei is 'churlish' about it:

> "Bread alone?" said the churl.
> "If you please."
> "There isn't any," he answered. (SS, 155)

The old man who roasts a kid in the Sorgono inn fulfils Lawrence's notion of indigenous Sardinian qualities and is Lawrence's most positive individual character. He can be viewed both for what he is and for what he represents. On the level of journalism we delight (in this microwave age) in reading about an old fashioned way of cooking. To discover that people in Sardinia still existed who were unaware the war had ended would have fascinated 1920's readers. Lawrence's working-class eye describes the roasting so thoroughly - the kid splayed over the oak-roots, the way the spit-rod is balanced and the basting baton made - that we could copy it. However, as with much of Lawrence's travel writing outward gesture reveals inner traits of character. When the old roaster crouches down to the meat which is 'involuted', 'mutters' to himself and appears to be feeling the meat inwardly' (SS, 106), his gestures, which mirror the qualities of the meat

itself, suggest the inner self-contained aspects of his character. The old roaster's engagement in ritual is emphasised by his 'queer, spell-bound black eyes', eyes that later are 'still fire abstract, still sacredly intent on the roast'. A channel of connection is created between the man and the meat from which he never wavers; he talks to Lawrence but remains looking at the kid, never looks up when others enter the room; an example of 'a man in his wholeness wholly attending' (CP, 673). His regard of the the meat 'as if he could read portents' prefigures the haruspex whom Lawrence admired in *Etruscan Places*. The old roaster's pride and concentration gains Lawrence's tick of approval. He talks little and when he does it's not to assert his ego but to give advice on the buses. His attitude to the war probably also impressed Lawrence, for the old man counts the meaning of the war in human regional terms: 'young men of Sorgono had been killed' (SS, 102) - and differs from other Sardinians such as the school mistress who only see war in terms of the economic aftermath - exchange rates and coal prices. As is often the case in Lawrence's travel writing those individuals who gain his respect are raised to a quasi-religious level. The roaster, with his beard, candle and kid on the spit like a staff is reminiscent of Holman Hunt's painting of Christ as the light of the world. His 'gold' trousers, candlelight and the 'yellow flares' of the fat-torch bathe him in a halo of light. However, as Lawrence rejected formal religion the old roaster has to be raised to a religious level on Lawrence's own terms. He might look at the roasted meat as if it is a 'wonderful epistle from the flames' and be an 'old roasting priest', but he belongs more to the ancient pagan world Lawrence envied where sages and the haruspex had a place.

In conclusion, the fact that Lawrence doesn't overtly express the old roaster's affinity with an ancient world illustrates a noticeable way in which *Sea and Sardinia* differs from the other travel books where descriptions of rituals and ancient practices, such as the snake dances of *Mornings in Mexico* or the cloud divinations in *Etruscan Places*, are more detailed. Also, Lawrence does not yet include those wonderfully imaginative passages such as the picture of the Aztec creation myth in *Mornings in Mexico* and an account of the migration of ships to the shores of Etruria in *Etruscan Places*, what the classicists called a *hypotyposis*, or vivid word description of an event on which no documentation exists, when the imagination can soar. Although Lawrence's descriptions of landscape are still admirable we should notice that the paragraphs dedicated to these are shorter than in the other travel books, and what W.H. Auden said of Lawrence's poetry in his essay 'The Dyer's Hand' (1962) is also true of his prose: 'he needs room to

make his effect.' Neither is Lawrence as *physically* involved with the landscape as in other travel books. Although he explores the villages of Sardinia, he never leaves the road to pick flowers or shelter under trees as he does in *Twilight in Italy* and *Mornings in Mexico* or or walk through fields as in *Etruscan Places*.

Lawrence's presentation of community realises both its complexities and his own limitations, covers a wide cross-section and is comic - a man argues over his pig's right to board a bus (SS, 154); another loses his wife; a professor's family mash and slosh their food. But what *Sea and Sardinia* doesn't do, which Lawrence's other travel books do, is give us a sense of human empathy. Human contact flourishes on the struggle and secrets of life and in the other travel books Lawrence worked towards this. We think of the Padrone's horticultural problems delineated in *Twilight in Italy*, Rosalino's struggles to read and his perilous relationship with revolutionaries in *Mornings in Mexico*, and Alfonso's burden of being a juvenile hotelier, explored in *Etruscan Places*. Perhaps this concern results from Lawrence's position as a resident with time to assimilate people's lives, whereas the speedy nature of *Sea and Sardinia* means people are only briefly drawn into the writing net. Of more relevance to this difference is Lawrence's misanthropic mood at this time; he declined social invitations in Taormina, deleted man from his poetry and turned to the animals and plants of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* instead. Hence two way conversations are absent from *Sea and Sardinia*. The bus-mate who 'began to shout awkward questions' (SS, 159) and the bounder who 'rattled away' (SS, 194) appear to talk aggressively *at* Lawrence instead. That characters remain nameless or have nicknames such as 'the Cagliari young woman', 'the Juno' or 'the velveteen husband' - indicates that there is no love lost between Lawrence and them. All these differences to the other travel books and the overriding sense of urgency, lack of interest in people and the subjective nature of Lawrence's black rages makes *Sea and Sardinia*, for me, the least appealing of all the travel books.

MORNINGS IN MEXICO

1). Why Mexico?

By March 1921, Lawrence's love of Italy had faltered: 'Italy begins to tire me' (L3, 677). His distress at the changes technology and the war had made to Europe and Britain and his own perception of the north as 'a *dreadful* muddle' (L4, 100) limited his further travels. Impressed by *Sea and Sardinia's* sense of immediacy, Mabel Dodge Sterne, a wealthy arts patron and resident of Taos, New Mexico, offered one alternative: she invited Lawrence to stay and write about the country he called 'this wild and noble America', the place he said 'I have pined for most ever since I read Fenimore Cooper as a boy' (SCAL, 29) that deeply influenced his thinking and provided much of his subject matter. We can consider his expectations of the country and his arrival there before delving into *Mornings in Mexico* , a slim but ideologically complex travel book.

Lawrence's fascination with the continent ranged from cherishing the wild, pristine, manly, physical qualities of America in *Studies in Classic American Literature* , where America becomes 'the great goal of masculine self-sufficiency' (Clark, 1980, 127), to being excited by its ideological potential: the place for Rananim. The new and complex kind of relationship between past and future, old and new cultures that America offered appealed greatly to Lawrence. His Italian travel books had avoided that country's aesthetic appeal and discussed its 'unknown, unworked lands where the salt has not lost its flavour' (SS, 123). In 'America, Listen To Your Own' (1920), he respected America's lack of history - 'What a young race wants is not a tradition nor a bunch of culture monuments. It wants an inspiration' (PH, 90) - and yet he felt sure America's white materialist civilisation still harboured an old Pan Spirit and that, albeit repressed by mechanisation, it would soon collapse, hopefully shed the legacy of Europe and begin again; the new kind of rebirth he prescribed for England. Lawrence probably also felt his writing future lay in the States. Seltzer, the New York publisher, said *Aaron's Rod* was 'wonderful' when it was received coldly in Britain, and Lawrence commented: 'better than a smack in the eye, such as one gets from England for everything' (L 1V, 123).

But material success, the *American Dream* that Arthur Miller and Scott Fitzgerald defined, did not entice Lawrence as much as America's spiritual dimensions, as a letter to Catherine Carswell indicates:

> Mabel Dodge Sterne writes from Taos, New Mexico, saying we can have a furnished adobe house there, for ourselves, and all we want, if we'll only go. It seems Taos is on a mountain - 7,000 feet up - and 25 miles from a railway - and has a tribe of 600 free Indians who she says are interesting, sun worshippers, rain-makers, and unspoiled. It sounds rather fun. (L 1V, 123)

Indian violence and the legacy of sacrifice might have unnerved Lawrence but the Indian civilisations' 'old sun magic' (L4, 154), seemed promising:

> I shrink as yet from the States. Ultimately I shall go there, no doubt. But I want to go east before I go west via the east... (L 1V, 175)

Indeed a month later the Lawrences sailed from Naples on the Osterley-Orient Line on 26th February 1922, on a £140 second-class ticket, for a seven month trip which, in terms of offering a more genuine society than Britain or Italy had, was a series of false starts. In Ceylon, as guests of Earl Brewster (the guide around the Etruscan tombs), Lawrence could not appreciate a religion which sanctioned denial of the body. In Australia Lawrence himself was not appreciated, as Australians regarded *Kangaroo*, the novel which was penned in only six weeks but nonetheless asserted that they were 'without any core or pith of meaning' (KG, 33), as an insult. Never a Gaugin, Lawrence detected a 'reptile nausea' (CL, 713) about the South Seas.

Once Lawrence had arrived in America, Mabel Sterne drove her protegé a hundred miles across the desert to some Apache dances, before arriving in Taos for his birthday on 11 September 1922. Two months of a claustrophobic life with Mabel caused the Lawrences to accept her Del Monte ranch as an alternative. Despite the primitive living conditions - milking the cow, melting snow for water, chopping wood - a letter to Koteliansky shows Lawrence's love for the spot:

> The last foothills of the Rocky Mts - forest & snow mountains behind - and below, the desert, with other mountains very far off, west. It is fine. We have an old 5-room log cabin - and chop down our trees & have big fires. It is rough, but very agreeable. Then we ride horseback when we have time. I feel very different...
>
> I feel a *bit* like I felt in Bucks. Rananim! (Zytaruk, 1970, 249-50)

The numerous questions about Del Monte which appear in Lawrence's letters when he was back in Italy writing *Etruscan Places*, show his love of the ranch never died.

Del Monte provided a base in America much as the Fontana Vecchia had done in Sicily; similarly, side trips were made. Lawrence's first period in Mexico was spent in Oaxaca, Old Mexico (thirty five miles from Guadalajara). After this the plan was to cross the Atlantic to visit Frieda's mother. Instead Lawrence made a rigorous trip (sometimes by horse) with a Danish painter down Mexico's wild West coast, before reluctantly joining Frieda for Christmas in Hampstead. Lawrence's second period in Mexico begins in March 1924, when he returned with the Honourable Dorothy Brett - his sole Rananim recruit. Much has been made of the crossfire between Brett, whom Lawrence liked, Mabel, who wanted Lawrence for a lover, and Frieda, who is said to have plotted to kill Mabel! Carswell described Taos life as 'a combat of pythonesses' (Bynner, 1953, 8). Probably to escape this psychological mayhem, by October 1924 Lawrence had returned to an English priest's house in Oaxaca to work on 'four articles - *Mornings in Mexico* - nice and short' (CL, 826), which were written around Christmas. These were concurrent with *The Plumed Serpent*, Lawrence's controversial Mexican work which made him too ill to return to England and ensnared him in Mexico City before the return to Del Monte in late March 1925.

Despite Mabel's *gratis* accommodation and some sexual tensions, Lawrence was still obliged to write America up. Travel books on Mexico such as Marchioness Frances Calderon de la Barca's *Life in Mexico* (1843), Mrs Alec Tweedie's *Mexico As I Saw It* (1902), Hans Gadow's *Through Southern Mexico: the Travels of a Naturalist* (1908) or Ralph Ingersoll's *In and Under Mexico* (1924) were a motley assortment. Mrs Tweedie's advice on sunstroke and pattern for an equestrian divided skirt, or Ingersoll's record of copper mining hardly display the literary eye that Lawrence's writing offered. Italy, which had previously provided vibrant subject matter for Lawrence's travel books, was contained in the public's imagination; a middle-class drawing-room might have housed Dickens' *Pictures from Italy*, or newspaper articles about Italy's 1922 General Strike. Mexico, however, four thousand miles away, was visually, culturally, socially and politically more unknown. Hence *Mornings in Mexico* shows a Lawrence more ready to fulfil his journalistic obligations than in his other travel books.

Within the framework of journalism, adobe plazas and panoramic sun-drenched views on a scale vaster then Lawrence had hitherto experienced are all well described. Carefully chosen italicised Spanish words introduce us to the daily life of the Indian (these would be unfamiliar to English readers). A reliance on natural resources is suggested with: 'Can I buy a *jícara*, a gourd shell?' (MM, 24) and words such as *pueblo* and *plaza*

indicate communal living. This style is appealing as the text becomes a constant learning process. When one travels the religion or politics of a place take time, often a lifetime, to understand; the British class system always puzzles Americans. However, cultural aspects like food and local costume provide an immediate and accessible sense of difference. Of food, there are *chirimoyas* (custard apples), *tepache* (pineapple grog), and although the word *tortilla* is no longer exotic since the package tour era it is central to a people who believe corn is sacred. Of costume, the portrayal of the Natcha-Kee-Tawaras who featured in *The Lost Girl* was indicative of the public perception of Indians - one based on spectacle and costume:

> The colliers, as they tramped grey and heavy, in an intermittent stream uphill from the low grey west, stood on the pavement in wonder as the cavalcade approached and passed, jingling the silver bells of its trappings, vibrating the wonderful colours of the barred blankets and saddle cloths, the scarlet wool of the accoutrements, the bright tips of feathers. Women shrieked as Ciccio, in his war-paint, brandished his spear... (LG, 141)

And *Mornings in Mexico*, which describes corn dancers in 'heavy woollen embroidery' (MM, 65) or Navajos with 'silver and turquoise tinkling thick on their breasts' (MM, 88) depicts this postcard picture. And when Lawrence employs the now controversial word 'native' to describe some *huaraches* (sandals) - 'the natives use human excrement for tanning leather' (MM, 48) - he takes on a colonial tradition of travel writing which views locals at worst as barbaric, and at best as amusing. It is a tendency evident in some of the generalised observations made on the Indian character. Indians are uneducated: 'Among the Indians it is not becoming to know anything' (MM, 17). They amuse in an infuriating way: 'They won't play a tune unless they can render it almost unrecognizable' (MM, 25). But as in *Sea and Sardinia* Lawrence, to an extent, plays devil's advocate; he can also step outside his own Englishness, make the narrative point of view sympathise with the Indian who sees the white man as: 'a race of big white monkeys got up in fantastic clothes, and able to kill a man by hissing at him; able to leap through the air in great hops...' (MM, 31-2).*

Beyond Lawrence's capacity to evoke place and people well and with a certain sympathy, *Mornings in Mexico* is involved in more serious considerations. In the book's second half, when the Indian is placed amidst ritualistic song and dance, the text develops into a discussion of animism

* The Swahili of East Africa have a similar notion of whites: *mzungu* means a white man, but translates as 'someone who runs around in circles'.

and considers its relationship to consciousness and religion. In *Psychic Energy* Jung had stated that a religious need was integral to man's psyche:

> the spiritual appears in the psyche also as an instinct, indeed as a real passion... It is not derived from any other instinct... but is a principle *sui generis*, a specific and necessary form of instinctual power. (Jung, Vol 8, 58)

Lawrence's phrasing in 'On Human Destiny' perhaps owes something to the above: 'As a thinking being, man is destined to seek God and to form some conception of Life' (DP,208). Lawrence had rejected orthodox religion and the Christian God as early as 1907 and regarded any form of god-worship as a denial of the self. *Mornings in Mexico* should not be viewed as Lawrence's search for the dark gods as religious conversion was not a goal. Since *Twilight in Italy* and that text's central question 'What, then, is being?' (TI, 8) Lawrence, an experienced traveller, thinks that the answer lies in living close to nature; the central question of his Mexican book is developed into:

> How is man to get himself into relation with the vast living convulsions of rain and thunder and sun...
>
> It is the problem of the ages of man. (MM, 73)

He wasn't searching for a god, but for a spiritual life based on nature. He had no desire to be an Indian snake dancer, but when he watched the enactment of a primitive religion he was deeply moved. He liked certain facets and attitudes of the Indian world view, the belief that aspects of nature are potencies of a 'dark, lurking intense sun at the centre of the earth' (MM, 76) for example. He valued a life in which religion was fully incorporated, gods were not put on a pedestal, and each day was sacred.

The two impulses present in *Mornings in Mexico* - the deference to journalism and the deep-rooted quest - are reflected in the book's structure. At a local market Lawrence observes:

> In the old world, men made themselves two great excuses for coming together to a centre, and commingling in a mixed, unsuspicious host. Market and religion. These alone bring men, unarmed, together since time began. (MM,46)

The structure of *Mornings in Mexico*, with its two distinct halves, follows this dual approach; 'Market Day' and 'The Hopi Snake Dance' are the central sketches of each section. The first four sketches, written from Oaxaca in December 1924 in Lawrence's second period, describe the Indian's daily life.

The second half of the book was actually written earlier in 1924 and takes the Indian's religious life as its theme. It was then that Lawrence saw the Santa Fé Indian dances in the spring and visited the Hopi pueblos in August. The change of place, time and Indian tribes is confusing. It is not always clear that initially we are in Old Mexico in Zapotec country, and later on in New Mexico, America, among the pueblo-restricted Hopis and Navajos. Stylistically the two halves differ too. When the first half's more journalistic style gives way to a more mystic, inward looking second half, the concepts of time and consciousness are explored in what ultimately becomes a quest for a religious truth. Lawrence, a man now approaching middle-age, was pre-occupied with considering his own mortality. In the first sketch, 'Corasmin and the Parrots', Mexico is described through references to an Aztec myth; the very last sketch sees Lawrence, returned to the Mediterranean, considering Mexico as a myth: 'I wonder if I am here' (MM,90). The mythical impulse, forwards into the text and backwards from the ending, adds a dream layer. Jungian ideas about nations possessing a collective unconscious of which archetypes are an expression are ever near

2). Journalism in Oaxaca

Let us first consider the journalistic first half of *Mornings in Mexico,* and the treatment of place and community. Oaxaca's loveliness and Lawrence's comment, 'this isn't touristy at all - quite, quite real, and lovely country around' (LV, 163), is reflected in the four sketches: 'Corasmin and the Parrots', 'Walk to Huayapa', 'The Mozo' and 'Market Day'. Then, as observed previously, Lawrence describes Mexico's differences for the uninitiated reader in a way that clearly reflects his interests. In 'Walk to Huayapa' the vast distances are introduced to the reader very intimately:

> Before us lies the gleaming, pinkish-ochre of the valley flat, wild and exalted with sunshine. On the left, quite near, bank the stiffly pleated mountains, all the foot-hills, that press savannah-coloured into the savannah of the valley. The mountains are clothed smokily with pine, *ocote,* and, like a woman in a gauze *rebozo*, they rear in a rich blue fume that is almost cornflower-blue in the clefts. It is their characteristic that they are darkest blue at the top. Like some splendid lizard with a wavering, royal-blue crest down the ridge of his back, and pale belly, and soft, pinky-fawn claws, no the plain. (MM, 16)

Whereas the chapters on *Twilight in Italy* and *Sea and Sardinia* demonstrated Lawrence's invariably dualistic perception of landscape, here the sense of space is effected by showing the interaction between land masses, the mountains that 'press savannah-coloured into the savannah of the valley.'

Lawrence's painterly eye also shows. Landscape painters use the *coulisse* which is described in the *Dictionary of Art and Artists* as 'the effect of recession into space ... obtained by leading the eye back into depth by the overlaps' (Murray, 1959, 54-5). The term originates from the side-pieces of stage scenery which create three-dimensional space; the hills which frame the picture in the above description create the same effect and closely resemble a description in 'Market Day': 'The dry turf of the valley-bed gleams like soft skin, sunlit and pinkish ochre, spreading wide between the mountains that seem to emit their own darkness...' (MM, 43). In the two descriptions, repetition of 'pinkish ochre' shows an artist's interest in colour. The fine gradations in colour in the remainder of the scene - the mutation of the mountain through shades of dark blue to a 'cornflower-blue'- make the scene three-dimensional. The surrealistic touch is added when a simile conjoins mountain and plain. The blue body of the hills seems like that of a lizard and the 'pinky-fawn claws' seem like the plain; imagination used to the full, we might think. However, Lawrence was a most particular writer and the simile accords not only with what the scene looks like, but also with its implied meaning. In the previous chapter, according to the Aztec belief that life was divided into five successive ages or suns, lizards were seen as being of the first sun. We can refer to the last two lines of Lawrence's poem 'Lizard':

> If men were as much men as lizards are lizards
> they'd be worth looking at (CP, 524)

Lawrence's message is that Mexico still retains a sense of its most primal origins and Mexicans are as true to their nature as lizards are.

The view of the gleaming dry skin-toned valley-bed, because it is repeated, becomes a geographical constant within the text drawing us into the place, as Lake Garda and the sea did in *Twilight in Italy* and *Sea and Sardinia*. The change in terrain, colour and texture, from the dust created by market people, to the harsh grey *mesas* of the snake dance, to white moonshine at the end, creates a highly dynamic landscape. It is as if a basic papier maché model is lit through the medium of different slides. Lawrence's essay 'Introduction to These Paintings'(1928) explains why:

> In the best landscapes we are fascinated by the mysterious *shiftiness* of the scene under our eyes; it shifts about as we watch it. And we realise, with a sort of transport, how intuitively *true* this is of landscape. It is *not* still. It has its own weird anima, and to our wide-eyed perception it changes like a living animal under our gaze. (PH 580-81)

A European writer in Mexico, where around Guadalajara the temperature rises to 88°F in May and drops to 75°F in December, the time of these sketches, is compelled to notice the voraciously strong sunshine. Lawrence is as conscious of it as any, but rather than just saying it is hot, he makes the sun, like the landscape, actually dictate the rhythm of the narrative. In 'Walk to Huayapa' the observation 'Ten o'clock and the sun getting hot' (MM, 18) is followed by a rest in the shade, until the party 'proceed in the blazing sun' (MM, 20). Lawrence's dualistic eye is drawn to the 'Sol Y Sombre' nature of the Mexican landscape and the European drive to seek the shade: '"Shade!" says the Señora' (MM, 19).

To include an appreciation of a country's flora enables the travel writer to portray quickly a sense of a different country; one can't imagine *A Pattern of Islands* without a palm tree. Lawrence responded to this possibility in all his travel books, from the spring flowers in 'San Gaudenzio' in *Twilight in Italy* to the asphodels in *Etruscan Places*. Prior to visiting America he wrote: 'Often I have longed to go to a country which has new, quite unknown flowers and birds' (L2, 645). Mexican ones were quickly learned and the text offers a profusion of poinsettia, yucca, cactus, hibiscus. But Lawrence's alertness to the 'character' of tropical flowers, their waxiness, size and showy way of growing engenders a sense of place without so much as mentioning a flower name:

> The ragged semi-squalor of a half-tropical lane, with naked trees sprouting into spiky scarlet flowers, and bushes with biggish yellow flowers, sitting rather wearily on their stems, led to the village. (MM, 21)

But, more important to Lawrence's portrayal of place than depicting flowers in a sunny dynamic landscape, is a concern with how a place *feels*. Isolation and secrecy pervade Mexico: 'Nowhere more than in Mexico does human life become isolated, external to its surroundings, and cut off tinily from the environment' (MM, 17). Descriptions of place and people as 'dots' enhance this isolation. Huayapa is:

> as if the dark-green napkin with a few white tiny buildings had been lowered from heaven and left, there at the foot of the mountains. So alone and, as it were, detached from the world in which it lies, a spot. (MM, 17)

The view becomes a child's dot-to-dot come to life, from 'two spots of proud church', to the people labouring across the vast distances who seem 'white specks that thread tinily' (MM, 44). These can be compared to the figures on Hardy's Egdon Heath which Lawrence considered in *Study of Thomas Hardy*.

Lawrence's instinct to visually integrate figures into landcapes (seen in the attention drawn to the flesh coloured hills and the way all the figures of his Mexican paintings are painted in the same ochre colours), is extended to make people seem glyphs of their environment. The streams of Mexico are described in terms of a hidden secret:

> You look across a plain on which the light sinks down, and you think: Dry! Dry! Absolutely dry! You travel along, and suddenly come to a crack in the earth, and a little stream is running in a little walled-in valley bed... (MM, 18)

Hence the secret and shadowy side to Mexico, and the emptiness which Lawrence detected, are emphasised through the infrequency of passers by, and summed up in the image of 'occasional donkeys with a blue hooded woman perched on top come tripping in silence' (MM, 18). The reader's sense of a sunny, flower-filled, yet empty and secret landscape has been shown, in the book's first half, to result from Lawrence's journalistic techniques. However, in his seemingly innocent presentation of place and community the conscious striving towards the book's religious quest, searching out the 'other dimension' which is referred to in 'Corasmin and the Parrots', deserves some consideration.

This sketch, with its breezy 'it is morning and it is Mexico' (MM, 7), and Lawrence's position in the shade listening to a shrieking parrot, can appear as purely descriptive writing, a title piece which introduces Mexican exotica. However, a Lawrentian digression into the Aztec myth of creation follows. Or is it such a digression? Surely it re-enforces Lawrence's ideas that inter-cultural differences centre around not power or money but consciousness, and anticipates his later observation that Indian ways of thinking are entirely different from, even 'fatal to' (MM, 53) Western consciousness. The vivid recreation of the Aztec creation myth demonstrates the need to approach Mexico in an entirely different way.

The Aztec myth is the antithesis to Western conceptions; Darwin's linear theory of evolution is replaced by a belief in four successive worlds which explode to found a new order of creation. Insects, reptiles, birds, then mammals usurp the previous order; the fifth world, this world, is the world of man. But Lawrence avoids factual, anthropological discourse and enters the experience as imaginatively as when he depicts the arrival of settler ships to the Etruscan coast in *Etruscan Places*. He loves to call forth scenes from an unknown world, to enter the myth, and he does it well. The sense of successive suns coming into being is evoked by creatures who seem

to unravel themselves; flamingoes are described as 'rising up on one leg' and the elephant 'shook the mud off his back' (MM, 11). Lawrence can only describe this unknown and different kind of creation through the kind of imagery and language familiar to him from the Bible. As with Genesis various aspects of creation are connected to different times of day: 'parrots shrieking about at midday *almost* able to talk, then peacocks unfolding at evening like the night with stars' (MM, 11). Also, the word order is biblical, for example language is described as 'Terrible, unheard of sound', and the sense of wonder Lawrence so revered is also present: 'the wild horse was heard in the twilight for the first time' (MM, 11). Yet drama and grandeur are undercut by a certain playfulness when the Aztec creation myth takes on a children's story-book quality and the animal's reactions to each sun's passing and their usurpation are imagined. They are either vengeful like the parrot who rails against the dog : 'That wingless, beakless, featherless, curly, misshapen bird's nest of a Corasmin had usurped the face of the earth...'(MM, 12). Or they accept their fate and persist like the dog who thought: "'Can't stand out against that name. Shall have to go!" so off he trotted, at the heels of the naked one'(MM, 13). Despite Lawrence's playful portrayal of the myth he is not the rational man turned convert; as he says it 'pleases my fancy'.

Behind Lawrence's playfulness is a deep interest in Aztec ideas. When he later wrote *Etruscan Places* and *Apocalypse* (1931), he became interested in the idea that there might be a difference between linear European and cyclical Pagan thought; cycles of time interested him too:

> Our idea of time as a continuity in an eternal straight line has crippled our consciousness cruelly. The pagan conception of time as moving in cycles is much freer. (AP, 54)

Lawrence thought that after the First World War England was finished:

> There was a tremendous polarity in Italy, in the city of Rome. And this seems to have died. For even places die. The Island of Great Britain had a wonderful terrestrial magnetism or polarity of its own, which made the British people. For the moment, this polarity seems to be breaking. Can England die? And what if England dies? (SCAL, 12)

Civilisations, Lawrence felt, should make a new start. The Aztecs with their supposed fresh orders had managed what he wanted for England.

In the portrayal of the monkey, a remnant of 'the old sun' (MM, 13) both Lawrence's playful and serious instincts unite. The playful explanation is that the monkey gibbers because he has been usurped by man:

> And the monkey, cleverest of creatures, cried with rage when he heard men speaking. "*Oh, why couldn't I do it!*" he chattered. But no good, he belonged to the old Sun. So he sat and gibbered across the invisible gulf in time which is the "other dimension" that clever people gas about... (MM, 13)

But the lively prose rhythm, which mimics a monkey swinging, is followed by a penetrating awareness of what it feels like to watch monkeys in a zoo, and the switch to a more serious manner is immediate:

> He mocks at you and gibes at you and imitates you. Sometimes he is even more *like* you than you are yourself. It's funny, and you laugh just a bit on the wrong side of your face. It's the other dimension. (MM, 14)

This consideration of human mimicry provides a vehicle for Lawrence to introduce the theme of 'the other dimension'. The co-existence of certain similarities yet fundamental differences is taken up in order to make some points about the white man's relationship to the Indian. Indians can imitate whites by carrying a basket like the Mozo, or drive a car as Phoenix does in *St Mawr*. A white man can regard the Indian as he does the monkey, and see similarities of appearance, but to watch the monkey across 'the invisible gulf of time' is to feel the differences and the other dimension: 'He stands in one sun, you in another' (MM, 14). Lawrence's personal encounter with Rosalino dramatises the difference between the two races: 'between us also is the gulf of the other dimension' (MM, 14). And *Mornings in Mexico* grows in intensity as by 'The Hopi Snake Dance' the fundamental differences between the two races are given the dimension of space and time; the 'other dimension' has a dramatised location, under the fissures of the rocks, and is sourced in 'intense sun at the centre of the earth' (MM, 76). Lawrence recognises that the wide gap between Western civilisation and that of the Indians, which was established from the beginning of his book, was unbridgeable, and although he said that he could not 'cluster round the drum', the rest of *Mornings in Mexico* is an imaginative attempt at bridging that gap. It could have been called 'Mornings in Mexico - the Other Dimension'.

Rosalino, Lawrence's servant of 'The Mozo' sketch, is an example of the Indian who lives in this 'other dimension'. In an essay 'America, Listen to Your Own' (1920) Lawrence perceived Red Indian knowledge to be an

inner consciousness which modern living has suppressed. In order to progress white America is urged to learn from it:

> Americans must take up life where the Red Indian, the Aztec, the Maya, the Incas left off. They must pick up the life-thread where the mysterious Red race let it fall. They must catch the pulse of the life which Cortes and Columbus murdered. There lies the real continuity: not between Europe and the new States, but between the murdered Red America and the seething White America. (PH, 90)

Rosalino's portrait, which is full of images of threads and weaving, is Lawrence's attempt to pick up that 'life-thread', to establish the patterns of Red Indian thought and penetrate their consciousness. Lawrence's idea that national character was a product of place (expressed most fully in the essay 'Spirit of Place', SCAL) underpins the description. The imagery of his previous travel books bound a place, its people, animals and plants into one artistic whole; the dark and sensual Italian cat for example. The image of Mexico is that of the rattlesnake; the ridged hills and people are reptilian, and in 'St Mawr' even the flowers have fangs. Similarly, Rosalino with the 'black eyes of the lizard' (MM, 31) becomes a dramatisation of the reptilian nature of Mexico. The ancient Indian religion's legacy of sacrifice, of which Lawrence had read in Frazer's *Golden Bough*, is seen to have left its mark as Rosalino's body is 'as taut and keen as knives of obsidian' (MM, 31). Lawrence even intimates that the Indian *mañana* habit or disregard for past and future reflects the instantaneous moment of death - the assertion of the present - that sacrifice fostered:

> For the *moment* is as changeless as an obsidian knife, and the heart of the Indian is keen as the moment that divides past from future, and sacrifices them both. (MM, 34-5)

Rosalino's temper can also be historically defined by the days of human sacrifice. Lawrence dwells on a 'black steam of hate' into which Rosalino falls against his employers and interprets this as 'we wanted to get at his heart, did we?' (MM, 38). His heart is not literally ripped out like those of another era and 'held...up in sacrifice to the sun' (Frazer, 1913, 279); metaphorically the tension of white living has done as good a job.

Rosalino's portrait also testifies to Lawrence's thesis that native and Western thought differ. The slower, considered, circular 'rotary image-thought' (AP, 52) he thinks is peculiar to pagans is realised through imagery of threading and weaving; Rosalino's 'writhes' when he laughs and sleeps

'screwed up' in his shawl. But the rational and 'modern process of progressive thought' (AP, 52) typical of the West, is shown through disjointed action and lines; being knocked up for example is seen to cruelly interrupt Rosalino's dreaming state - he starts up 'wild and lost' (MM, 37). We witness the battle between Rosalino's white and native existence when Lawrence, the ex-teacher, is amused by a poem Rosalino has copied for night school:

> He had written the thing straight ahead, without verse-lines or capitals or punctuation at all, just a vast string of words, a whole foolscap sheet full. (MM, 36)

Lawrence's attitude towards his perception of native thought is interesting. We should consider that he was writing in the last throes of Empire, which is now seen to be 'as much about attitudes as it was about geographical boundaries' (Winks, 1969, 2). Whereas Imperial travel books usually drew on stereotypical attitudes to depict natives Lawrence does not. Two voices pervade the Rosalino portrait. One voice defines Rosalino in terms of time, distance and money: 'there are only three times; *en la mañana, en la tarde, en la noche*...there is near and far...his deep instinct is to spend it all at once' (MM, 32). It asserts and dominates: 'They are like that' (MM, 40) Lawrence says in a gossipy Imperial tone. But another more internalised, sympathetic, identifying voice tries to see the Indian not as cultural object but as a people suppressed by whites; to envisage their view that whites have 'got hold of the keys of the world' (MM, 33). That these two voices co-exist makes the portrait particularly humorous and non-judgemental.

Lawrence's strength is that Rosalino, in addition to being portrayed as a native with Indian attitudes to time, possessions and Europeans, is also seen as an individual. Like Mrs Morel in *Sons and Lovers*, and so many of Lawrence's other characters, he is both typical and atypical of his kind; the way he curls his hat up (as the forest workers did in *Sea and Sardinia*) is a visual expression of this. We learn that he is bigger than the average Zapotec, does not have their erect carriage or such malignant eyes. When the psychology of his past traumas is delved into, our perception of him as an individual is furthered. Situations, such as his refusal to carry furniture and his gloom after the Huayapa walk, drag on in the text until we learn the reasons: his back was once beaten by revolutionaries and he is homesick for his village. Lawrence, unlike so many British travellers, in identifying with Rosalino's experiences - 'He is one of those, like myself, who have a horror of serving in a mass of men' (MM, 40) - is alert to subtleties of individual as

well as native character which can, with effort, be understood. To Lawrence's credit Rosalino is seen from all sides - as a member of the tribe, a product of religion and an individual.

'Market Day' is a sketch which broadens our conception of the community from one Zapotec to nearly the whole tribe hurrying to market, and it draws together some previous themes - the magnetism of home featured in 'The Mozo' and the difference between Indian and Western sensibilities in 'Walk to Huayapa'. It provides a background to Rosalino's portrait, is informed by it, and tells us more about Indians. Another writer would probably have started at the market place. But it is in Lawrence's nature to take a step back in order to proceed (he once wrote a whole novel for this reason). The Indians, who traverse the enormous Mexican distances to market, are brought into our view slowly. The dust which 'advances like a ghost along the road' (MM, 43) - the mysterious character of the people perhaps emphasised in these quasi-smoke signals - turns into 'white dots of men', until finally individuals such as 'a white, sandal-footed man' (MM, 44) are picked out. Once at the market 'the great press of the quiet natives' (MM, 48) is observed with some fine journalistic descriptions of people's dress, produce and the bargaining. The innocent, yet persistent, cadence of the voices make one smile - 'Look! Huaraches! Very fine, very finely made! Look Señor!' (MM,47).

However, as with much of his travel writing Lawrence also effects a veiled criticism of Western life. He had found a people who have a central place in their lives (the plaza achieved the same role in his Italian travel books), a contrast to the English suburbs and the kind of linear housing development which he felt failed mankind's fundamental need for human contact. This remains unstated, but attention to Indian patterns of movement (as we saw in *Sea and Sardinia* Lawrence was always good on how a community moves *en masse*) dramatises the kinds of differences he found between Indian and Western attitudes. Even the swaying flora, poinsettias like 'red birds ruffling in the wind of dawn', Yuccas which 'fall noiselessly from the long creamy bunch' (MM, 42-3) indicate some strange air movements. The circling hawks and spiralling dust repeat the same circular movement. This triggers the observation that it's a restless morning and that the clouds move in a 'roundward motion'. Such movement initiates the philosophy that:

> Strange that we should think in straight lines, when there are none, and talk of straight courses, when every course, sooner or later, is seen to be making

> the sweep round, swooping upon the centre. When space is curved, and the cosmos is sphere within sphere, and the way from any point to any other point is round the bend of the inevitable, that turns as the tips of the broad wings of the hawk turn upwards, leaning upon the air like the invisible half of the ellipse. (MM, 43)

Thereafter the sketch counters the linear, halting Huayapa walk which lacked an objective and was undertaken as a diversion. The Indian movement to market is *not* pointless and its rhythm reflects the pattern of nature; it is akin to the swoop and swerve of the hawks, dust and clouds. The family groupings, in 'clusters', reflects nature's habits; yuccas for example, are a 'grape-cluster of foam' (MM, 42). That people run indicates communal purposeful ways which are the antithesis to England where Lawrence felt life no longer contained any sense of purpose.

'Market Day' is positioned just before the exploration of animism, the pages in which Lawrence apprehends an unmaterialistic, natural religion, whose ritualistic element displays an impulse towards human contact and the present. Lawrence's interest in the market's moral implications shows him reaching towards the book's second half, as the market also displays qualities of unmaterialism, naturalness and human community. Through the imagery of the journey being 'like a pilgrimage', and the dust with the pillars of cloud in Exodus, the market is aligned in our imagination with the promised land. Religious rather than material concerns are emphasised in the observation that people go, 'above all to commingle' (MM, 46). The truth of this is dramatised when a flower seller asks fifteen centavos for cherry-pie heliotrope, is offered ten, but does not pursue the sale:

> You put back the cherry-pie, and depart. But the woman is quite content. The contact, so short even, brisked her up. (MM, 46)

The market's naturalness is emphasised through Lawrence's attention to space and sound. It has a basin of water at the centre (like the Indian pueblos) and its voices which are 'something like rain, or banana leaves in a wind' (MM, 45). The goods on sale - hats, sandals, firewood, flowers and tomatoes - are basic items to a Westerner and none is more natural than the excrement covered *huaraches*. That shopping is a necessity rather than a leisure pursuit points to the people's unmaterial nature. Lawrence captures the seriousness of the poor purchasing only the essentials when some hillmen buy the 'conical black felt hats' (MM, 45) integral to their being:

> And as they cluster round the hat-stall, in a long, long suspense of indecision before they can commit themselves, trying on a new hat, their black hair gleams blue-black, and falls thick and rich over their foreheads, like gleaming bluey-black feathers. (MM, 48)

If the Indian religion is later shown to be ritualistic, then in its own small way the act of buying is as much a ritual as the whole market is; it is not merely a diversion as it is in Western society. The human endeavour required to create it is emphasised:

> A little load of firewood, a woven blanket, a few eggs and tomatoes are excuse enough for men, women, and children to cross the foot-weary miles of valley and mountain. To buy, to sell, to barter, to exchange. To exchange, above all things, human contact. (MM, 46)

There are those important words 'exchange' and 'contact' again.

Later on in *Mornings in Mexico* Lawrence admires Red Indian animism, its involvement with the cycle of nature and its concern with the present (with making corn grow for example). Similarly the market's transient nature is evoked through imagery of incandescence. Men ebb 'like sparks to market', bartering is 'the spark of exchange' and money, its by-product, is described in star imagery:

> inside the shirt, are the copper *centavos*, and maybe a few silver *pesos*. But these too will disappear as the stars disappear at daybreak, as they are meant to disappear. (MM, 50)

There are also touches of the fairytale idea that things change when time is up (Cinderella's coach etc); later the wooden Etruscan houses fascinated Lawrence because they were so temporary. The short-lived nature of the market is dwelt on intentionally as Lawrence felt the West could learn from this readiness to live in and for the present; it becomes an ideal. The market together with religion represents a stable core to the Indian's life, it is a pivot to the kind of life perfectly balanced between isolation and human contact that Lawrence yearned for. The Indian can break the pattern of his isolated and self-contained week by swooping down like the Mexican eagle does to enjoy something for the moment; strangers can touch for an instant. Graham Hough in *The Dark Sun* says the American sees 'in the Indian life of his own South-West a faint survival of the primitive spark' (Hough, 1983, 119); the primitive spark the West has lost.

3). Ritual in the Southwest

That the market suggests various moral truths points us towards the religious and ritualistic tenor of the second half of *Mornings in Mexico.* In the first half the differences between the Indian and white man's attitude to time, money and family, were illustrated in a journalistic manner through incidents which related to individuals. In the second half the emphasis shifts when the community is presented *en masse* and we enter a more ritualistic and mystic section inspired by the rituals which Lawrence saw in the Southwest in April 1924. These encouraged him to omit specific events in his study of the Indian mind and instead make a wide ranging consideration, over three sketches, of their animistic religion which captivated him. In 'A Propos of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*' Lawrence declared 'our greater consciousness' lives in ritual, 'our little consciousness' in 'reason and science' (LC, 331). If ritual is the expression of racial memory and of deep impulses, then a contemplation of ritual forwards the aims of Lawrence's essay 'New Mexico' (1928), which was written after he had left Mexico and was close to dying, about not wanting to deal with 'the everyday or superficial aspects of New Mexico' but wanting to find its inner psyche, penetrate its 'mucous-paper wrapping' (PH, 144). Lawrence admitted:

> I had looked over all the world for something that would strike *me* as religious. The simple piety of some English people, the semi-pagan mystery of some Catholics in southern Italy, the intensity of some Bavarian peasants, the semi-ecstasy of Buddhists or Brahmins: all this had seemed religious all right, as far as the parties concerned were involved, but it didn't involve me. I looked on at their religiousness from the outside. For it is still harder to feel religion at will than to love at will. (PH, 143)

He also said that before Red Indians he *felt* religion and responded to the age and intensity of their religious practice:

> The Red Indian...is religious in perhaps the oldest sense, and deepest, of the word. That is to say, he is a remnant of the most deeply religious race still living. So it seems to me. (PH, 144)

For Lawrence to consider the ritualistic side of people's life was both to touch an 'ancient race-self and religious self' (PH, 144) and to reach a religious source.

'The Hopi Snake Dance' and the philosophical discussion of animism which develops from it are at the core of the ritualistic pieces. The mystic concentration involved in worshipping a dark sun 'at the centre of the earth'

is far removed from the previous quotidian Oaxaca activities, and the landscape changes in sympathy with this. The grand panoramas fade and we enter a world of more direct prospects; the clearing of the dance floor, a community no longer diminished in Hardyesque fashion by the grand scenery. But so alien are the sights and sounds of the snake dance and the idea of animism to our Western ideologies, that Lawrence leads the reader (treading unknown territory now) into the strangeness of the dance, and the discussion of the animistic religion it engenders, through 'Indians and Entertainment' and 'Dance of the Sprouting Corn'. These two sketches extend the earlier observed differences between Indian and Western minds and reach towards the discussion of animism which occurs in the snake dance sketch.

In 'Indians and Entertainment' Lawrence explores a perceived difference between Indian ritual and Western entertainment. Indians, despite their sacred dances and races, possess no conscious idea of entertainment. An admiration for their purposeful rituals, 'a song to make rain: or a song to make the corn grow' (MM, 54), led Lawrence to dislike the Western awareness of entertainment, the manner in which it is named, objectified and divided into audience and players, box and stage; subject and object. He felt that to watch the portrayal of human problems on the stage - 'selves of clay who are so absurd or so tragic' (MM, 51) - was like watching one's own self; the experience becomes abstracted and individual. Likewise our songs are 'tales about individuals' (MM, 54). By contrast Indian entertainment is communal, they become absorbed in an experience which is 'generic, non-individual, of the blood' (MM, 54). The last phrase indicates the tribal nature of Indian entertainment and also suggests that it exists on a different plane of consciousness: 'what we seek passively, in sleep, they perhaps seek actively in the round dance' (MM, 56). Lawrence's findings of an antithesis between object and subject, abstraction and involvement, individual and generic, conscious and unconscious are all relevant to our understanding the Indian further, but he likes to challenge reader complacency. Just as we think we understand the Indian character, Lawrence introduces the paradox that of most help in understanding the Indians is the realisation that one won't ever understand them, indeed shouldn't try to. Lawrence accuses sentimental highbrows, who see Indians as 'befeathered and bedaubed darlings' (MM, 53), of a failure of observation:

> The Indian way of consciousness is different from and fatal to our way of consciousness. Our way of consciousness is different from and fatal to the

> Indian. The two ways, the two streams are never to be united. They are not even to be reconciled. There is no bridge, no canal of connexion. (MM, 53)

A call to observe the difference without understanding the Indian, has, in terms of Lawrence's art, put him in a corner. For example, when the corn, fire and deer dances and the Indian races in 'Indians and Entertainment' are described anthropological detail cannot be included. Explanations concerning gesture and the significant colours of clothing have to be omitted. This proves opportune as the description of the corn dance, left ungrounded, in fact, can then be written up in line with Lawrence's own concerns. A belief in 'blood-consciousness' finds its way into a piece of intense but decidedly 'foggy' writing:

> And the spirits of the men go out on the ether, vibrating in waves from the hot, dark, intentional blood, seeking the creative presence that hovers for ever in the ether, seeking the identification, following on down the mysterious rhythms of the creative pulse, on and on into the germinating quick of the maize that lies under the ground, there, with the throbbing, pulsing, clapping rhythm that comes from the dark, creative blood in man... (MM, 55)

The idea that the men's spirits vibrate from the blood shows Lawrence trying too hard to make the intangible tangible on his own terms.

However, despite the insistence on blood-consciousness, the passage suggests that the Indian's relationship to the seed underground is one of mutual succour. That he sees himself as both controlled by nature and yet a master of it, is important to our understanding of the Indian religion. An awareness of this life-cycle is furthered in the 'Dance of the Sprouting Corn' when the cycle is completed and the Indian achieves fulfilment:

> He partakes in the springing of the corn, in the rising and budding and earing of the corn. And when he eats his bread at last, he recovers all he once set forth, and partakes again of the energies he called to the corn, from out of the wide universe. (MM, 69)

This kind of pagan communion which celebrates not Christ's risen body but a natural cycle must have appealed to Lawrence's desire for the re-incorporation of ritual into Western life. In 'A Propos of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*' he wrote:

> And the ritual of the great events in the year of stars is for nations and whole peoples. To these rituals we must return: or we must evolve them to suit our needs. (LC 329-30)

The Indians' vitalistic relationship with nature also represented what Lawrence said he felt when he leant and wrote against the trees described in 'Pan in America' (1924):

> It gives out life, as I give out life. Our two lives meet and cross one another, unknowingly: the tree's life penetrates my life, and my life the tree's. We cannot live near one another, as we do, without affecting one another. (PH, 25)

In the light of Mabel Thurlby Collishaw's anecdote Lawrence probably envied a culture where communication with plant life was acceptable:

> Bertie talked to the flowers, and I told him, "You *are* potty." He would look at me, and then I'd say quickly, "No, you are *not* potty," because I thought he would cry. (Nehls 1, 29)

To use the terminology of one of Lawrence's poems, the Indian is seen as a 'transmitter' of life, who absorbs the universe's creative force and subsequently releases it onto the world. The description of the Indians as 'like a seed that is busy and aware' (MM, 68) is reminiscent of the image of Birkin and Ursula in 'Continental' in *Women in Love* who are 'like one closed seed of life falling through dark, fathomless space' (WL, 479). This is dramatised in the gestures of the Koshare, or dance jesters:

> making fine gestures with their flexible hands, calling something down from the sky, calling something up from the earth, and dancing forward all the time. Suddenly as they catch a word from the singers, name of a star, of a wind, a name for the sun, for a cloud, their hands soar up and gather in the air, soar down with a slow motion. And again, as they catch a word that means earth, earth deeps, water within the earth, or red-earth-quickening, the hands flutter softly down, and draw up the water, draw up the earth-quickening, earth to sky, sky to earth, influences above to influences below, to meet in the germ-quick of corn, where life is. (MM, 67)

'The Dance of the Sprouting Corn' is more solemn in tone than 'Indians and Entertainment'. The landscape widens out, becomes mutable through an the awareness that dust can quickly change to mud:

> A pale, uneven, parched world, where a motor-car rocks and lurches and churns in sand. A world pallid with dryness, inhuman with a faint taste of alkali. Like driving in the bed of a great sea that dried up unthinkable ages ago, and now is drier than any other dryness, yet still reminiscent of the bottom of the sea, sandhills sinking, and straight, cracked mesas, like cracks in the dry-mud bottom of the sea...

> There below is the pueblo, dried mud like mud-pie houses, all squatting in a jumble, prepared to crumble into dust and be invisible, dust to dust returning, earth to earth. (MM, 62-3)

This picture illustrates more than a change in scenery from the flower-scented Huayapa plains, which pervaded the book's first half, to the brutal mesas; it accords with Lawrence's thoughts that one of the world's idyllic periods was the pre-Glacial era, when man roamed the earth freely before the seas separated the land masses. It is appropriate that with the approach to a dance, in which time is traversed to discover the legacy of a race memory, the landscape also reflects a thrust back in time. The mud houses which seem poised to return to dust and 'be invisible' denote Indian self-effacement and point to an acceptance of transient civilisations. In *Studies in Classic American Literature* Lawrence wrote:

> Melville at his best wrote from a sort of dream-self, so that events which he relates as actual fact have indeed a far deeper reference to his own soul, his own inner life. (SCAL, 142)

Lawrence emulated this and does not see it as a fault. Visually, emphasis on the landscape's dryness forges the dance's greenness into an oasis within the text, but the women's *tabletas*, the men's 'small green bough' (MM, 65) and the community's 'wearing' of the corn demonstrates a close relationship with nature which Lawrence enhances by describing the dance in terms of nature. The lines formed are 'flexible as life, but straight as rain' (MM, 66). The tread of feet that 'seem to cleave to earth softly, and softly lift away' (MM, 65) remind one of the hawk's movement and of the people travelling to market in 'Walk to Huayapa'. The shudder of the gourd rattles is seed-like, men's singing is like 'wind deep inside a forest' (MM, 63).

Sound is important to this dance. In D.H. Lawrence.'s Doctrine John Carey considers how in Lawrence's short stories characters often lose their sight: 'Hearing and touch are both "deeper" senses than sight in Lawrence's scheme, further removed from the shallow world where people speak and think' (Carey, 1973, 123). Hence, Lawrence's alertness to the way sound precedes sight in the Indian rituals is illustrative of a people who are closer to their unconscious than Westerners are. The solitary sound of the drum opens 'Indians and Entertainment'. He hears the drumming and singing of the corn dance before as he says 'you realise the long line of dancers' (MM, 63) - the choice of the word 'realise' as opposed to 'see' shows how the dance permeated his consciousness as more of a phenomenon than an event:

'gradually come through to you the black, stable solidity of the dancing women' (MM, 64). Details such as the wearing of 'shell-cores from the Pacific' like talismans from a darker, more mysterious race also point towards the role of the unconscious in the dance. In *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious,* Lawrence tried to match parts of the body up to aspects of consciousness, the 'lower plane' corresponding to the unconscious:

> the ears and feet move from the deep lower centres - the recipient ears, imbibing vibrations, the feet which press the resistant earth, controlled from the powerful lower ganglia of the spine. (PU, 232)

In this light his idea that the Indian tread expresses the unconscious seems too close to Lawrence's former ideas for comfort:

> the eternal drooping leap, that brings his life down, down, down, down from the mind, down from the broad, beautiful shaking breast, down to the powerful pivot of the knees, then to the ankles, and plunges deep from the ball of the foot into the earth, towards the earth's red centre, where these men belong... (MM, 65)

The Indian capacity to form lines, then stars under the hot sun, without perspiring, seems amazing to Western readers, but is accounted for by a suggestion that while consciousness seems suspended or 'mindless' (MM, 66) just enough remains for the choreography of the dance to be enacted, to 'thread across to a new formation' (MM, 66). This may be so, much has been written on the trance-like and hypnotic basis of tribal dancing by anthropologists. But what makes 'The Dance of the Sprouting Corn' so interesting is the way near-magic and mysticism are undercut by Lawrence recognising the comic side to the dance as the very men dancing are those whom he earlier described with corn sticking out of their hair: 'anything but natural. Like blackened ghosts of a dead corn-cob, tufted at the top' (MM, 67).

The notion that the Indian could be better understood through attention to their dances was held by other European writers; for example, Blanche Grant, a Taos resident, had her *Taos Indians* (1925) published just one year after *Mornings in Mexico.* To compare her description of a Deer Dance - when two women to the sounds of gourds and drums lead two lines of men dressed in wild animal skins into the camp - with Lawrence's (albeit in a different pueblo), is to detect an entirely different approach to the community. In visual terms the two accounts accord: Miss Grant also mentions the men in their deerskins and the women in their buckskin boots

who lead the procession.* But her aim, mentioned in her Foreword, to chronicle Indian history in mistrust of their oral tradition ('the better educated Indians [who] believe it will be well if there be written down the truth about their people'), and this leads her to explain the purpose and role play integral to the dance.** Ever since the days of Empire when Mary Wesley wrote *Travels in West Africa,* collecting 'fish and fetish' for the British Museum as she went, these are the kinds of anthropologically based explanations we have come to expect of encounters between white spectator and native performer.

Lawrence, defiantly perhaps, offers no such explanations. He concentrates not on historical exactitudes but on emotions such as wonder and mystery; he mystifies rather than explains. The Deer Dance for him represents the capacity for wonder and mystery occasionally overlaid with the a certain playfulness. The men might 'peer out' from the 'shaggy' animal manes playfully:

> There you have it all, the pantomime, the buffoonery, the human comicalness. But at the same time, quivering bright and wide-eyed in unchangeable delight of solemnity, you have the participating in a natural **wonder** [my emphasis]. The mystery of the wild creatures led from their fastnesses, their wintry retreats and holes in the ground, docilely fascinated by the delicacy and the commanding wistfulness of the maidens who went out to seek them, to seek food in the winter, and who draw after them, in a following, the wild, the timid, the rapacious animals, following in gentle

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* Blanchie', who edited the *Taos Valley News* in 1922 and published *Taos Indians* in 1925, described the deer dance:

> 'By the time January sixth has arrived all is in readiness for the big dance - the deer dance. The beating of a drum in the kivas announces that the dancers are coming. Then up the ladders they come nude save for the bright coloured breech-clout and covered with deer skins. They bend over as they walk with short sticks in their hands which reach the ground.
>
> Two queens lead the procession of men and most serious and dignified are they throughout the dance. They are ususally dressed in white buckskin with gay ribbons for color and in their hands they carry small branches of pine. They represent all that is best in animal as well as human life. Following them come two men with huge deer horns painted white and these lead the men now in parallel lines and then about in a circle,in front of the church.

** As is the custom, when the dance is over in one place the whole group of people move to another place along that race course on the south side of the northern pueblo. Then again, bending over, the men become the deer and solemnly repeat the steps of the dance which is really a ceremony, a prayer for power to hunt the deer. Indeed, long, long ago when the deer spoke the same language, he told the Indians how to have this ceremony in order to have power over him and get their flesh for food and their skins for dress. So it is necessary for them to practice many times before they give the dance in the open. Years ago they would not let any unbelievers see the ceremony because that would render it less effective. They do not object today. They are not so dependant upon the deer of the mountains, as in the days of old.

> I have also been told that the deer dance is given in grateful remembrance of a time when the whole pueblo were in dire need of food, in danger of famine, in fact. While wandering up on the mountainside, a party of Indian women came on deer sign and hurried to the pueblo and summoned the hunters who soon had enough for all and the Taos tribe was saved. (Grant, 1925, 91-92)

> wonder of bewitchment, right into the haunts of men, right in to the camp and up to the hunters. (MM, 58)

In 'Hymns in a Man's Life' Lawrence said he never lost 'the religious sense of wonder' formed in Eastwood's Congregational church and he called wonder 'the most precious element in life' (PH 11, 598). In *Apocalypse* he mourned that science dictates that we no longer see the sun as 'the great orb of the Chaldeans' but as a 'ball of blazing gas' (AP, 27). The capacity for wonder is a quality he believed all ancient races possessed. The commandment he says belongs to the Indians - *'Thou shalt acknowledge the wonder'* (MM, 61) - is also his own. A sense of mystery is celebrated in the dance round the fire. When two men in eagle feathers, shields and spears leap together and retreat on the beat of the drum, the reader expects this to be a warrior dance, a dance of self-assertion, but Lawrence interprets it quite differently:

> It is the dance of the naked-blood being, defending his own isolation in the rhythm of the universe. Not skill, nor prowess, nor heroism. Not man to man. The creature of the isolated, circulating blood-stream dancing in the peril of his own isolation, in the overweening of his own singleness. The glory in power of the man of single existence. The peril of the man whose heart is suspended, like a single red star, in a great and complex universe, following its own lone course round the invisible sun of our own being, amid the strange wandering array of other hearts. (MM, 57)

Consider that in his essay 'We Need One Another' (1929) Lawrence found self-assertion to be a dislikeable trend of modern living: 'All I see in our vaunted civilisation is men and women smashing each other emotionally and physically to bits' (PH, 194). Consider that Birkin held that people should exist with the singleness of stars in a 'lovely state of free proud singleness' (WL, 254). The interpretation of the dance then as non-assertive with the state of man's heart contained in the image of a star, sounds close to Lawrence's own ideas of a better life and renders meaningless his former assertion that dances meant 'nothing at all' (MM, 56). Spectators (he now miraculously manages to interpret), like the spectators at the deer dance, can see the dance simultaneously on two levels, individual and generic, practical and spiritual, and acknowledge its mystery:

> The other men look on. They may or may not sing. And they see themselves in the power and peril of the lonely heart, the creature of the isolated blood-circuit. They see also, subsidiary, the skill, the agility, the swiftness, the daunting onrush that make the warrior. It is the practice as well as mystery. (MM, 57)

The notions of playfulness, mystery and wonder that Lawrence detects in the Indian dances probe their psychology in a deeper way than his contemporaries did. But a congruence with the landscapes of his inner mind presents an extreme of subjective writing that this thesis will question.

Lawrence's first account of the Hopi Indian Snake Dance, which he saw at the Third Mesa in Arizona in August 1924, did not acknowledge either mystery or wonder as it was deemed 'uncouth' and had 'none of the impressive beauty of the Corn Dance at Santo Domingo' (MM, 71). However, in the re-writing process 'The Hopi Snake Dance' becomes, as L.D. Clark says, 'his amplest statement yet on animism' (Clark, 1980, 316). Whenever Lawrence considered ancient religious practices, that of the Etruscans for example, he was prepared by former reading. During the war he had read Frazer's composite of world culture *The Golden Bough* and he read of Mithraic cults in Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious*.

Animism was only been recognised as a religion during the late nineteenth-century through E.B. Tylor's pioneering work *Primitive Culture* (1871), the first work to consider the evolution of religious forms. Even if Lawrence had not read this, the main ideas of animism - not having one god, the close relationship between man and nature - were familiar to him. The absence of a supreme God, the fundamental difference between Animism and Christianity ('strictly no God because all is alive' (MM, 72)), accorded with his own essay 'On Being Religious' (1924) which depicted God's transience:

> And even the Gods and the Great God, go their way; stepping slowly, invisibly across the heavens of time and space, going somewhere, we know not where. They do not stand still. They go and go, till they pass below the horizon of Man.
>
> Till Man has lost his Great God, and there remains only the Gap, and images, and hollow words. (DP, 190)

The Greek pantheistic idea that hot, cold, everything was *theos*, which Lawrence had been drawn to in John Burnet's *Early Greek Philosophy* (Schneider, 1986, 154), approximated to the Red Indian view of sun, rain and thunder as 'manifestations of living activity' rather than 'personal Gods' (MM, 72). But the specific Red Indian belief in neither one nor many gods, a recognition of the great living 'source' (MM, 85) or what Lawrence calls the 'original One' (his capitalisation retains vestiges of the Christian God), was new to Lawrence. The Indian perception of the source as a 'dark sun' at the

earth's centre, not a creator but a force, which sends the weather which in turn stimulates creation, is entirely different:

> There is the great living source of life: say the Sun of existence: to which you can no more pray than you can pray to Electricity. And emerging from this Sun are the great potencies, the invincible influences which make shine and warmth and rain. From these great interrelated potencies of rain and heat and thunder emerge the seeds of life itself, corn and creatures like snakes. And beyond these men. (MM, 72)

Lawrence's attraction to a religion with a source (not divided into spirit and matter in the Christian way) recognises this sun-source as both a creator and destroyer and considers the cruelty integral to it:

> To the Hopi, the origins are dark and dual, cruelty is coiled in the very beginnings of all things, and circle after circle creation emerges towards a flickering, revealed Godhead. (MM, 87)

This dual nature, animism's celebration of growth and potential (Lawrence argued that Christianity was too death oriented), which combined with a recognition of death, appealed very specifically to the writer whose work while it called continually for 'Life', wished that Western life balanced life and death in a deeper way. In *Women in Love* Birkin spoke of 'the silver river of life' and the 'dark river of dissolution' (WL, 172) but never found a source. That the Indians of Mexico had objectified a source to life no doubt held tremendous personal appeal for Lawrence. But when Lawrence remarks 'To the Hopi, God is not yet' (MM, 87) this sounds remarkably close to his own ideology. And when the nature of animism is discussed, usually in comparison with Christianity, Lawrence seems to mould the picture to suit his ideal of what Red Indian animism should be. It becomes, to an extent, a Lawrentian construct.

Since Lawrence's novels dwelt on the role of the individual within society his interest in the role of the individual in such an alive, whole world is inevitable:

> What we want is to destroy our false, inorganic connections, especially those related to money, and re-establish the living organic connections, with the cosmos, the sun and earth, with mankind and nation and family. (AP,149)

Despite these words from *Apocalypse*, to his credit, Red Indian life is not envisaged as a simply pastoral and utopian one, with man as an innocent. From reading Jung, Lawrence's interest in man's deep-rooted impulse

towards power encouraged his appreciation of animism to consider the ways in which both Westerners and Red Indians conquer matter:

> We dam the Nile and take the railway across America. The Hopi smooths the rattlesnake and carries him in his mouth, to send him back into the dark places of the earth, an emissary to the inner powers. (MM, 86-7)

An awareness of the advantages of the Western situation - 'our corn doesn't fail us' (MM, 75) - exists together with an accompanying loss of mystery and wonder:

> But the other thing fails us, the strange inward sun of life; the pellucid monster of the rain never shows us his stripes. To us, heaven switches on daylight, or turns on the shower-bath. We little gods are gods of the machine only. It is our highest. Our cosmos is a great engine. And we die of *ennui*. (MM, 75)

By contrast Indians, because they view everything as alive, not only want to conquer their harsh landscape, 'all rocks and eagles, sand and snakes' (MM, 75), but also wish to conquer the 'mysterious life-spirit that reigned there'. The way to conquer any life-force, whether it be the 'living thunder' or 'live rain' is for man to match his own will to it: 'All lives. And the conquest is made by means of the living will' (MM, 74). One could say, and I think Lawrence would have seen it this way, that it was a less egotistical conquest.

Lawrence's portrayal of the Hopi Indian Snake Dance, when the Indians exerted their power over rattlesnakes held in their mouths before sending them back as man's emissaries to the power source at the centre of the earth, remains true to the journalistic impulses of the book's first half. A setting that would make good film footage, the choreography of the dance, and the general atmosphere are captured well. We see the earthen dance floor bordered with green kiva branches, on which painted Indians dance while the crowd hang from the adobe house windows:

> Round they went, in rapid, uneven, silent absorption, the three rounds. Then in a row they faced the eight ash-grey men, across the lid. All kept their heads bowed towards earth, except the young boys.
>
> Then, in the intense, secret, muttering chant the grey men began their leaning from right to left, shaking the hand, one-two, one-two, and bowing the body each time from right to left, left to right, above the lid in the ground, under which were the snakes. And their low, deep, mysterious voices spoke to the spirits under the earth, not to men above the earth. (MM, 80)

In Eastwood Lawrence had watched his agile father teaching friends to dance. Here the short sentences of the prose which describe the dance step by step, are appreciative of its construction; the rounds, then the rows are made. A succession of adjectives and adverbs - 'intense, secret, muttering' - reflect the new rhythm of the chant. The snake dance is preceded by a description of a lesser dance the day before, when Lawrence uses phrases like 'Today, the eight antelope-priests were very grey' (MM, 79) and 'They made their rounds' (MM, 80), so that the reader is familiar with the chant, spit, and grain throwing this entails. When Lawrence mentions the possibly charlatan priests, who perhaps capture and milk the same snakes each year, a snake-catcher who seemed to be acting and 'rather ostentatious' (MM, 82) and the spectators, who view the Indian as a sort of public pet', the general atmosphere of reverence is deviated from. This deviation typifies one of Lawrence's greatest skills, which he had possessed since *Sons and Lovers* : to show both an atmosphere and its undercurrents.

In addition to acute observation the Hopi Snake Dance contains an amount of philosophical content. The juxtaposition of philosophy and narrative was not always a happy one in Lawrence's other travel books (the passage on the Two Infinities in *Twilight in Italy* for example). In the case of *Mornings in Mexico* I agree with EM Forster's general remark that it is impossible to say 'let us drop his theory and enjoy his art' *(The Listener*, 30th April, 1930), as Lawrence's artistic organisation makes theory and art become one composite whole. The shoots of ideas Lawrence has transmitted in the previous theoretical section are now amplified; landscape and gesture vividly dramatise those qualities Lawrence saw as being true of the essential nature of animism: human endeavour, persistence and frailty. The greyness and aridity of Hopi country, 'a parched grey country of snakes and eagles pitched up against the sky' where no 'leaf of life was ever tender' (MM, 69) are emphasised in order that the odd patches of corn and Indian peach trees mentioned signal 'human endeavour' to us. Corn, the golden and natural sustainer of Indian life, by being placed in this quasi-valley of death, amidst greyness the colour of despair, symbolises man's persistence. The use of diminutives, the 'little skin bags' the dancers clutch, the way they are dominated by the scenery in Hardyesque fashion as they run 'dwindling' down the mesa trail like 'tiny, dark specks of men. Such specks of Gods' (MM, 84), speak of man's frailty.

However, when Lawrence modifies what is strange and abhorrent about the sound, sight and touch of the snake dance to Western readers through recognition of an inherent beauty, his journalistic eye and his ability

to fuse theory and art, now become altogether more subjective; more tied up with his own responses and ideology. Let us consider the consider the particular sound of the dance which Lawrence described:

> It is a strange low sound, such as we never hear, and it reveals how deep, how deep the men are in the mystery they are practising, how sunk below our world, to the world of the snakes, and dark ways in the earth, where the roots of corn, and where the little rivers of unchannelled, uncreated life-passion run like dark, trickling lightning, to the roots of the corn and to the feet and loins of men, from the earth's innermost dark sun. (MM, 78)

In his essay 'Indians and an Englishman' (1922), Lawrence defined his personal response to this 'pre-animal' sound, which he said could only be written as 'Ay-a! Ay-a!' (MM, 78): 'Listening, an acute sadness, and a nostalgia, unbearably yearning for something, and a sickness of the soul came over me'(PH, 95).

The particular sight of the snakes in the priests' mouths at the snake dances provided him with a potent vivified image of his past reading. In *Psychology of the Unconscious* Jung discussed how in the Orphic and Eleusian mysteries the snake of Demeter was kissed and caressed but the sight of people putting snakes - our symbol of evil since the Adam and Eve story - into their mouths horrifies us today.* For us to visualise 'a young priest 'bowing reverently, with the neck of a pale, delicate rattlesnake held between his teeth' (MM, 81) is to shudder for deep-rooted psychological reasons; Lawrence liked to play around with taboos. This is why a young boy and a six foot bull-snake constrictor are singled out *en tableau*, although admittedly they also dramatise the previously discussed assertion of will:

> It is a constrictor. This one was six feet long, with a sumptuous pattern. It waved its pale belly, and pulled its neck out of the boy's mouth. With two hands he put it back. It pulled itself once more free. Again he got it back, and managed to hold it. And then as he went round in his looping circle, it coiled its handsome folds twice round his knee. He stooped, quietly, and as quietly as if he were untying his garter, he unloosed the folds. (MM, 82)

But isn't Lawrence also engaged in something of an internalised debate on the value of brutality and tenderness which his work circles around? The repetition and the assertion of will, depicted when the boy re-inserts the snake's head into his mouth, parallels Gerald's brutal control of an Arab mare in *Women in Love*. But in the novel, in the presence of Western

* Not every nation fears snakes as we do, they are a Chinese delicacy and East African Luos are more afraid of chameleons.

sensibility, the profound respect for life is absent: Gerald's horse bleeds from the spurs. By contrast the Indian assertion of will is counteracted by a tender gentleness, the boy wrenches the snake's neck then he lovingly uncoils it 'as if he were untying his garter.' The capacity to combine both power and tenderness is what Lawrence admired about the Indian.

To touch a snake is what we fear, it is what appeals to the sensation loving nature of the crowd. But Lawrence's empathy with the snakes, his description of them 'dangling like thick cord' or moving like 'soft, watery lightning' (MM, 81) defines them as uncanny, yet enviable. An emphasis on the way the snakes are held in such a domesticated way, 'as men hold a kitten' (MM, 83), or 'like wet washing' (MM, 83), allays our fears, but the crowd remains ignorant of the assertion of will enacted by the dance:

> "Oh, the Indians,"..."they believe we are all brothers, the snakes are the Indians' brothers, and the Indians are the snakes' brothers...So the snakes won't bite the Indians." (MM, 72)

A snake meanders their way:

> Like soft, watery lightning went the wondering snake at the crowd. As he came nearer, the people began to shrink aside, half-mesmerized. But they betrayed no exaggerated fear. (MM, 81)

And we see that Lawrence has emphasised the frightful nature of these 'know-it-all' (PH, 141) types, whom he despised, in order that it not only presents a contrast to the Indian's reverence or 'religious intentness' (MM, 82), but so that to have such terrible people conquered by the snake (just as the snake was by the Hopis) makes their subjection all the more complete.

Although Lawrence has defined animism as the quintessential Mexican religion and observed one ritual in depth, he is aware of the convergence of animism and Catholicism. The reason this occurred is outlined in the BBC's *Of Gods and Men*:

> The Indian was naturally attracted to the Catholic religion with its pomp and ceremony, its highly decorated altars ablaze with candles and its richly garbed priests...and even the cross - the symbol of Christianity - has an ancient significance. In use long before the arrival of the Spaniards, the cross is still linked by many Indian groups with rain, the growth of maize...the calendar was dominated by festivals in in honour of the gods, and some of the early friars saw that the task of conversion could be helped by incorporating the Indians' own ceremonial music, dances and songs into the Catholic service while eliminating the more pagan elements. (Benson, 1980, 18)

But Lawrence does not offer explanations for the incorporation of Catholicism, he simply shows us the evidence. In 'Walk to Huayapa' just after the Virgin of the Soledad festival, a simple church Verger is indeed shown to have an unquestioning love of the surface glitter:

> He kneels in a sort of intense fervour for a minute, then gets up and childishly, almost idiotically, begins to take the pieces of candle from the candlesticks. (MM, 23)

The building with 'sprays of wild yellow flowers trailing on the floor' and the Christ figure 'wearing a pair of woman's frilled knickers' (MM, 22) is also imbued with carefree native spirit. One could imagine that Lawrence is taking a swipe at Christianity by making the effigy appear so ridiculous, but Frieda verified its existence in *Not I, But the Wind...* Within the text it illustrates both the Indian love of costume and the spirit of animism in which the veneration of one person or object is inconceivable. Catholicism is seen as a repressive layer on the endearingly naive and vivacious native spirit which Lawrence likes to show pervading church art: 'There is a great Gulliver's Travels fresco picture of an angel having a joy-ride on the back of a Goliath' (MM, 22). The façade of the mud church in 'Dance of the Sprouting Corn' shows 'two speckled horses rampant, painted by the Indians, a red piebald and a black one' (MM, 62); as Lawrence said in his essay 'Au Revoir, USA' (1923) 'the peon still grins his Indian grin behind the Cross' (PH, 103). By contrast, if art has resisted Catholic influence, Indian ceremonial dance is seen to be happily incorporated into the Catholic calendar. The corn dance is enacted 'Wednesday after Easter, after Christ risen and the corn germinated' (MM, 63).

The ritualistic sense of time which permeates the book informs the last sketch when it is 'a feast day, St Catherine's Day' and Lawrence is back in Italy in 'A Little Moonshine with Lemon' drinking wine and reminiscing over the particular scene or 'spot' of the Del Monte ranch he loved so much. The components of the remembered scene - the pine tree 'like a guardian angel', the work table and the distant lights of Taos (MM, 89) - are described affectionately. Lawrence's intimate knowledge of the rhythms and workings of the scene - 'if it has snowed, the horses are gone away', 'in a cold like this, the stars snap like distant coyotes' (MM, 89, 90) - gives rise to an acute nostalgia. That the scene is a night time one covered in snow would, within the framework of artistic practice, point towards a signing off - the relegation of the Mexican experience to memory.

However, *Mornings in Mexico*, the book in which Lawrence is moved and captivated by Mexico, only represents one side to his relationship with Mexico. The uncouth side to the Hopi Snake Dance might have been edited out and replaced by a sense of reverence, but his wariness towards Indian savagery and their resistance towards whites, which he wrote about in the 1922 essay 'Taos', represents the other side of the story. Phrases such as 'a sense of lurking, of unwillingness' (MM, 21) insinuate an unease towards Mexico which the earlier story 'The Woman Who Rode Away' makes explicit. In this story a woman escapes an arid marriage and determines to find a sacred tribe of Chilchui Indians who 'still kept up the ancient religion, and offered human sacrifices - so it was said' (WRA, 49). Her gruesome sacrifice as a female scapegoat caused Kate Millett in *Sexual Politics* to define the tale as an indicator of Lawrence's sadistic, sexist personality. As Kinkead-Weekes points out in 'The Gringo Senora Who Rode Away' it has since been seen as both a 'peak of Lawrence's anti-feminism' (Kinkead-Weekes, 1990, 251) and as the pinnacle of Lawrence's leadership phase.

I came to Mark Kinkead-Weekes' views on the tale after the formulation of my own response. Like him I feel that the tale, in addition to being about the suppression of what Lawrence saw to be a particularly modern, sexually aware, nervous female consciousness, is also concerned with colonial issues. The interdependence of the woman's sense of feminine identity with her whiteness, on which Kinkead-Weekes writes well, is integral to the tale, as is Lawrence's 'attempt to explore the psychology of the colonised, to imagine under the skin of a third-world culture and religion' (Kinkead-Weekes, 1990, 256). However, I feel that he is over-generous in his perception of Lawrence as the narrator who empathises with the Indian. I believe that 'The Woman Who Rode Away' explores Lawrence's relationship with Mexico within a more personal, biased framework than hitherto imagined. Ultimately it is more racist than sexist.

Lawrence's attitude towards the setting of 'The Woman Who Rode Away' - old Mexico as opposed to New Mexico (the difference is important) - was problematic. Witter Bynner remembered a conversation in which Lawrence expressed a distaste for the death-oriented consciousness which he felt resulted from the harsh landscape:

> 'It's all one piece, ' he protested wearily, 'what the Aztecs did, what Cortes did, what Diaz did - the wholesale, endless cruelty. The land itself does it to whoever lives here. The heart has been cut out of out land. That's why hearts had to be cut out of its people. It goes on and on and will always go on. It's a

> land of death. Look at this dead soil around us - the dagger-fingered cactus - the knife-edged sun! It's all death. (Bynner, 1953, 40)

In Lawrence's account of the Aztec pyramids of Teotihuacan in old Mexico, the carved obsidian snake's eye (eyes and art were always Lawrentian windows to the national soul) which he said was 'blindly malevolent' (PH, 105) shows an aversion to Indianness. Like those of the first Apache Indian he ever met (recorded in 'Indians and an Englishman', 1922), those eyes resembled the ones which unnerve Mrs Lederman:

> The man's eyes were not human to her, and they did not see her as a beautiful white woman. He looked at her with a black, bright inhuman look, and saw no woman in her at all. As if she were some strange, unaccountable *thing*, incomprehensible to him, but inimical. (WRA, 54)

The reiteration of such a specific, but pointed detail, leads me to believe that 'The Woman Who Rode Away' does not especially display a male malevolence towards women. Also, although such eyes might indicate 'the deep psychic backlash against the coloniser, the regaining of self-respect through hate or even violence and revenge' (Kinkead-Weekes, 1990, 259), the importance of this to Lawrence is that it proves a continuity of what he perceives to be a particularly Indian malevolence; a racial watermark that was in place long before the period of colonisation. Through reference to other writings Lawrence's distaste for what he detects as a particularly Indian malevolence can be accounted for. Mark Kinkead-Weekes points out that the tale, in addition to being about the woman, is as much about Indians who in some divided way both venerate the woman (she can restore their ancient religion through the marriage of sun and moon) but also express the hatred of the conquered towards her. This might be so; such a view upholds the Indian/colonial relationship as a rather final level of meaning. Kinkead-Weekes suggests, for example, that the young Indian hates her because after his experience in the city he has been more exposed to colonial rule. But I think that while 'The Woman Who Rode Away' enables Lawrence to show how savage and wicked Red Indians were, it also attempts to explore *why* this should be so. The pressures of colonialism are not the answer, but human sacrifice, the ultimate expression of death, the legacy of which existed in the minds of the people, could be a root cause to understanding the Mexican consciousness.

With this in hand the tale becomes much more than a measured attempt to destroy the New Woman's 'newly found ego' (Millett, 1969, 80)

and crush her will. Other reasons exist for the scapegoat being female. According to Frazer it was historically accurate:

> The honour of living for a short time in the character of a god and dying a violent death in the same capacity was not restricted to men in Mexico; women were allowed, or rather compelled, to enjoy the glory and to share the doom as representatives of goddesses. (Frazer, Part V1, 1913, 283)

(Relatively speaking Lawrence's tale verges on the tasteful. It stops short of the moment of death. Dancers are not dressed in the woman's flayed skin, her thigh skin is not used as a mask, as Frazer tells us happened). In the time Lawrence wrote, having a woman sacrificed would shock readers more than if a man was sacrificed (probably still true) and better illustrated his point that Mexico was a savage and cruel place. The woman's aversion from an Indian on the trail - 'She noted this long black hair with a certain distaste...he did not look as if he had washed lately' (WRA, 53) - reflects Lawrence's first encounter with Indians which made him feel sick. He is projecting his vehement dislike of Indians, rather than of women, into the story; fiction is providing a mask for racial not sexual prejudice.

Although Lawrence recoiled from Indian malevolence, *Mornings in Mexico,* with Lawrence standing beyond the kiva floor, looking on with a degree of envy and effectively turning the tables (something Lawrence liked to do) on the issue of Red Indian marginalisation, strongly suggested his attraction towards what he perceived as an older consciousness. But constrained by his position as an Englishman of the 1920's Lawrence's travel writing could not readily explore meaningful meetings of the Western and Indian mind. But the degree of access and the crossing of boundaries that fiction allows, enable Mrs Lederman to travel beyond the hills which limited the horizon in *Mornings in Mexico* and enter the Indian places Lawrence could not. She becomes the white shuttle that weaves its way into the fabric of Indian life; her white reasoned consciousness can be mixed with a more primitive ritual oriented one. Can there be a meeting of minds, mental miscegenation? 'The Woman Who Rode Away' extends the playful attitude taken in *Mornings in Mexico* towards the idea of the great gulf between the two types of consciousness into something altogether more final and sinister.

The tale dances between the two types of consciousness. Red Indian consciousness (mirrored in the drugged consciousness of the woman) increasingly dominates as the story progresses towards the moment of sacrifice. The Indians undress her:

> The white-haired, glassy-dark old man moistened his finger-tips at his mouth, and most delicately touched her on the breasts and on the body, then on the back. And she winced strangely each time, as the finger tips drew along her skin, as if Death itself were touching her. (WRA, 63)

The description does not resemble 'commercial hard core' (Millett, 1969, 81). Rather the woman's unashamed reaction -'nobody felt ashamed' (WRA, 63) - celebrates a state of mind Lawrence believed was religious in impetus and able to rise above earthly impulses. Lawrence often wrote in a representative way. Here the Indian is an example of the owner of the more ancient consciousness that interested Lawrence. The exploration of a state of mind explains the young Indians' attitude towards her. He does not hate her because she is a woman but because he is in a different state of consciousness:

> Personally he liked her, she was sure. He was gentle with her, attracted by her in some strange, soft passionless way. But impersonally he hated her with a mystic hatred. He would smile at her, winningly. Yet, if the next moment, she glanced round at him unawares, she would catch that gleam of pure after-hate in his eyes. (WRA, 75-76)

Within the dualistic framework so important to Lawrence's thinking the tension in the language is between 'personally' and 'impersonally'. The latter word connects the Indian to all things tribal, historical, the larger consciousness which necessitates a hatred if his religion is to be restored.

Lawrence's deep-seated unease towards all this, the fact the woman can only connect to the Indian through drugs, suggests the tale denies that there can be any real meeting between Western and Indian consciousness (as the observation of the snake dance perhaps suggested). Mrs Lederman's initial perception of Indians can be squared with the naive attitude Lawrence maintained when he was in Sicily: 'The Indians, the Aztecs, old Mexico - all that fascinates me and has fascinated me for years. There is glamour and magic for me' (L IV, 125). Mrs Lederman's expectations, 'surely they have old, old religions and mysteries - it *must* be wonderful, surely it must' (WRA, 48), is a send up of himself. When the Indians, immersed in a sacrifice oriented culture, take her giving her heart literally rather than metaphorically at the story's turning point, the gap between language and meaning is explored. It is a comment on the way in which one's perception of another race is limited and conditioned by one's cultural perceptions.

Being constrained by one's own cultural perceptions was something Lawrence identified with. We know he was captivated by Mexico: 'The moment I saw the brilliant, proud morning shine high up over the deserts of Santa Fé, something stood still in my soul, and I started to attend' (PH, 142). But his very late essay 'Europe v. America' (1925) admitted that his own heart belonged to England, however deep his altercation with materialism. To return to the beginning of this chapter, if travel for Lawrence was a way of exploring both his own consciousness and that of a more arcane past, the Mexican experience, because it facilitated such an intense interaction with what he saw as another kind of consciousness, was ultimately about a place allowing him to 'place' himself. Mexico provided him with self-realisation:

> Some part of me will always be conscious of America. But probably some part greater still in me will always be conscious of Europe, since I am a European. (PH, 117)

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER

After his long trip *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the novel Lawrence loved so much he wrote it three times, was written from October 1926 onwards when Lawrence was at the Villa Mirenda, outside Florence. With its explicit sex scenes, use of obscene words and description of female orgasm, people think they know the story and tone of the book even if they've never read it. In a letter of 1927 Lawrence predicted its unpropitious reception: 'the new novel is getting on. The world will probably call it very improper. It isn't really but there you are' (L5, 623); the memory of *The Rainbow* being banned probably still troubled him. A typical unsigned comment in John Bull categorised the novel as: 'the most evil outpouring that has ever besmirched the literature of our country' (cited Draper, 1970, 278). What Lawrence had offended was a morality - Protestant and sexually reticent - that was particularly English. The John Bull article also displayed an aversion towards the idea that Lawrence, by connecting English literature to other literatures, to 'the sewers of French pornography' and 'excursions in the lascivious by Oriental writers' (cited Draper, 1970, 278-9), had threatened Englishness itself. But then Lawrence, as my previous chapter points out, after his sense of identity had been laid under siege by the Mexican experience, often referred to himself as being a European.

Before considering how Lawrence's own feelings of identity influence the sense of place and community in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* we can briefly consider the way in which the themes, tone and structure of the novel are consistent with, and yet different to, Lawrence's other books. *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, like so many of his novels, is written out of a sense that English society had gone wrong. Lawrence's experience of four of the world's continents had let him feel a very real sense of community among the Indians of Mexico and divine it in the ancient Etruscan art. The qualities of warm-heartedness, tenderness and sympathy which he had celebrated in *The White Peacock* and *Sons and Lovers*, had a more ritualised and formal place in other cultures. The result, I think, is that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* attempts to bring these qualities back into English life at a deeper level than is shown in the early works. When the familiar theme of the relationship between the self and society was explored in his other works the characters defied conventional society. But in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, although the flaws of conventional society are still scrutinised, Lawrence attempts, especially through the ending, to integrate his characters more with society.

Perhaps this is because he had long lived outside English society and wanted his art to reconcile the sense of isolation the letters indicate he was feeling from his home area. The institution of marriage is still recognised as a route to fully realising the self, but this self is now less associated with notions of individuality and more dependent on ideas of manhood and womanhood. A tremendous impulse towards unity, harmony and simplicity - hardly surprising in a dying man, especially an artist - is evident. A mature book written by a once fiery, but now dying man, the narrative shape is one of compromise and reconciliation, even if the language isn't. The novel concedes that the structures of society can not be so easily dispensed with as had once been imagined.

Modes of thought or consciousness had long been Lawrence's theme, so was considering society, whether English, foreign or the proposed Rananim. In its treatment of sex *Lady Chatterley's Lover* works towards a consideration of consciousness. If *The Rainbow* was the book which scrutinised individuality and seemed sympathetic to the idea that society would be better if individuals attained greater personal self-fulfilment, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* sees an adjustment. The way people *think* is now seen to be the way forward. Philosophy, concerned as it is with the ways in which ways of thinking, or modes of perception are affected by the interaction between mind and body, had always interested Lawrence. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is underpinned by the idea that if only people thought right, if only their minds and bodies were in balance, then society would be better. The debate over whether knowledge was best acquired through experience (body) or learning (mind) was relevant to Lawrence, as the people he saw on his travels were relatively untouched by the sort of education that he increasingly felt had cut him off from his own class. Philosophy and personal experience are brought together in the manner in which *Lady Chatterley's Lover* places Lawrence's personal experience of class and education within a philosophical framework. While the relationship between Connie, the upper-class educated woman, and Mellors, the physical lower-class man, is explored, the opposition between mind and body comes into play. Art works towards uniting what Lawrence's life never could - education and class.

This chapter challenges the view that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* advances a cult of phallic-consciousness. It is true that because Lawrence came to believe that English consciousness was too cerebral, the novel includes a quantity of bodily feeling as if to compensate for this. But to see sex advocated as a sort of magic restorative to society's ills is limited. Kathleen

Raine has said that it is through ritual and myth that a people is revealed. This was Lawrence's idea when he looked at other societies. For the most part the rituals associated with English life had vanished. But sex, like dancing or bathing, is another silent language capable of portraying a collective consciousness. Modern sex expressed modern thought but my thesis is that the slow, tender, romantic, natural sex Connie and Mellors come to have expresses a way of thinking that Lawrence wished Britain would adopt.

For reasons associated with upbringing, the experience of travel and learning , the themes of self-fulfilment, education, class, and the duality of mind and body are brought into a greater proximity by a structured polarisation. As Frieda wrote in a letter of 31 October 1926:

> Lawrence goes in to the woods to write, he is writing a short long story, always breaking new ground, the curious class feeling this time or rather the soul against the body, no I dont explain it well, the animal part. (L5, 569)

The structure of this chapter follows the direction of Frieda's observation and it is divided into two parts; first class, then the relationship between *Lady Chatterley* and Mellors is discussed.

1). The Curious Class Feeling

If *Sons and Lovers* was the great working-class novel, the greatness of *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* his last novel, can partly be attributed to the representation of both upper and lower classes and the conflicts between them; it is a great class novel. *The Rainbow* had showed that society and convention were barriers to achieving self-hood and *The White Peacock, The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* had incorporated the images of society as a net, arch or shell which was a barrier to the flowering of the sensitive self. *Lady Chatterley* is the novel in which this barrier is brought under closer scrutiny and seen to have much to do with class. Broadly speaking, Sir Clifford and Mellors, and their kinds of world, become representative of the upper and lower classes and are portrayed in oppositions: cold and warm, barbaric and civilised, out of touch and in touch, industrial and rural. In *The First Lady Chatterley,* Connie recalled her first impressions of her new titled life:

> Everybody had very carefully called, very kindly and warmly offered her - what? Not friendship exactly. Acquaintance! ...Oh but people were kind, when they were sorry for you. (First LC, 62)

And in Italy she met an eccentric musician, who defines the upper classes as 'cold-blooded' people (First LC, 145). Although both incidents are cut from the final version Lawrence allows such observations to be expressed in a more direct manner. Clifford, for example, treats Michaelis (an addition) with a killing kind of politeness while he privately thinks he's a 'bounder.' As Lawrence says in 'A Propos of "*Lady Chatterley's Lover*"':

> While "kindness" is the glib order of the day - everybody *must* be "kind" - underneath this "kindness" we find a coldness of heart, a lack of heart, a callousness that is very dreary. (LC,332)

In chapter four Clifford takes part with his 'acquaintances' (LC, 19) in a marvellous scene, which not only sends up 'men-talk', but also points towards the way the desire for success occasions unfeeling relations between men and women. The scientist says, 'I can't see I do a woman any more harm by sleeping with her than by dancing with her...' (LC,33). The writer has a wife and two children but is 'much more closely connected with a type-writer' (LC, 32). Clifford uses Connie as a sounding board for his art and is also driven by his desire for success so when Connie later thinks, 'These men seemed old and cold' (LC, 58), he is included. Mellors represents the opposite of the kind of coldness displayed among the upper classes. When Connie delivers a message to him at the cottage his greeting is quite genuine:

> "Lady Chatterley!" he said. "Will you come in?"
> His manner was so perfectly easy and good, she stepped over the threshold into the rather dreary little room. (LC, 67)

Both sides of the manner in which the aristocracy interacts with lower lives are examined. Connie recoils from the game-keeper's mother who repeats her title to her when she returns the crying child; the grandmother is embarrassed that Connie has discovered her blackleading the stove: 'Of *course* she had to catch me in my coarse apron, and a dirty face!' (LC, 62). Although not of the aristocracy Lawrence is peculiarly sympathetic to the burden of the title. Perhaps because Lawrence had travelled and often felt the burden of his own Englishness, when Lady Chatterley goes to Uthwaite she feels she must act her expected part. But what Lawrence does so well is to show how unfounded or spurious stereotypical perceptions of the lower classes were.

While class is an all-powerful force in the novel, with Sir Clifford and other characters seen as representatives of theirs, while the relationship of

Connie and Mellors oversteps such boundaries, another undercurrent is at play. Through the interaction of his central characters Lawrence questions the kind of assumptions made about class. In *The Intellectuals and the Masses* John Carey shows how perceptions of the lower classes were founded on ideas that they were dirty, ill-educated and ill-mannered. But Mellors challenges this view. He is seen washing, his house is spartan and clean, he has a stack of library books on his shelf and he is extremely courteous to visitors. Ostensibly Mellors is working-class, but his personal history of soldiering has left traces of the gentleman, traveller and scholar. Characters who are atypical, or special, are useful to the novelist as they are more memorable; in *Sons and Lovers* Mrs Morel was set slightly apart form her class, in *Mornings in Mexico* Rosalino was not quite like his tribesmen. However, there is something different about this atypical aspect to character in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. In the earlier novels character was closely tied up with personality. Lettie was capricious, Ursula was an idealist, Mrs Morel was high-minded. But by the later novels Lawrence wants to suggest that people are a product of their personal histories and environment and is less concerned with personality. Mellors is not exactly working-class but Clifford is a pure aristocrat-industrialist and all that he does seems to be a product of his history. In the way that Mellors is a little atypical of the working class but Clifford is so typically aristocratic Lawrence encourages our sympathies to lie with Mellors. He simply has something more about him. To some extent, but not quite, the novel plays out the oppositions between the aristocratic and working-classes.

Nonetheless through showing the aristocracy to be cold and hard, and through questioning the assumptions that are made about the working man Lawrence puts on trial the supposition that the aristocracy are civilised and the working-class are barbaric - little better than natives or children. In *Lady Chatterley's Lover* we see the reversal of these notions. Sir Clifford is shown as infantile. He has about him the sense of the 'Barbarians' Matthew Arnold's Cornhill articles spoke of. In the *First Lady Chatterley* when Clifford reads Racine aloud Lawrence's sympathy with this idea is clearer: 'it sounded to her [Connie] like the uncouth cries and howls of barbarous, disconnected savages dancing round a fire' (First LC, 53). She looks at his face and decides: 'It was the face of a most dangerous beast, domesticated but utterly crude, inwardly insensitive' (First LC, 54).

Sir Clifford is an example of a new breed of aristocracy. In 'A Propos of "*Lady Chatterley's Lover* "' Lawrence drew a picture of the relations

between the aristocracy and the working-class as he felt they had once existed:

> In the old England, the curious blood-connection held the classes together. The squires might be arrogant, violent, bullying and unjust, yet in some ways they were *at one* with the people, part of the same blood-stream. We feel it in Defoe or Fielding. (LC,333)

He distinguishes between a former togetherness that the arsitocracy enjoyed with the people and a more recent apartness that can be seen from Jane Austen onwards. Culture, which is seen to encourage individualism, is blamed for this change in relations:

> The so-called "cultured" classes are the first to develop "personality" and individualism, and the first to fall into this state of unconscious menace and fear. The working-classes retain the old blood-warmth of oneness and togetherness some decades longer. Then they lose it too. (LC,332)

Of the cultured character, or rather "personality" of his own creation Lawrence writes:

> So, in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* we have a man, Sir Clifford, who is purely a personality, having lost entirely all connection with his fellow men and women, except those of usage. All warmth is gone entirely, the hearth is cold, the heart does not humanly exist. He is a pure product of our civilization, but he is the death of the great humanity of the world. He is kind by rule, but he does not know what warm sympathy means. (LC,333)

The way Lawrence seems to mourn the passing of a more benevolent warm-hearted aristocracy shows that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is not in fact pitted against the aristocracy in any Bolshevist manner. When one considers this tolerance of a past aristocracy in conjunction with a central theme of the novel - the corruption of language, or rather words being emptied of their meaning or soul - one realises more exactly what Lawrence is trying to do:

> All the great words, it seemed to Connie, were cancelled for her generation: love, joy, happiness, home, mother, father, husband, all these great, dynamic words were half dead now, and dying from day to day. Home was a placed you lived in, love was a thing you didn't fool yourself about, joy was a word you applied to a good Charleston... (LC, 62)

The etymology of aristocracy, derived from the Greek, is 'rule of the best'. *Encyclopaedia Britannica* tells us that in Greek political philosophy it meant the government of those who are closest to an ideal of human perfection; it

required that personal interests should not predominate. When one considers Sir Clifford's shown barbarism, and his self-interested business arrangements, one realises that *Lady Chatterley* is Lawrence's effort to show how the word aristocracy had lost its meaning.

In addition to displaying qualities of coldness and barbarism the aristocracy in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is associated with the industrial spirit. The decline of the aristocracy after the Great War is noted, but the way Lawrence shows how a psychology, which has been fuelled by money and power, and been accustomed to ownership and domination, can easily adapt and re-emerge as the face of industrialism is most interesting. The ease of this transference is focused in Sir Clifford. His stories are money oriented and display quantity not quality; both much bemoaned aspects of industrialism. As a contrast to Sir Clifford, Mellors, who works with his hands rather than machines, has little money or possessions and is respectful in his dealings with Sir Clifford, nonetheless represents a more arcane rural spirit. The clash, and crushing, of the rural spirit by the industrial is dramatised when Clifford's wheel-chair breaks down in the wood. The once rather sentimental aversion *The White Peacock* displayed towards flowers being crushed, with Cyril always wary of standing on them, is now honed into an image which fully expresses the narrative. Clifford's fight with the machinery to get it up the hill resembles the way machinery digs out the earth in the coal industry he is involved in, and the scene reminds one of Gerald's control over the Arab mare in *Women in Love*. Clifford, true to the industrial frame of mind, sees the breakdown as a personal insult and thinks 'will' over 'matter' will triumph. His insistence that Mellors mend the chair, and Mellors' resistance to this idea, shows how the separateness of their two points of view is divided over the machine - the very soul of industrialism. That Mellors' white shirt is dirtied is symbolic of the fact that rural living is defiled by the industrial one.

A presentation of the industrial landscape - Wiggiston in *The Rainbow* and Beldover in *Women in Love* - is central to Lawrence's other novels and came, as was noted in previous chapters, to represent the English condition. With this in mind we shall look at the portrayal of Tevershall and Uthwaite, which Connie passes through on her memorable car journey. The relation of those other industrial scenes to a particular development connected with the coal industry not only provided a certain realism, but also allowed the tensions between old and new to be explored and the nature of progress to be questioned. Similarly, in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, when Connie travels from Tevershall - which in the lay out of shops and chapels resembles

Lawrence's own Eastwood - and passes through Stacks Gate to Uthwaite it is illustrative of the observation: 'The industrial England blots out the agricultural England' (LC, 156). The difference between the old miners' 'dwellings' and the new rows of 'houses' is alluded to and notions of home, belonging and happiness are implicit in the contrast between the two worlds. Compared to the *First Lady Chatterley* the blackness, negation and sense of hopelessness are further emphasised and have all been seen before, but in the Beldover of *Women in Love* the point of view seemed distanced and the scene dream-like, almost visionary. Now it is as if the size, clarity and volume of the picture have been turned up. In the books of Lawrence's early years the head-stocks were the most gargantuan piece of machinery on the scene; now 'the head-stocks and pit-bank of the mine itself were insignificant among the huge new installations' (LC, 154), and everything from rooftop to pavement is drawn into a description of blackness. The ominous sound of machines reverberates through our literature and here noise levels are up and the 'strange bawling yell' (LC, 152), which is to be heard instead of singing in the school playground, is seen as representative of a wounded psyche in a state of shock. And the tremors of the earth - 'huge lorries shook the earth' (LC, 155) - act as a kind of seismograph to this state.

Previously Lawrence had tended to concentrate on the fate of the working-man in this industrial landscape. But in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* a change to the role of the aristocrat-turned-industrialist is considered. Clifford's cousin, Leslie Winter, whom Connie visits at Shipley, from once being appreciative of the part the miners played in his wealth, a time when he benevolently allowed them to use the park, has 'somehow been pushed out' (LC, 158). The image we have of him is of 'an elegant stag in a cage' - albeit a gilded one, with the miners insolently hanging about his grounds. The aristocracy as we see them in their role as industrialists seem abhorrent to Lawrence, but when they conform to older notions of the word he seems to accept them as being closer to the sort of hero figures he talked of in his historical writings and admired in *Etruscan Places.*

Lawrence's perception of miners is much changed from *Women in Love.* Although they were seen there as a group a certain individuality was afforded them, but now they are seen as a mass who have lost control over their lives; wage-slaves. After an emotionally devestating return trip to Eastwood in 1926, Lawrence said he felt more alienated from the colliers than ever; their loitering presence disturbed him and he said he detected a 'new kind of shallow consciousness, all newspaper and cinema' (PH 11, 264).

Now a highly educated and famous man he is a party to that impulse John Carey defines in *The Intellectuals and the Masses*. This is that the anxiety caused by the mass found a defence mechanism in the way the mass was denied humanity, in order to 'segregate the intellectuals from the mass, and to acquire the control over the mass that language gives' (Carey, 1992, 23). Virginia Woolf imagined the man in the street as excrement. Lawrence might not have allowed Mellors to be drawn from the mass of the working-class, and his impulse towards seeing miners as mere industrial hands is a good deal kinder than the sort of treatment afforded them by the Bloomsbury set, but it had its literary antecedents. In *Essays Aesthetical and Philosophical* Schiller had talked about the working man's loss of independence, and about fragmentation:

> Man himself, eternally chained down to a little fragment of the whole, only forms a kind of fragment, having nothing in his ears but the monotonous sound of the perpetually revolving wheel, he never develops the harmony of his being; and instead of imprinting the seal of humanity on his being, he ends by being nothing more than the living impress of the craft to which he devotes himself, of the science that he cultivates. (Schiller, 1875, 37-44)

The fragmentation of the men, and the impress of work on them, is present when Lawrence's mass are described as half men, 'only the grey half of a human being' and when the mythologising language pictures them as terrible mutations of the work-element: 'weird fauna of the coal-seams' and 'Elemental creatures, weird and distorted' (LC, 159-60). They are a fictional exaggeration of the way Lawrence noticed them in 'Return to Bestwood': 'swinging their heavy feet and going as if the mine-roof were still over their heads' (PH 11, 263); more trolls from the hall of the mountain king than miners. The people of Uthwaite also bear the definite imprint of the Nottingham Essays. The resistance and hate he felt there and the sense that the new generations of miners were no longer the wild, happy-go-lucky, 'manly' ones of his fathers days, and his impatience at this, a vindication of his father perhaps, is translated into a distinction between the 'good working men' of the past and the 'more modern workmen', 'riff-raf' even, who occupy the new houses. The image of the men, 'underground grey faces, whites of eyes rolling, necks cringing from the pit roof' (LC, 159), merges into greyness, sickness which was the look of the asylum favoured by other writers on industrialism and is a far cry from Lawrence's own memories of his father's colleagues who are described in 'Return to Bestwood' as trooping home with 'ringing of the feet, the red mouths'

(PH 11, 263). That they are seen from the point of view of Connie, who looks on them as potential fathers or breeders, brings notions of maleness, fitness, superiority, to the fore and allows Lawrence to somewhat overstate his case. The level of recoil and horror, the eugenicist intimation that this is a race one could exterminate, is hard to take; that it is generated by a woman at the sensitive stage of finding a father for her child makes it more believable and bearable.

Other ideas that English writers were concerned with - that there had been a sell-out to the great god of the machine - are combined with the unique experiences of Mexico. Lawrence coerces the steam rising from the 'installations' in the Tevershall landscape into ideas of sacrifice. In Mexico sacrificial smoke was thought to connect men to the gods: 'Uthwaite, on a damp day, was sending up a whole array of smoke plumes and steam, to whatever gods there be' (LC, 155). What seems to have been sacrificed at the altar of industrialism are qualities such as fellowship, manhood, pride, sense of self.

Lawrence is never happier than when he can hammer a place into a dualistic setting. Wragby Hall and the Wood, the two locales of *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* compared to the wide range of *Women in Love,* are tremendously simplified. As Daleski points out in *The Forked Flame,* Wragby takes on the combined attributes of Shortlands, Breadalby and the Cafe Pompadour: 'it is meant, that is to say, to be simultaneously the seat of industry, the abode of the "mental-life" and home of pettifogging art' (Daleski, 1965, 267). The human qualities of tenderness and sympathy we spoke of previously are missing from both the industrial town and Wragby. In sharing the same loss the two places are as inextricably linked as they are through Clifford's activities as an industrialist. The contrast between machine and nature is at the heart of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and is a romantic position to adopt if one sees romanticism as 'a protest on behalf of the organic view of nature' (Whitehead, 1947, 138).

As a writer of drama Lawrence knows how enclosed settings can intensify the action. Much is made of the opening and closing of the gates between the park and the wood so that the brown, silent, oppressive hall which is Wragby, enclosed like many of Lawrence's creations, from the Brangwen household in *The Rainbow,* to the garden of the poem 'Snapdragon' to the Alpine inns of *Twilight in Italy* and *Women in Love.* The general isolation of Wragby is shown to be a historic condition. As children the Chatterleys were 'cut off from that industrial Midlands in which they passed their lives' (LC, 12). Within its walls, which like the gates are also

always emphasised, Wragby has much of the Victorian gothic horror about it. Age is awry. The place is peopled by housemaids no longer young and Sir Clifford, who should by rights be the young inheritor, is a paralysed war veteran who is forced to cling to the rigmarole of bath-chairs, nurses, regulated meal times and visitors, and seems like an old man. That is Wragby's historical past and present definition. But from *The Rainbow* onwards Lawrence had been most interested in the role of both history and environment in the shaping of consciousness. With Wragby he is anxious to show that the place has engendered a kind of group consciousness which is expressed in the phrase 'no contact' (LC, 18). A most depressing amount of personal withdrawal and isolationism exists at both personal and business levels. The hall is cut off from Tevershall. Connie withdraws from Clifford's relatives to her boudoir on an upper floor and Wragby cradles the vacuousness of Sir Clifford's mind which is brought into greater prominence by the paralysis of his body. It whirs away spinning stories which are feted for their modern touch but which like modern living itself can be seen in terms of the theme of unconnectedness:

> The observation was extraordinary and peculiar. But there was no touch, no actual contact. It was as if the whole thing took place on an artificial earth. (LC, 16)

In terms of Lawrence's philosophy that life was about getting in touch with the universe, Wragby, disconnected from the world is antithetical to this.

The wood, which Lawrence is careful to show has its own anima of infoldedness, secrecy and silence, is positioned in stark contrast to Wragby physically and psychologically, as well as through the central inhabitants of each place. Where Wragby is dark, caught up in the past, and a monument to the mental life which leaves it unconnected to the world about it, the wood is light and the cycle of the seasons ensures its connection to the present and to the physical life. The two central inhabitants, Clifford and Mellors, are also opposed at so many levels. The conflict between the upper-class gentleman and the working-class man, between impotence and virility is obvious. Less obvious are the other more thematic conflicts between talk and silence, and between notions of domination, ownership and power that have been shown to be shared by aristocrat and industrialist alike and those of integration, being keeper rather than owner, and tenderness which Mellors upholds. With the broadest sweep of the thematic pen we can say, as Lawrence intended, that Wragby represents death and the wood represents life. In the context of the tale Wragby, through its

traditions and her husband's insistence on joint activity acts as a barrier to Connie's self-hood, that which according to Lawrence's philosophical writings every human being should work to bring into full flower. It is symbolic that when Wragby welcomes Connie home there is 'not even a single flower' (LC, 14) whereas they are abundant in the woods and Mellors entwines them around Connie's body.

Connie stands positioned between these places, which by the wealth of associations invested in them become the two complete 'worlds' she moves between. What Lawrence does so well is to show Connie's transference from one to the other and the tension and struggle of embracing a set of values so different to those she was accustomed to. The wood's ability to entice her grows; first plants (daffodils), then animals (the chicks) then a completely different kind of man to her husband draw her. And simultaneous with this the physical and moral hold Wragby has on her lessens. Clifford's nurse replaces Connie's more menial function. The immediate community, Mrs Bolton, Aunt Eva, and even her own father, encourage her to get out and search for a suitable man to father the child Sir Clifford cannot give her. And this sanctioning of an affair by the community is important as it strips it of guilt in advance. Similarly, the fact that Mellors initially touches Connie in response to a tear she lets fall - an act of compassion - makes the passion it turns into result from a gesture which, in the circumstances, was socially acceptable. Connie's love of the wood and her mounting hatred for Wragby and all that Sir Clifford stands for reaches a crisis point when her two worlds meet. In Chapter Five Connie accompanies Sir Clifford into the wood and is subjected to his views on life, which for him is synonymous with ownership and property. There is the way he wants his property to be: 'I want this wood perfect...untouched' (LC, 42). There is the child he suggests she might have by just using 'the sex thing' (LC, 45). The idea of children is bound up with the idea of providing an heir, 'a link in the chain' (LC, 43). Such views become a sort of signpost which points towards the future cold and impersonal pattern of their lives together. She has lived for too long as the subservient wife and the image of her sewing while men talk around her springs to mind - as it is meant to when the text declares her the woman who is not going to accept her lot, the woman who is not going to 'be content to weave' herself into what Sir Clifford calls their 'steadily-lived life' (LC, 45). As she sits in the woods and remains hostile to her husband's words, we sympathise deeply with her. Similarly, Michaelis, Connie's option for fathering a child, although he seems different to Sir Clifford, is placed in the same category when he

categorises female identity as being tied up with 'being something' and jewels and clubs:

> Connie looked at him as if dazzled, and really feeling nothing at all. Hardly even the surface of her mind was tickled by the glowing prospects he offered her. (LC, 53)

Clifford and Michaelis represent both old and new England but neither can offer her any sort of foundation of values on which to live out her life, and she experiences tremendously negative feelings as a result: 'Nothingness! To accept the great nothingness of life seemed to be the one end of living' (LC, 55).

Connie's personal need to counter the nothingness she feels coincides with the progression of the after effects of Sir Clifford's wartime injuries. Literature which deals with the psychology of World War I veterans alerts one to the fact that the voluntary suppressions engendered by shell-shock and trench warfare took time to appear, to turn into the clinically recognised repressions which surfaced as states of reasonless dread and sleepless nights. Sir Clifford's rather paranoiac need of Connie and the restless nights alleviated by gambling are meant to point to this kind of changeover. The coming together of the history, psychology, personal factors and the situation of the tale itself - the need for a child - all neatly dovetail to make Connie's seizing hold of the kind of life offered in the woods seem inevitable.

The silence, dappled sunshine, abundant flowers, and bubbling spring which characterise the wood, 'stiller, but yet gusty and with crossing sun' (LC, 85), make it a contrast to the ever-encroaching industrial society which Sir Clifford represents. It stands as a remnant of the rural life: 'She liked the *inwardness* of the remnant of forest, the unspeaking reticence of the old trees' (LC, 65). The feeling that it is a sanctuary and a last refuge from industrialism is heightened by the vulnerability of the boundaries: Stacks Gate can be seen from a denuded knoll, hooters echo through the wood; repose is appreciated through the interruption of noise, it is a simple device. When Connie, in her anguish, is propelled into the wood, the place of industrial refuge is given a personal significance as it becomes the place which cocoons her against anxiety and conflict. I suggest that the spatial lay-out of the place - a hut and a cottage and clearing fronted by a pine tree - closely resembles Lawrence's own log cabin in Mexico, the hut Dorothy Brett stayed in and the large tree which Georgia O'Keefe painted. This is an alternative to the Shortwood cottages and the old timbered hut used to

make tea for outdoor dances that Willie Hopkin wrote of in the reminiscences included in *Lady Chatterley: The Making of the Novel* (Britton, 1988, 108-11). Whichever is the case, to use a familiar topography allowed Lawrence to devote more energy to making the place come alive as it certainly does in this novel. A mature writer now in the descriptions of natural scenery he draws on a wealth of experience. The wood has the movement and freshness seen in the *White Peacock,* the pristine quality of *Twilight in Italy,* there is the mountain silence of *Women in Love.* The wood is portrayed as an idyll, but as with the valley of *The White Peacock* there is a ring of reality about it. Rather than nature being 'red in tooth and claw' as it was in the first novel, it is now human activity and emotions which challenge the harmonious facade and Connie's overly romantic viewpoint. The wood is a place where trees are cut for trench timber, animals are killed, children cry and estranged wives like Bertha Coutts rage. Far from being a wild place it is one, like Paradise, that is tamed and cultivated. Connie does notice that the keeper has put gravel in the spring water. Effects that this thesis has pointed out as being peculiarly Lawrentian are present in the natural descriptions. There is the marking of the passing of time by the growth in the volume and different varieties of flowers; we move from primrose to daffodils, then bluebells. Nonetheless, in addition to this 'natural' time, the times Connie sallies forth into the wood are registered as clock time and this imbues the text with a great sense of anticipation. That every day in the wood becomes a different sort of day increases the sense of wonder, raises the level of sexual anticipation and makes the reader more anxious to discover what happens next in the development of her relationship with Mellors.

Once Lawrence has gained our sympathy for Connie, the important aspect of her journeys through the woods is the way her spirits, indeed her whole consciousness, soar and are brought to life by the spring. When she views some daffodils the process of nature pressing upon her, demanding her attention, becomes more marked in each version of the novel. Formerly 'thrilled and happy to be in the wood, in the sound of the wind' (First LC, 42) Connie changes to being 'strangely excited in the wood' and we are told 'the colour flew in her cheeks and burned blue in her eyes' (LC, 86). The wind becomes more violent, it sways the tops of the trees and seems to whip her along. When Connie leans against a pine tree the sexual nature of the imagery foreshadows her sexual experiences. In the first version it 'swayed against her like an animated creature' (First LC, 42). In the final version we read:

> Constance sat down with her back to a young pine-tree, that swayed against her with curious life, elastic and powerful rising up. The erect alive thing, with its top in the sun! And she watched the daffodils go sunny in a burst of sun, that was warm on her hands and lap. Even she caught the faint tarry scent of the flowers. (LC, 86)

The description reminds one of Lawrence's love of Etruscan cypresses, those 'supple, brooding, softly-swaying pillars of/dark flame' (CP, 297) that he eulogised in the poem 'Cypresses', which spoke to him of the lost language of the Etruscans and their values. The conclusion of the poem was: 'There is only one evil, to deny life!'(CP, 298) and similarly, in Wragby wood, we presume that the tree not only awakens Connie's sexuality but speaks of life itself. In both the descriptions drawn from the Chatterley text we notice that Lawrence uses the vocabulary of fascination. Connie feels '*strangely* excited', the pine tree is full of '*curious* life' [my italics]. This captures the feeling that she is tuning into something inexplicable but wonderful. In a word it is Life, that which is so obviously missing from Wragby. Her movements respond to her changed outlook. She stops 'plodding' or 'drifting' along and learns to run - which Clifford objects to when she runs to open a gate. The circumstances of spring forcing a woman out of an emotional abyss and into a new kind of awareness were seen in the case of Lydia Lensky in *The Rainbow*. And in that text, as with Connie, she was put in the frame of mind for being attracted to a man. This element of preparation and making characters receptive is slower and more deliberate in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

However, the remarkable relationship at play in *Lady Chatterley* engages with greater issues than a woman abandoning her war-victim husband to find satisfaction elsewhere. Theories about how to live one's life are never far away in Lawrence's writing. With *The Rainbow* the theory was set down before the novel was written. As my chapter on that novel showed, the pattern of the three central relationships was often illustrative of the theory. With *Lady Chatterley's Lover* the novel was written first and later in October 1929 Lawrence attached the theory - 'A Propos of "*Lady Chatterley's Lover*"'- after the novel had been published. Although to some extent this essay is Lawrence's defence of his work and a response to the uproar the novel caused, his perpetual habit of making his fiction accord with some sort of philosophical theory allows us to suppose that much of this theory was already in his mind while he was writing *Lady Chatterley*. We should ask what Lawrence was trying to say and in what ways Mellors and Connie's relationship accords with this.

2). The Soul Against the Body ... the Animal Part

Lady Chatterley's Lover, like so many of Lawrence's novels, is still concerned with the regeneration of England. That it is set several years after the war, when Britain was most aware that the war had provided the country with little hope for the future, is important:

> The bruise was deep, deep, deep...the bruise of the false inhuman war. It would take many years for the living blood of the generations to dissolve the vast black clot deep inside their souls and bodies. And it would need a new hope. (LC, 53)

And Lawrence, writing so recently after witnessing the malaise of the miners' strikes in his home area, is writing about a period of despair from a period of despair. The impact is to make society seem doubly sick.

But Lawrence adopts the sort of stance to be found in Baudelaire's *Spléen et Idéal*; amid the despair he always reaches out for the glimmer of hope; the idea that marriage provides a basis for society, for example:

> The marriage-tie, the marriage bond, take it which way you like, is the fundamental connecting link in Christian society. (LC,320)

In 'A Propos of "*Lady Chatterley's Lover*"' Lawrence saw the cult of the 'modern' as a European phenomenon and aired his disapproval of the plight he felt modern marriage was in. They were 'personal' egotistical, self-oriented marriages which ran on 'counterfeit emotion', lacked trust and took sex 'like a cocktail'. This flippant attitude towards sex indicated a flippant attitude towards life whereas Lawrence preferred to think of sex not as 'a lady's underclothing, and the fumbling therewith' (PH 11, 496), but as a communion; beyond love. He is unusually thankful to the church, specifically the Catholic one of the southern hemisphere, for the institution of this kind of marriage:

> The Catholic Church recognizes sex, and makes of marriage a sacrament based on the sexual communion, for the purpose of procreation. But procreation, in the south, is not the bare and scientific fact, and act, that it is in the north. The act of procreation is still charged with all the sensual mystery and importance of the old past. (LC, 317)

Communion, harmony, unity of mind and body and of the self with nature, and values such as trust and permanence are considered to be the way forward for relationships, and by inference for society in general.

It is for these reasons that in 'A Propos of *"Lady Chatterley's Lover"*' Lawrence defends his novel against the interpretation instanced by a young man who said to him '"I can't believe in the regeneration of England by sex, you know..."' (LC, 314). It is difficult for us not to think along similar lines, especially when Tommy Dukes, one of the guests at Wragby, speaks of the sorry state of England and suggests a remedy:

> our civilisation is going to fall. It's going down the bottomless pit, down the chasm. And believe me, the only bridge across the chasm will be the phallus! (LC, 75)

And indeed the novel's sex scenes and Mellor's address to his phallus appear to endorse Dukes' idea. However, Lawrence's art, always desirous of a unity between the self and society, between the self and the cosmos, heaven and earth, often centred on an object or employed imagery which took on the function of a bridge or link: rainbows, arches, the snakes in Mexico. The phallus in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* then, and the activity connected with it, is not an end in itself - it functions as yet another link or intermediary structure in the text. Lawrence is interested in it not because he wanted to write dirty books - although the smashing of sexual taboos was a useful side-product. No, the phallus is there in its role as a bridge which translates thought into action. It unites body and soul. As he said: 'It isn't England that needs regenerating, it is her young' (PH 11, 496); he meant the way young people thought. He distinguishes between the 'greater needs of man' and those lesser ones. Clustered around the greater needs are what he terms 'blood-marriage'; parenthood; getting in touch with the cosmos, 'the rhythm of the sun's year' and the '*Deed* of life' (PH 11, 510) as opposed to the Word or Logos.

In the light of Lawrence's theorising and his concern for society the sexual relationship between Connie and Mellors is expressive of an attitude of mind that is distinctly anti-modern, older, akin to the mindset he had seen on his travels; something that answered the greater needs of man. Psychologically it is the opposite to Connie's marriage with Clifford: 'Connie and he were attached to one another, in the rather aloof modern way' (LC, 15). Life was not worth living, Lawrence believed, when the mind and body were not in harmony; rationalism and learning in general had separated mind from body and this was true of sex and society's attitude to it. Puritans avoided the issue and the moderns flaunted it. Julian Moynahan says all Lawrence's sex scenes have a sameness: 'the sexual scenes succeeding the first really add nothing new' (Moynahan, 1963, 166).

Apart from pointing out in passing that the setting of hut and cottage differ and represent Connie gradually coming into the keeper's life, the journey that I will trace will show that they are most certainly not. I think that when viewed *in toto* the occasions when Connie and Mellors make love comprise a spiritual journey on which the modern tone of their first meeting is transcended and they travel towards a more ideal kind of "blood-marriage"; something that is really loving and tender. It bears the hallmarks of the old fashioned kind of relationship Lawrence had been interested in since he wrote of Tom and Lydia in *The Rainbow*. However, Lawrence's greater acknowledgement of the mystery which defines the tenor of Connie and Mellor's love probably owes to his experiences of other places and communities which he felt still retained the kind of mystery associated with ancient civilisations. The fact they make love semi-clothed partly illustrates the woman's mystery:

> When a woman's sex is in itself dynamic and alive, then it is a power in itself, beyond her reason. And of itself it emits its peculiar spell, drawing men in the first delight of desire. (PH 11, 497)

And the language is reminiscent of the time when Lawrence watched a Mexican deer dance and responded to the men who were drawn into the camp by the 'wistfulness of the maidens' (MM, 58). Central to *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is the idea that mystery, in terms of sexuality, is closely connected to notions of manhood and womanhood.

Traditional ideas about womanliness and manliness were something Lawrence admired on his travels. He was drawn to the strong bodies of the Sardinian farmers, and the petticoated reticence of the Navajo women. Modern women, Lawrence asserted in his essays, had lost their sexuality and hence their mystery. In line with these views *Lady Chatterley's Lover* attempts to bring femininity and manliness back into focus. Connie, with her soft voice, comely petticoated figure, grace and love of waiting on Mellors is the opposite to the modern woman whose bobbed hair and flesh-flaunting clothes Lawrence abhorred. In her search for someone to father a child the word *man*, by being italicised, alerts one to the notion that this is an ideological as well as a physical concern. As if she were a character from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the first person she encounters after this thought is Mellors:

> He was naked to the hips, his velveteen breeches slipping down over his slender loins. And his white slender back was curved over a big bowl of soapy water, in which he ducked his head, shaking his head with a queer,

> quick little motion, lifting his slender white arms, and pressing the soapy water from his ears: quick, subtle as a weasel playing with water, and utterly alone. (LC, 66)

The epiphanic imprint typical of early meetings between lovers in Lawrence's work, that spoke of the triumph of intuitive and physical feeling over reason, is present: 'in some curious way it was a visionary experience: it had hit her in the middle of her body (LC, 66). But the emphasis given to slenderness and the whiteness of the flesh (shared by both Lawrence himself and Birkin), and the kind of unconcernedness and animal self-sufficiency Lawrence saw exuded by the Eastwood colliers when they washed, suggests that manliness is as much about qualities as it is about physical attributes. Perhaps Lawrence was compensating for what he felt to be a rather sick body, and one which the biographical evidence suuggests was now impotent. As Frieda said:

> The terrible thing about Lady Chatterley is that Lawrence identified himself with both Clifford and Mellors; that took courage. (Not I, 389)

But it is to Lawrence's credit that personal worries take a back seat to his concern with the idea that successful relationships flow from a bedrock of defined sexuality. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* plays out the belief that it is important for men and women to adhere to the attributes of their sex.

Human relationships which are mindful of mystery and the segregation of the sexes and take an anti-modern stance are seen as being an ideal foundation for society. These would flourish if man could get back in touch with the cosmos. Such a concern was stated in the early psychological writings but after experiencing the freedom and grandeur of the Mexican landscape and seeing the way the Etruscans lived so closely in connection with nature it was a concern which intensified towards the end of his life. Lawrence spoke of the need to re-emerge into a 'bigger life':

> we are perishing for lack of fulfilment of our greater needs, we are cut off from the great sources of our inward nourishment and renewal. (PH 11, 510)

He claimed 'The greatest need of man is the renewal forever of the complete rhythm of life and death and the rhythms of the sun's year' (PH 11, 510). Hence the cerebral re-birth Sir Clifford experiences from the power of being in charge of so many men - 'And he seemed verily to be re-born' (LC, 108) - is seen as false when is set against the one Connie and Mellors experience. After Connie cries over a newly hatched chick, a symbol of life, resurrection

and a reminder of her own childlessness and the catalyst to their first coming together, Mellors escorts Connie to the park gates and there is this exchange of dialogue:

> 'Now I've begun again.'
> 'Begun what?'
> 'Life.' (LC, 118)

Connie and Mellors' relationship then is Lawrence's great attempt to show human beings re-establishing their relationship with the cosmos. As the wood burgeons into spring and then summer it is imbued with a silent, but acquiescent anima which throws their relationship into relief, one in which their bodies, blood, and lovemaking are at one with the wood. When the trees 'glistened naked and dark' (LC, 122) from the rain Mellors strides into the clearing 'in his black oilskin jacket like a chauffeur, shining with wet'. Similar to the opening of *The Rainbow* , to correspond with the rise of the sap in spring, Lawrence is careful to describe the flow of blood again in both of them:

> Today she could almost feel it in her own body, the huge heave of the sap in the massive trees, upwards, up, up to the bud-tips, there to push into little flamey oak-leaves, bronze as blood. It was like a tide running turgid upward, and spreading on the sky. (LC, 121-22)

When Connie runs to Mellors her mackintosh is the colour of the bluebells and hyacinths, and when she undoes the garment visually she becomes like the wood, 'full of the mystery of eggs and half-open buds' (LC, 122). When they are outdoors - in a clearing similar to the 'little circle of grass' (WL, 320) in which Ursula and Birkin make love - their lovemaking is also described in terms of ripples, bells and swelling. Mellors 'loved to make her breasts swing softly like bells' (LC, 209).* But when Mellors strews flowers over Connie and when they dance naked in the rain Graham Hough calls such incidents 'lapses': 'bits of self-conscious nudism that fall heavily into the ridiculous' (Hough, 1983, 161), Julian Moynahan finds them 'silly' and Michael Squires hates them. This is a shame. Firstly the incidents have about them a spontaneity and a childish playfulness which is part of the beauty of the relationship; the flowers are forget-me-nots and are used when Connie and Mellors are about to part, the fact he speaks to her in the

* As Kathleen Verduin says in 'Lady Chatterley and The Secret Garden: Lawrence's Homage to Mrs Hodgson Burnett': 'Connie is thus a landscape, sylvan and floral, at times even tropical.' (Verduin, 1984, 61-66)

language of flowers - more readily known to Edwardians than to our times - is tenderly symbolic. Secondly, far from being extraneous to the main text these scenes constitute a mini-ritual which can be aligned with the text's central theme: the return to a 'vivid and nourishing relation to the cosmos and the universe'. Such a physical connectedness to the universe reflect the important way in which these provide a channel for connections of a more psychological nature: 'She [Connie] had connected him up again, when he [Mellors] had wanted to be alone' but he acquiesces to this most important drive in man: 'So if I've got to be broken open again, I have - '(LC, 118).

As the relationship between Lady Chatterley and Mellors deepens the question of how they can relate to society becomes more pressing. In accordance with the *Study of Thomas Hardy* Connie and Mellors are an extraordinary couple (like Ursula and Birkin, Alvina and Cicio), who, although they feel the bounds of conventional life, differ in their levels of response. With her insistence on returning to Wragby for meals and her readiness to attribute her pregnancy to a fictitious lover, Connie appears to be the one most tied to convention but *au fond* she is actually the one most oblivious to the encroachment of opinion, values and being judged. Whether Lawrence attributed this to an unconventional Dresden upbringing (which sounds like Frieda's), to female naivety, or a determined attempt to ignore the situation (if he thought about it at all) the disparity between Connie and Mellors is nonetheless a very real one. Imaginatively speaking society is seen by Mellors as a weight hovering just outside the clearing of the wood which has become the stage for their defiance:

> 'Won't folks be thinkin' somethink, you comin' here every night?' he said.
> ...
> 'Why should they know?' she said.
> 'Folks always does,' he said fatally. (LC, 123)

Later he sees every reason to lock the door of his cottage when the couple take tea together whereas Connie doesn't. Mellors' gloomy ponderings on the likelihood of them being caught imbues their early meetings with the sort of illicit excitement typical of the courtly tradition. As the affair become more serious a tone of *Carpe Diem* is added to the novel.

Lawrence has to ask: How can two people whose relationship is founded on something that runs deeper than conventional ones fit into an industrial society? In Lawrence's other novels the sometimes unsatisfactory answer for couples who felt English society was oppressive was to opt out of it by going abroad. As was discussed in the chapter on *Women in Love*

this kind of conclusion was made possible by the lack of children. However, Connie and Mellors are Lawrence's first defiant fictional couple to have a child together. This fact intensifies and complicates many of the concerns of the novel. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has been careful to show the options open to Connie. She could have had Mellors as a lover and left him. She could have taken regular lovers abroad as suggested by the Venice trip and gondoliers who consider 'business being *l'amore,* love' (LC, 260). Dalliance with the working classes is one thing but to carry it through is another. But for Connie and Mellors to go abroad, where Lawrence has been for half his life, becomes less of an option. By 1927 Lawrence was writing: 'It's no good my thinking of retreat...' (L6, 72) and 'The Man Who Was Through with the World', which was written in the same year, shows an aversion to the idea of travel as an escape route. A line in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* - 'What was the good of discontented people who fitted in nowhere!' (LC, 96) - perhaps reflects Lawrence's own thoughts on himself and the realisation that he has so far removed himself from England that he has no particular place to die in.

The previous extrication of a novel's characters from England was invariably Lawrence's response to the limitations of industrial society, and pointed the way towards them becoming the seeds of a newer, better one. But the ending of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* puts paid to this kind of slant on the vision of Rananim. Connie and Mellors might both be opposed to the industrial spirit but they will hardly be able to dance naked in the rain from their new house. Lawrence's knowledge that there is no one to support him in sowing the seeds of a better world, becomes Mellors' own:

> Oh, if only there were other men to be with, to fight that sparkling-electric Thing outside there, to preserve the tenderness of life, the tenderness of women, and the natural riches of desire. If only there were men to fight side by side with! But the men were all outside there, glorying in the Thing, triumphing or being trodden down in the rush of mechanised greed or of greedy mechanism. (LC, 120)

Mellors accepts that he is going to have to face the inevitability of the industrial landscape even though he is afraid: 'an oppression, a dread of exposing himself and her to that outside Thing that sparkled viciously in the electric lights, weighed down his shoulders' (LC, 120). Connie's ride to Uthwaite when 'incarnate ugliness' was juxtaposed with 'the days of Good Queen Anne and Tom Jones' occasioned the question 'England, my England! But which is *my* England?' (LC, 156). In accord with the narrowing of

Lawrence's vision discussed in the chapter on *Etruscan Places*, and the fact that his perception of the ideal place now centred around notions of the 'spot', the ending of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, with Mellors taking a job as a farm labourer, is Lawrence's attempt to answer this question for himself and think about how his own life in England could have been if he'd stayed. A return to the cottage living of England's rural past (perhaps a last look at the Haggs Farm?) draws together and reconciles many of the issues that have concerned Lawrence throughout his life.* Indeed I think that in the face of Lawrence's reforming voice Connie and Mellor's decision to stay in Britain is a compromise between the dream of how society might be and how England was: if a capitalist industrial society doesn't suit, jump off the track into an agrarian one. The deadpan tone of Mellors' letter shows such a life will be encroached on by the industrial spirit anyway, from the socialist talk of the miners in the pubs to people who will never realise that 'living and spending aren't the same thing' (LC, 299).

But when we approach the question of what sort of future can a gamekeeper and a lady expect together, Ferrara's ideas about Lawrence's 'deep knowledge' of England do not stand up so well. To an extent *Lady Chatterley* is a novel of wish-fulfillment. Lawrence has bent to the pressure of the need for characters to earn a living (an improvement on *Women in Love)* but he avoids showing how Connie and Mellors sustain a relationship within society as this would bring their differences to the fore. It is as if Lawrence knows that to depict the class divide as wholly bridgeable is a vanity so he avoids writing the chapter which would show Connie and Mellors living their new found life together. It is telling that a scene in which Connie met the keeper's parents, which, with its canned fruit and need to impress leads to tension between the lovers, was cut from the first edition.

The ending, in terms of the deep-seated kinds of aspirations Lawrence had all his life, is something of a compromise and very sad. Not only does it show Lawrence purposefully ignoring the unhappy turn of events that the pressures of society would have probably engendered in

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* In a review of Fernando Ferraro's pertinent article 'Novel and Prophecy: *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as Myth and Predication' (1987), which sees the origins of the novel to be based in Lawrence and Frieda's own real life which itself enacted a number of myths such as Venus and Mars, Helen and Paris - 'great passion which leads to the transgression of social rules', Simonetta de Filippis states that: 'although Lawrence sought to know and understand different civilizations, he was aware that the validity of a mythical message depends, to a great extent on the direct and deep knowledge the prophet has of one particular culture, in his case England and Western society." (de Filippis, 1982, 31)

Connie and Mellors, but it is also a moderated vision of how life might be, a much depleted Rananim. Ideas of some type of communism lived out by a group of people has gone. To live independently and cling to the idea of just the couple and their burning love has replaced notions of communal living: 'So I believe in the little flame between us. For me now, it's the only thing in the world' (LC, 300). Marxian socialism doesn't distinguish between land and capital, positing that both should be removed from private ownership. But what remains communistic in Mellors' situation is his non-ownership of land. This is important to an understanding of Lawrence's tempered vision. The land, the source of all wealth, that Lawrence's travel writing had showed lasted in perpetuity, differs from capital in that it is a permanent form of wealth, whereas capital decays. Lawrence has created two fine people who will not change society in any major way but will live out his ideals in the best possible circumstances. But the fact they do not own the land, which is what the power of the upper classes resides in, is a small gesture towards trying to reconcile the terrible inequalities of riches and poverty, a story which to some extent is the story of Lawrence's life.

ETRUSCAN PLACES

The final phase of Lawrence's life and writing is one over which death's shadow circles. The mood that fills the writing of these last years is one of signing off from both the work and the life. In September 1925, exhausted from finishing *The Plumed Serpent*, Lawrence nearly died from an attack of malaria-cum-tuberculosis but recuperated at Del Monte where he wrote the theoretical essays on the art and morality of the novel. When he crossed the Atlantic and returned to his home regions and England's 'a million and a quarter unemployed' he described the scene as 'not very cheering' (L5, 311-12). In the spring the Lawrences departed, in their usual fashion, to Italy for the third time, and the Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, became a base for two years. Lawrence had suggested a book on the Etruscans, whose art seemed 'so alive with physical life' (L5, 465) to Martin Secker; but by May 1926 the 'promised' (CL, 908) book seemed a burden. He visited Compton Mackenzie's island in the Hebrides and wrote: 'I am so bored by the thought of all things literary - why not sell cigarettes!' (L5, 516). In the autumn he painted, and began *Lady Chatterley's Lover* from the Villa Mirenda, in response to the way he had been shaken by the visit to his old haunts.

But despite setbacks the idea of the Etruscan book was not lost. Indeed, Sagar and L.D. Clark trace Lawrence's fascination with the grand old cities of Etruria back to the poem 'Cypresses' (1920) and Clark points out that Lawrence's first encounter with things Etruscans was stimulated not by archaeology but by an atmosphere of place: Tuscany in the fall of 1920 (Clark, 1980, 381). The poem's central metaphor is that the Etruscans, who belong 'to that shadowy epoch of proto-history which in Italy precedes the Romans' (Aldington,1965, vi), are guardians of 'a great secret', and the swaying cypress trees impart this like glyphs to the poet. The poem asks whether it is possible metaphorically to blow back the dust to recover 'the delicate magic of life' which Lawrence was convinced was buried with the Etruscans and other ancient civilisations. The idea that they might be guardians of a universal secret remained with him. Although a planned trip to Perugia with the Carswells collapsed, he still asked 'will you tell me *what* then was the secret of the Etruscans which you saw?' (L4, 105). The Carswell reply has never been found but Lawrence's text answers his own question.

Lawrence was not alone in finding the Etruscans tantalisingly mysterious. Etruscan specialists call them a 'mysterious civilisation' (Harrel-

Courtès, 1964, 3) as, despite extensive scholarship, their origin still remains uncertain and their language unreadable. Various theories surround their origins. Livy believed Etruscans came from the north. The Greek historian Dionysius proposed a theory of 'autochthony' which presumed the Etruscans were always native to Italy. Today, the most popular theory, promoted by Raymond Bloch, is that of oriental origin: incoming Easterners mixed with the Villanovans, who lived between the Arno and Tiber rivers, to become the Etruscans. Lawrence read the various scholarly works available: D Randall-MacIver's *Villanovans and Early Etruscans* , Pericle Ducati's *Etruria Antica* and the then definitive work on Etruscans, George Dennis' *The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria* (1848, 1878, 1883).* After much reading and prevaricating Lawrence was accompanied around the tombs of Cerveteri, Tarquinia, Vulci and Volterra from 6-11 April 1927 by Earl Brewster (Lawrence's host in Ceylon). Although the tour was brief - as the Sardinia trip was - it was the culmination of an intense imaginative *and* scholarly fascination with the Etruscans. Before he visited the Etruscan tombs Lawrence wrote:

> the Etruscan things appeal *very much* to my imagination. They are so curiously natural - somebody said bourgeois, but that's a lie, considering all the phallic monuments. (L 5, 427)

Once there Lawrence stands in the Etruscan tombs, 'a superior intelligence penetrating quickly and thoroughly to the heart of a place and its civilization' (Clark, 1980, 382). The chief quality Lawrence finds in the tombs, which his reading had led him to expect, is naturalness, of proportion and of material; the tombs are 'Cut out of the living rock' (EP, 16). As Etruscans were buried with the trappings of their earthly life the descent to the tombs is surprisingly unoppressive. Through capturing the way the tombs make him *feel*, Lawrence's writing shapes the Etruscan naturalness into a spiritual reality: 'And that is the true etruscan quality: ease, naturalness, and an abundance of life, no need to force the mind or the soul in any direction' (EP, 19). The strong need to consider the genesis of this naturalness, of which Lawrence heartily approved, springs from both personal and ideological impulses. Etruscans had lived the more vivid, unmaterialistic life which Lawrence's now abandoned Rananim had envisaged because they were spiritually in touch with nature and the cosmos; the physical nudity, dance and music their paintings depict are

* Sagar believes Lawrence also read *The Earliest Inhabitants of Italy* by Theodor Mommsen (Sagar, 1985, 288).

merely expressions of this. Also, the Western dualism of life versus death did not enter their ideology, rather life and death were united: 'For the life on earth was so good, the life below could but be a continuance of it' (EP, 46); an ideology no doubt of comfort to a dying Lawrence. Lawrence found the Etruscan acceptance of continuity rather than separateness, of a godliness found in all of creation rather than projected into a figurehead, to be innately religious. His by now characteristic consideration of how another civilisation lived was rooted in an overwhelmingly remote past.

Until now, repelled by Britain, Lawrence had applied the question of how to live to the example of the Italian peasant or the Mexican Indian, to the cultures encountered in his twenty years of 'wandering'. Now, as the Etruscan civilisation and a contemplation of how their life was (and by implication how ours could be) is constructed from their ancient paintings and artefacts, another fundamental question enters Lawrence's conception of Etruscan life. This is one most harrowingly pertinent to his own personal situation: the question of how to die. Both questions, of how to live and die are germane to *Etruscan Places* as a text. Up to now Lawrence had travelled in the hope that one country, culture or society, might provide principles which could teach modern man how to live in a more spiritually satisfying way. But no community could offer a viable long-term way of life. Initially Lawrence saw Italians as over sensual; towards the end of his life he saw them as fascist and brutal. The liberty Australians enjoyed from living in a new country was perceived in *Kangaroo* to have lent their lives an 'absence of any inner meaning' (KG, 33). Although Lawrence was drawn to the animistic religion of the Mexican-Indian community, ultimately he regarded them as too macabre:

> He understands soul, which is of the blood. But spirit, which is superior, and is the quality of our civilisation, this, in the mass, he darkly and barbarically repudiates. (PS, 150)

On his return to Britain the divisive atmosphere of the miners' strike meant he saw a people far removed from the sword dancing times his letters imagined. He was hemmed in on every side with nowhere to go.

In addition to self-imposed geographical boundaries the idea of death as the final frontier occupied Lawrence. His unfinished 'Autobiographical Fragment' (Oct, 1927) stated 'I am like a butterfly, and I shall only live a little while' (PH, 836). It is a truism to assert that to face death changes people's perspectives, indeed Lawrence's awareness of his own is highly relevant to his conception of place. The idea that a particular geography and culture

could provide answers fades and the letters contemporaneous with *Etruscan Places* show a narrowing of his vision. Themes of death are no longer peripheral to the text, as they were with the mountain symbolism in *Twilight in Italy* and *Women in Love*, but become the unifying subject matter of *Etruscan Places*. The idea of Rananim is absent and a letter to Rolf Gardiner, which precedes the tour of the tombs, illustrates that the idea of the perfect place has narrowed down to a 'spot': 'We'll have to establish some spot on earth, that will be the fissure into the underworld, like the oracle at Delphos, where one can always come to' (L5, 591). *Etruscan Places* is the descent into such a fissure:

> We descend the steep steps down into the tomb. It seems a dark little hole underground: a dark little hole, after the sun of the upper world! (EP, 44)

The descent is a metaphor for his own death. The underlying question of the book is, how to die?

But Lawrence's work can not be so negative. The question of how to die does not displace that of how to live. Eight months before his tour of the tombs Lawrence had written to Brewster: 'The problem of truth is: How can we most deeply *live*? - And the answer is different in every case' (L5, 519). Lawrence's look at the ancient Etruscan civilisation is not a foray into the meaningless and dead, but reflects the mood of inquiry Ralph Waldo Emerson describes in his essay 'History':

> All inquiry into antiquity - all curiosity respecting the Pyramids, the excavated cities, Stonehenge, the Ohio Circles, Mexico, Memphis - is the desire to do away this wild, savage and preposterous There or Then, and introduce in its place the Here and Now. (Emerson, 6)

Lawrence had well advanced his 'philosophical' ideas by now. Close to death his need to cling to them more strongly is reflected in both the picture of life and death which is presented in the tombs.

To date critical essays on *Etruscan Places* have emphasised Lawrence's interest in Etruscan death rituals and attacked his would-be scholarship. But as he said of *Etruscan Places*:

> It would be half a travel book - of the region around Perugia, Assisi, Spoleto, Cortona and the Maremma - and a book about Etruscan things, which interest me very much. (L5, 413).

Indeed, the vivid descriptions of modern day Italy and its people, which intersperse the interpretations of Etruscan life, are most enjoyable. As L.D.

Clark observes: 'Lawrence's travel books always knit together a skilful blend of some remote and alluring past with the vivid movement of the present' (Clark, 1980, 382). *Etruscan Places* features this 'blending' at its most dramatic. As with *Lady Chatterley,* where the two entire worlds of Wragby and the wood, and all the moral implications contained therein, are moved between, the title *Etruscan Places* not only refers to tombs, but also indicates the kinds of polarisations the text contains: of past and present and their association with the worlds below and above ground respectively; overground and underground; light and shade; modern Tuscany and ancient Etruria; the worlds of the living and the dead. Lawrence's skill lies in the fact that he runs both these planes of space and time along in parallel; one highlights the other. A sort of 'literary osmosis' means many aspects of the life-affirming qualities glimpsed in the Etruscan tombs permeate the landscape of modern day Italy. It is to the depiction of modern Italy as a place that I will turn first.

1). Bowling through Tuscany

Lawrence's descriptions of the April Tuscan countryside constitute some of his finest writing on landscape. The mood is one of sheer exhilaration as he walks through fields of flowers and wheat, amidst the heady commingling of cool air and sunshine. Compared with *Mornings in Mexico, Etruscan Places* displays a greater sense of purpose as a specific journey to the ancient Etruscan towns begins each chapter, before the visit to their respective Etruscan tombs. The description of the 'flat, white road' (EP, 11) and the 'wide, wide trail of pinkish clayey earth' (EP, 139) to Caere or Vulci creates the sense of Lawrence single-mindedly travelling the open road as a pilgrim. These towns become goals as he employs the long perspective to draw invisible lines to their summits in what becomes a familiar pattern: 'Caere, like most etruscan cities, lay on the crown of a hill with cliff-like escarpments' (EP, 11). Similarly, Volterra is on 'a towering great bluff of rock that gets all the winds and sees all the world' (EP, 157). Relevant to the feeling of uplift this engenders in us is Jay Appleton's *The Experience of Landscape* which expounds the prospect-refuge theory. This holds that our reactions to landscape are determined by dormant primitive instincts which at one time would have seen everywhere as either a refuge 'conducive to hiding or sheltering' or as a safe prospect 'conducive to the attainment of a view' (Appleton, 1986, 270). In this light the power of Lawrence's description can be seen to be working at psychological levels only just being expounded. Lawrence senses the power of landscape to call to man.

Tarquinia, with 'its towers pricking up like antennae on the sides of a low bluff of a hill' (EP, 30), seems to speak to us and the sea (which features to the left of nearly every town approach) and glitters with unspoken promise. As so often in Lawrence's writing places shimmer and quiver with magic. The idea of prospect and shimmer combines to let places become symbolic of Jerusalem which according to 'Autobiographical Fragment' (October, 1927) was always part of Lawrence's imaginative landscape:

> Even as a child, coming home from Moorgreen, I had looked up and saw the squares of miners' dwellings, built by the Company, rising from the hill-top in the afternoon light like the walls of Jerusalem, and I had wished it were a golden city, as in the hymns we sang in the Congregational Chapel. (PH, 829)

The diving dolphins, flying birds and dancing folk of the Etruscan tombs lead him to ascertain their containment of 'the quick ripple of life' (EP, 45). As with the Mandas section of *Sea and Sardinia,* outdoor descriptions mirror this quality;, similarly these are first contained and then infused with movement and life. In the characteristically beautiful passage below the repetition of 'flat' and 'flattish' creates a quasi 'canvas' while the tilt of the ox cart and the seeding asphodels lend movement to the picture:

> A flat, white road with a rather noble avenue of umbrella pines for the first few hundred yards. A road not far from the sea, a bare, flattish, hot white road with nothing but a tilted oxen-wagon in the distance like a huge snail with four horns. Beside the road the tall asphodel is letting off its spasmodic pink sparks, rather at random, and smelling of cats. Away to the left is the sea, beyond the flat green wheat, the Mediterranean glistening flat and deadish, as it does on the low shores. (EP,11)

The likening of the wagon and asphodels, to images as casually familiar as snails and cats contrasts with the grandeur of 'noble' and 'glistening'. As Earl Brewster's wife is quoted as saying in *D.H. Lawrence: Reminiscences* Lawrence's skill was in 'transmuting' dull life into cloth of gold (Brewster,1934, 237).

In line with what Lawrence wrote in 'The Crown' - 'The flower is timeless and beyond condition. It is we who are swept on in the condition of time' (DP, 263) - the many flowers in *Etruscan Places* demonstrate the regenerative nature of the landscape. The narcissus 'in clumps' (EP, 10), or the cyclamens 'glowing on the earth in the evening light' (EP, 25), illustrate the Campagna's reprieve from winter. Flowers fascinated Lawrence because they achieved perfection, then faded and died when their time was

up: civilisations should do likewise. With their wooden houses the Etruscans had managed to achieve this favoured self-effacement and transience: 'So that the etruscan cities vanished as completely as flowers' (EP, 13). Lawrence describes Etruscans in terms of flowers, their tombs are 'bulbs' of Etruscan civilisation (EP, 13) and they are 'as seeds, in their painted houses underground' (EP, 33-4), in preparation for the fact that flowers act as a thread to bind the two worlds of underground and overground, past and present together. An ancient people might be dead but the starry pink asphodel blooms 'now as in the days of the Argosy' (PH, 45) and captures the Etruscan spirit which is 'sparky, assertive', 'sparky dare-devil' and has 'a certain reckless glory' (EP, 15). Characteristic of Lawrence's wry humour is his aside that an English scholar wanted to suppress the asphodel into being a daffodil, which illustrates his abhorrence of natural zest being suppressed. And so begins the recurring pattern of *Etruscan Places*, delineated below, where many physical features of the landscape illustrate a point Lawrence wishes to make about the spiritual nature of the Etruscans.

The very *corpus* of the land with its qualities of quietness, age, undulations and softness retains the naturalness of ancient Etruria which Lawrence holds dear. Connected to time immemorial it is free of the mechanisation Lawrence had recently seen in Britain:

> looking into one of the most delightful landscapes I have ever seen: as it were, into the very virginity of hilly green country. It is all wheat-green and soft and swooping, swooping down and up, and glowing with green newness, and no houses. (EP, 33)

A concern over what the natural aspects of this kind of aesthetic appeal *mean* within a moral framework renders its gleaming greenness alive, resurrected even, as Lawrence said in 'Why the Novel Matters' (when making a swipe at Christianity): 'It is grass that renews its youth like the eagle, not any Word' (PH, 536). A passage in the essay 'Flowery Tuscany' (April 1927) shows he believes this gentle un-mechanised landscape is also an accommodating, almost reverent one:

> the intensive culture of vine and olive and wheat, by the ceaseless industry of naked human hands and winter-shod feet, and slow stepping, soft-eyed oxen does not devastate a country, does not denude it, does not lay it bare, does not uncover its nakedness, does not drive away either Pan or his children. (PH, 45)

Why can't Britain be the same? is the implied cry. As always when Lawrence writes about one country he has half an eye on another.

The localised undulations of the Etruscan *tumuli* in Cerveteri, which with their stone bases 'running round touching the earth in flexible, uneven lines' (EP, 16) are as natural as the landscape itself, epitomise the Italian landscape as a whole. The analogy is that the tombs are as in touch with the earth as the Etruscans are with life. From these mounds the bitter-sweet spirit of place emanates:

> There is a stillness and a softness in these great grassy mounds with their ancient stone girdles, and down the central walks there lingers still a kind of homeliness* and happiness. True, it was a still and sunny afternoon in April, and larks rose from the soft grass of the tombs. But there was a stillness and a soothingness in all the air, in that sunken place, and a feeling that it was good for one's soul to be there. (EP, 16)

Lawrence's thesis that a landscape's spirit can assuage and replenish the human spirit has been shown elsewhere in his work when contact with the land has restored the human spirit after it has been psychologically jarred: Mrs Morrell's troubled spirit is soothed by the scent of lilies on the night air, Birkin rolls in the ferns after Hermione has hit him, in*St Mawr* Lou de Witt thinks the spirit of New Mexico will compensate for her failed marriage. In *Etruscan Places* the 'softness' of the landscape, which has resulted from being 'moulded' by human hands, is so captivating: 'We looked round once more at the vast mounds of the Coccumella, which strange dead hands piled in soft earth over two tiny death-chambers, so long ago...' (EP, 151). Such moulding makes the Italian landscape directly antithetical to the memory of the carved up Midlands which Lawrence had just visited, and it gave him hope. After his experience of Italy Lawrence expressed the view that man didn't have to abuse the land through mechanisation:

> Man *can* live on the earth and by the earth without disfiguring the earth. It has been done here, on all these sculptured hills and softly, sensitively terraced slopes. (PH, 46)

A sense of the landscape's great age and immutability is effected by the clever handling of time in *Etruscan Places*. Time has washed across the landscape in successive waves of civilisation: Villanovan; Etruscan; Roman; Mediaeval; Victorian; the recent past and the immediate present.

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* In the Penguin edition of *Etruscan Places* published in *D.H. Lawrence and Italy* the word is 'loneliness'.

Architectural debris from each time period is incorporated into the text in order that these tide-marks show. A detour to out-of-season Ladispoli with its modern 'new concrete villas' (EP, 25) fuses the extremes of both Villanovan and modern time. In self-defense against the horror of reality Lawrence retreats into his imagination and imaginatively sums up how the place once was (as he did in the delineation of the Aztec creation myth in *Mornings in Mexico* for example). He pictures the Tyrrhenian Sea before the eighth century BC, when 'ancient races began shaking ships like seeds over the sea' (EP, 26), and before the migrations of Cumaeans, Lydians, Hittites in the Homeric days. When he and Brewster lie back on 'the grey-black lava sand' (EP, 25), and are directly linked through touch to 'whatever little ships were run ashore on the soft deep, grey-black volcanic sand of this coast, three thousand years ago' (EP, 26), Lawrence's point is that races come and go but that landscape remains.

In Vulci the disappointment of the tombs is compensated for by attention being paid to the landscape. Three different planes of time: the distant past (ancient Etruria), the more recent past (Luigi's childhood), and the present become interwoven; fragments from one time zone pervade the others. When Lawrence's cart crosses a bridge from the Maremma into the Vulci countryside the distant past pervades the present:

> It was a wonderfully romantic spot. The ancient bridge, built in the first place by the Etruscans of Volci, of blocks of black tufo, goes up in the air like a black bubble, so round and strange. The little river is in the bushy cleft, a hundred feet below. The bridge is in the sky, like a black bubble, most strange and lonely, with the poignancy of perfect things long forgotten. It has, of course, been restored in Roman and mediaeval days. But essentially it is etruscan, a beautiful etruscan movement. (EP, 143)

Like the Etruscan tombs the bridge's roundness is equated with naturalness; as elsewhere in Lawrence's work things linear or square are held to be scientific and unnatural. The Etrurian past is also blended into the landscape when it is noted that Luigi's parents still hunt boar, remaining fragments of the one-time herds who roamed among the pine trees. The message is that

> Italy today is far more etruscan in its pulse, than Roman: and will always be so. The etruscan element is like the grass of the field and the sprouting of corn, in Italy: it will always be so. (EP, 36)

The ancient Via Aurelia is one of the few signs in the text that shows evidence of Roman occupation. This is because Romans, with their

irrigation schemes and roads, were put in the same unsavoury bag as the Victorians who stripped the tombs of their artefacts. In short, both have contributed to the past desecration of the Italian landscape, and are possibly aligned in Lawrence's mind with the Nottinghamshire mine owners, who introduced more modern methods than those Lawrence's father had worked under. Included in the same bag of destroyers along with the Romans and Victorians are the present Italian government who in the 'reclaiming of the Maremma' (EP, 141) have left 'new wire fences' and notices about picking flowers and tipping. These images are possibly informed by Lawrence's recent Nottingham experiences when a notice on the gates of Hardwick Hall, which forbade public entry to the park, appalled him as it symbolised a suppression of freedom. However, overall Lawrence views the barbed wire and the notices as a veneer on the Maremma, its wild spirit is still evident in the prairie-like desolate farms and the hooded crows circling above. Lawrence's awareness of the effect of time on the landscape contributes greatly to the feeling of nostalgia experienced in *Etruscan Places*. As L.D. Clark says it is the 'sense of discovery and inevitable loss' which 'works to produce nostalgia' (Clark, 1980, 388).

If Lawrence's landscape can be described as one that is layered with the legacies of each time period, a contrary movement exists towards erosion and dissolution: the 'smitten sea has sunk and fallen back' (EP, 28); the strip of sea in the Maremma widened in Roman times (EP, 140). Erosion of scenery is emphasised in order to place man as a small player on the stage. The fragmented walls encircling Volterra mirror the tomb paintings which also suffer from the march of time: 'Fragments of people at banquets, limbs that dance without dancers, birds that fly in nowhere, lions whose devouring heads are devoured away!' (EP, 54). Lawrence in the outdoors faced with a Villanovan black sandy bay, an Etruscan stone bridge, a piece of woodland and the odd lone house, is in much the same position as the haruspex depicted in the paintings; he makes it all constitute one picture of modern day Italy.

For today's reader a further gap exists between the 1990's and the Italy of the 1920's. As products of the package tour era we view the empty piazzas, intimate hotels, lack of cars and the beginnings of resort development with nostalgia. Lawrence roamed more freely amongst the Etruscan tombs than a present day visitor can. Nowadays in Tarquinia, the five tombs that can be visited are posted up daily and to register one's passport number with a hotel is usual. Lawrence's fury at being asked to produce his passport is both personal and shows him to be a product of his

time. As Paul Fussell writes in *Abroad*: they were first required for entry into Europe in 1915.

> When the illicit lovers D.H. Lawrence and Frieda Weekley fled England for Metz in 1912, they simply went ...No one asked to see any passports, and they carried none. (Fussell, 1980, 24)

Fussell continues:

> Sophisticated British travelers of the 20's and 30's never tire of dilating on the pre-war joys of travelling abroad when, as C.E. Montague says, "Europe lay open to roaming feet...All frontiers were unlocked". (Fussell, 1980, 24)

However, the other side of this nostalgic picture is the fact that Lawrence shows, as he did in *Sea and Sardinia*, that travelling is difficult. He can't get a bus in Cerveteri, a baker is reluctant to take him to Vulci, he waits for the Tarquinian train. Travelling is as boring as the 'dull road to Cerveteri' (EP, 11) and as hazardous as the rutted road to Vulci. The malaria that worried all Europeans at this time, and became almost a presence in *Daisy Miller* lingers as an insidious threat.

In *Etruscan Places* Lawrence, engaged as he was in pushing back the frontiers of travel writing, was more interested in the local community than his contemporaries were; conversations are held, albeit fleetingly, with cart drivers, hotel owners, railway staff and other visitors. Various peasants are observed silently. When Lawrence is not distracted by conversation he contemplates people in as considered a way as the haruspex he writes of does. He advances a thesis that the facial features and mannerisms of modern day Tuscans suggest their long extinct Etruscan heritage. The past permeates the faces of the community just as it did the landscape. Lawrence's novels often described people's faces as the flower of their body, and just as the asphodel became symbolic of the landscape's links to antiquity, so people's faces reflect those of their long-gone ancestors; for example the women waving off the bus in Cerveteri: 'And in the full, dark, handsome, jovial faces surely you see the lustre still of the life-loving Etruscans!' (EP, 22). The most striking example of a face that mirrors the past is a shepherd in goat skin trousers who swaggers into a Cerveteri inn and is set up as a Pan figure: 'immediately one sees again the shaggy-legged faun. His is a faun-face' (EP, 12). The kind of accurate observation expected of a travel writer, the noting of the way the shepherd drinks wine, grins, talks shyly, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, is extended as Lawrence lets these physical gestures suggest what the faun figure *is* both

spiritually and morally: 'not deadened by morals', 'shy and evanescent', 'unconscious'. In short, the faun-faced shepherd embodies the Etruscan, Pan-like qualities Lawrence felt had vanished from modern life. The essay 'Pan in America' suggested that man's movement to cities, where people came to love themselves rather than nature, turned Pan into the 'devil of the Christians' (PH, 23). However, in the same essay Lawrence insists Pan was reborn in the British eighteenth-century pantheist movement and claimed that Pan was still alive in America. An ambivalence over whether Pan is dead or still alive exists in *Etruscan Places*. The comment 'how rarely one sees the faun-face now' is countered by 'He is the faun escaping' and Lawrence clearly identifies with the figure when he says the faun-faced men 'can't survive' (EP, 12). His assertion that they were all killed in the War can be seen in the light of the 'Nightmare' chapter in *Kangaroo*. We see that when he describes members of the community, he reports not only what he sees, but writes of his own concerns too. But it is still a credit to his art that in just two paragraphs the Pan-like figure becomes the symbol of a different, better age in much the same way that the Spinner did in 'The Spinner and the Monks' in *Twilight in Italy*. As Lawrence says, 'The Pan relationship, which the world of man once had with all the world, was better than anything man has now' (PH, 31).

The way the Italian community moves (central to Lawrence's craft is the movement he infuses the text with) likewise shows up ancient qualities that the West is felt to have lost. Cerveteri washer-women - 'with that very attractive look of noiselessness and inwardness, which women must have had in the past' (EP, 14) - are the opposite of Westerners whom Lawrence felt were too 'outward' and egotistical. The year previously he attacked Gurdjieff's 'Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man' at Fontainbleau on this account: 'I think everybody is born both: the soul goes both ways, centrifugal and centripetal' (L5, 423). But this is not to say that when ancient Etruscan qualities well up in the modern day community Lawrence finds a people who are an antidote to Western man. Satisfaction only occurs when some peasants streaming into Tarquinia at sundown become the catalyst for a powerful imaginative leap backwards in time, a re-creation of the scene as it might have looked in Etruscan times. It is a passage worth quoting for the beauty and expansive quality of the prose:

> But in those days, on a fine evening like this, the men would come in naked, darkly ruddy-coloured from the sun and wind, with strong, insouciant bodies: and the women would drift in, wearing the loose becoming smock of white or blue linen: and somebody, surely, would be playing on the pipes,

> and somebody, surely, would be singing, because the Etruscans had a passion for music, and an inner carelessness the modern Italians have lost. (EP, 115)

This passage is placed after Lawrence has visited the Tarquinian tombs. As with an initiate returned from the oracle, what he has learnt over-lies the present day picture. The singing, piping 'darkly-coloured' men are animations of the painted 'darkish red' (EP, 44) whom Lawrence saw underground. Their wind-blown bodies, which bring the atmosphere of the outdoors into the enclosed city, are the opposite to the mechanised Swiss soldiers who entered Italy in *Twilight in Italy*. The passage constitutes an ideal; a community involved with the countryside by day, and yet able to cross into the benefits a town civilisation offers by night. The Etruscans of the past, Lawrence now shows, could balance town and country, consciousness and the unconscious in a way modern man seems unable to. 'We have lost the art of living' (EP, 116) Lawrence cries, encapsulating one of the major themes of *Etruscan Places*:

> It is different now. The drab peasants, muffled in ugly clothing, straggle in across the waste bit of space, and trail home, songless and meaningless. (EP, 116)

This mob's 'straggle', and implied general dissipation, contrasts with the ancient Etrurian crowd which is divided into sexes and drifts along. The word 'drift' (EP, 115) highlights the more becoming dress of the Etruscans and speaks for their relaxed, buoyant nature.

Relevant to the contrast Lawrence drew between the peoples of ancient Etruria and contemporary Italy, and his noting of the survival of an ancient Etruscan spirit, is an overall change which has occurred in Lawrence's conception of modern Italians. In *Twilight in Italy* the Italian seemed closer to the communal world of antiquity, people seemed bonded together: theatre goers drifted 'like a heavy current' (TI, 56), men danced 'with a dear blood friend' (TI, 97), exiles drew together on a stage to create a 'magic-land' (TI, 133).

However, in *Etruscan Places* crowd scenes, women who wash clothes or see off buses are placed on the periphery of the narrative. Human bonding now results from family relationships and is therefore expected. A tavern girl's brother shows Lawrence Cerveteri, a baker's son shows him Vulci. The modern Italian seems motivated by profit and the necessities of daily living; the sense of Italians at play that pervaded *Twilight in Italy* has

gone. Intimacy, carelessness and laughter is replaced by an unease and overriding nervousness. Youths who listlessly wait for their money in 'Vulci' stand within a symbolically black landscape, 'a half-ruined black courtyard' (EP, 145), and the correlation between this and their insidious 'queer-looking', 'unshaven' and therefore dark appearance is implied. They do not 'drift' as the ancient Etruscans did but mutter, grimace and look 'as if they had been swept together among the rubbish' (EP, 145). Symbolically speaking, they are rubbish, they are no longer cared for under the Lucomo's paternal banner but are at the mercy of the overseer of the works. His lateness at opening the shop (which belongs to him anyway) presents capitalism at its most incestuous. The modern Italian, because he responds to the profit motive as the Romans did and is also controlled by it, is seen to be the very antithesis to the Etruscans below ground. The Etruscans, Lawrence felt, preferred to dance 'gaily to the double flute' rather than 'rake in large sums of money' (EP, 20).

Just as *Etruscan Places* portrays the crowd differently to *Twilight in Italy*, the presentation of individuals such as Luigi the driver to Vulci, Albertino the hotel boy, and the German archaeology student has also changed. The theme binding this disparate scattered community is not exile but loss. Luigi, 'caged' as a baker's assistant in town, has lost the connections to the landscape of the Maremma that his herdsmen father had. Albertino, a hotel skivvy, is a quasi-Dickensian character whose childhood evaporated with the responsibility of labour. The German student has lost his intuition and ultimately his soul in pursuit of facts. This sense of loss is strongly felt because Lawrence shows us the *potential* of each character to live and breathe in the Etruscan way. Luigi, who reads the landscape and knows about wildlife habitats with the same sort of intuition that Lawrence employs to reads the Etruscan paintings, blossoms in the loneliness and space of the Maremma: 'He revived and became alert once more out in the Maremma spaces' (EP, 142). Albertino's potential lies in his vivaciousness and intelligence, we are told: 'he ought to be going to school instead of running a hotel at the tender age of fourteen' (EP, 118).

The German as an archetypal 'modern' has no potential. To contrast people's attitudes through their actions is a favourite Lawrentian technique - consider the Bavarian walker in *Twilight in Italy* who chooses a circular route, whereas the clerk from Britain takes a calculated linear route. Similarly, the way the German reads the tombs shows how his attitude towards knowledge differs entirely from Lawrence's own. In the Tomb of the Bulls, Lawrence asks him what a spear-armed horseman who advances

on some lions which guard a well means. Lawrence intuits that the scene is symbolic but the German only says the man is going 'to water his horse' and the lions are 'decorations of the fountain' (EP, 121). The opposites of fact and feeling, science and art, non-meaning and meaning, are brought into play here. The German's nihilistic phrase, 'Ach, nothing!' (EP, 121) is yet another one of those instances where Lawrence attributes catch phrases to characters - the Mozo's 'How not, Señor?' in *Mornings in Mexico* for example. That of the German is drawn from a rather blacker humour, and it sums him up. The message is that the German's life is meaningless because he only pursues facts and cannot pursue knowledge with the intuition Lawrence has, and the intuition the younger Italian boys have the potential for. Perhaps the German is also inspired by Lawrence's contact with Frieda's daughters who stayed for several months prior to the Etruscan trip. They had '*inherited* unbelief' (L5, 437) Lawrence felt.

The glimpses Lawrence provides of the Etruscan pervading the contemporary Italian landscape and community are recognised as just that, mere glimpses of a more idyllic past. Beautiful scenery aside, life in Italy with its deserted stations, fenced in buildings and isolated people seems depressing. Pinned down and hemmed in by bureaucracy life seems to be void and 'meaningless' (EP, 116) and this is reflected in the air: 'The upper air is wide and pale, and somehow void'. To get closer to the truth or a sense of any real meaning it is necessary for Lawrence to descend into his 'fissure into the underworld' (L5, 531) and confront the Etruscan paintings which had attracted him as the holder of a 'secret' for seven years. The descent into the tombs once again shows Lawrence's attraction to a confined space, a place of safety and refuge like the walled gardens of *Twilight* or the one in the poem 'Snap-Dragon', a place which could be associated with the womb. The essay 'Autobiographical Fragment' describes Lawrence re-visiting an old chalk quarry: 'And in this still, warm, secret place of the earth I felt my old childish longing to pass through a gate into a deeper, sunnier, more silent world' (PH, 824). The world of the Etruscan tombs can be seen, through the liveliness of their paintings, to fulfil this longing.

2). The Etruscans

The difficulty Lawrence faced in describing so many tombs was that of descriptive repetition. Any guide to English cemeteries would face the same problem: they differ, and yet with encompassing walls, family vaults etc, they are also much the same. Lawrence overcomes this dilemma by making his first tomb description an exercise in drawing the parameters. The slaves'

chamber, adjacent to a central room characterised by a supporting column and a 'broad bed of rock, sometimes a double tier, on which the dead were laid' (EP, 17), which then leads into an inner chamber, provides a backdrop for each chapter's individual paintings. Hence, although Lawrence tells us that the Tarquinian tombs are 'small and bare and familiar, quite unlike the rather splendid spacious tombs at Cerveteri' (EP, 44), a feeling for enclosure, texture and recess is understood. Travel writers face the task of describing places that the readers - engaged in an armchair voyage - will probably never visit. It is worth considering how Lawrence's descriptions of the tombs makes them into an imaginable reality.

The descent into the first tomb, of Hunting and Fishing is atmospheric, both distasteful and exciting. It can be aligned with Alvina's descent into the mines (the only mine visit in Lawrence's fiction):

> It was as if she were in her tomb forever, like the dead and everlasting Egyptians. She was frightened, but fascinated...The thick-wicked tallow candles guttered and smelled. (LG, 64)

In *Etruscan Places*:

> The lamp begins to shine and smell, then to shine without smelling: the guide opens the iron gate, and we descend the steep steps down into the tomb. It seems a dark little hole underground: a dark little hole, after the sun of the upper world! But the guide's lamp begins to flare up, and we find ourselves in a little chamber in the rock, just a small, bare little cell of a room that some anchorite might have lived in. (EP, 44)

Emphasis on the lamplight's gutter and shine creates a medium through which vision is expanded on both the literal and the metaphorical plane. Lawrence is on a quest for 'meaning' not appearances, so although we see first birds, then fish, then man, the point is that a seemingly 'dark little hole underground' becomes 'small and gay and quick' (EP, 45). In *Twilight in Italy* a description of the imperial road illustrated that local art could provide clues about art and the community. In *Etruscan Places* the eroded paintings make reading such clues difficult and the tension of this situation is fully exploited. For example, in the vandalised Tomb of the Leopards Lawrence remarks: 'But still the paintings are fresh' (EP, 47) and in the Tomb of the Bacchanti he says 'the colours are almost gone. But still we see...' (EP, 52). His point is that he can pursue an inner reality which lies behind the appearance of decay.

Judged scholastically what Lawrence sees is a highly subjective picture. Billy Tracy says, 'Lawrence cannot lay claim to being our most reliable critic of Etruscan art' (Tracy, 1983, 110). Indeed Pallottino's acclaimed *Etruscan Painting*, traces Greek influences in the profiled faces and finds costume has changed from Ionic to Greek in the Tomb of the Leopards, but Lawrence comments on neither the artistic influences nor the sociological aspects of Etruscan art, although he accepts that his account is highly personal: 'one must accept one's own resultant feeling' (EP, 28). Consequently the narrative voice oscillates between assertion and a proposed ignorance. Claims that 'a woman was supposed to play the flute at classic funerals' (EP, 45), or, the hippocampus was 'a favourite' of the etruscan imagination' (EP, 54), are undercut when a strange object is described as 'perhaps a bird-cage' (EP, 46). Indeed the reader should 'think of this as a poet's holiday among the relics of that far-distant past' (Aldington, 1965, vii).

Lawrence's lack of scholarship can be defended on the grounds that scholarship was not his aim, and on the grounds that his writing transcends academic intentions. As he stands before the paintings Lawrence has left the real world and severed all connection with companion and guides. He and the paintings exist in a one-to-one relationship in which his imagination powerfully animates figures such as the dancers in the Tomb of the Leopards:

> They are dressed only in a loose coloured scarf, or in the gay handsome *chlamys* draped as a mantle. The *subulo* plays the double flute the Etruscans loved so much, touching the stops with big, exaggerated hands, the man behind him touches the seven-stringed lyre, the man in front turns round and signals with his left hand, holding a big wine-bowl in his right. And so they move on, on their long sandalled feet, past the little berried olive trees, swiftly going with their limbs full of life, full of life to the tips. (EP, 48)

Information such as the fall of the dancers' costumes shows Lawrence fulfilling his journalistic obligation, but in addition to this he infuses the picture with life. People come alive through their touch of lyre and wine bowl and are then swept up in a whirlwind movement. Complete entry into the experience allows the paintings to be penetrated and another way of life to be glimpsed.

However, more than sheer animation and a glimpse of a past life is at work here, for the banqueting scenes, dancers and musicians depicted in the 'Painted Tombs of Tarquinia' are described in a way that alludes to much of Lawrence's philosophy. Lawrence thought that the tragic difference

between modern man and the pagans (such as Etruscans) was a 'different relation to the cosmos' (AP, 27). Pagans worshipped the sun as a 'magnificent reality' and hence really '*lived* with the cosmos', whereas modern man had trivialised everything and 'lost the cosmos' (AP, 27). It is this sense of Etruscan life, of living *with* the cosmos, that Lawrence found so appealing. Lawrence also felt that such expansive qualities as innate religion, a sense of adventure, mystery and wonder had been crushed in Western civilisation by industrialism, mechanisation and the negative attitude of Christian religion. Man now lived in an arbitrary, abstracted routine manner; his latest trip back to England, which he described as 'if it were asleep, or not alive' had confirmed this, but he said the Midlands, his old home, 'give me something' (L5, 518) and depicted the people as 'common, but alive' (L5, 521). Other scholars witnessing the love of nudity, dancing and jewels displayed in the paintings have remarked: 'They [Etruscans] enjoyed life it is true' (Harrel-Courtès, 1964, 37). However, I suggest the fact that Lawrence's frequent employment of the words 'life', 'liveliness' or 'lively' in each of the tomb descriptions suggests that he not only reports what he saw but also moulds it to his philosophic picture, lets it become the antithesis to his recent return to England. His thesis that the ancients had more energy, zest or 'go' than we have today was linked to his own experience.

Closely linked to this sense of life are the attributes of naturalness and physicality which Lawrence found the Etruscans possessed when he saw their tombs and paintings. A letter written to Richard Aldington in 1926, which refers to the reading conducted prior to his visit, suggests that this had been anticipated: 'The Etruscans appeal *very much* to my imagination; they are so curiously natural' (L5, 427). A month later Lawrence wrote that Italy's strength lay in its physicality and that modern Tuscans were scared of these roots because: 'Etruria was so luxurious and merely physical' (L5, 465). Lawrence's intellectual standpoint on the naturalness that Etruscans had but modern Italians lacked, was already with him then when he entered the tombs. Hence the scenes of nudity and dancing on the tomb walls, which are physical illustrations and expressions of the idea of naturalness, must have delighted Lawrence as scenes of nudity and dancing feature extensively in his own work.

The little red-brown nude figures of divers and slaves who appeared in the wall paintings were already part of Lawrence's mental universe and can be seen in the light of the debate Jessie Chambers recalled Lawrence engaged in, in response to Schopenhauer's essay 'The Metaphysics of Love':

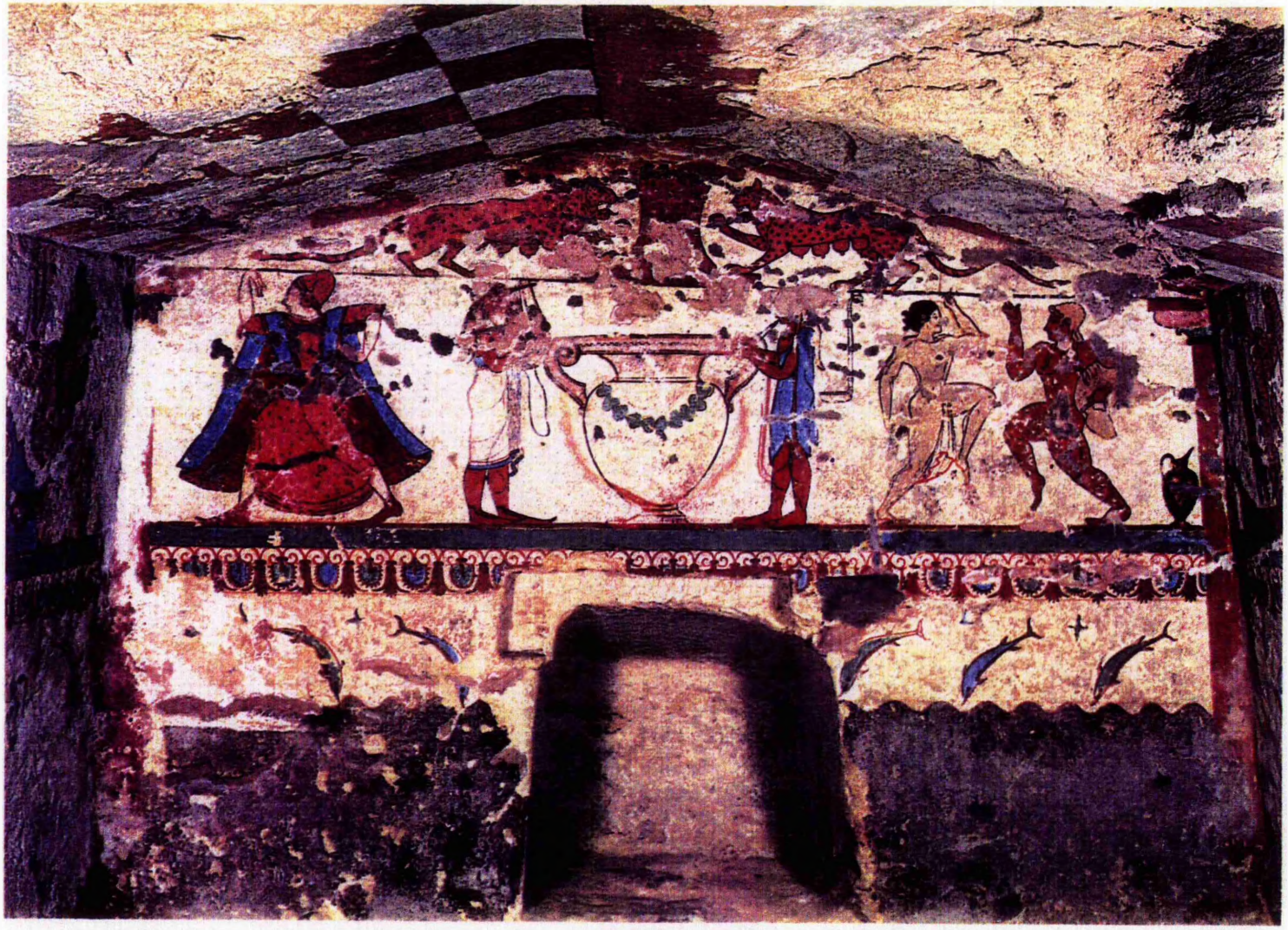
> He was vehemently of Schopenhauer's opinion that a white skin is not natural to man, and had a fierce argument with my brother...Lawrence said pointedly: "For me, a brown skin is the only beautiful one." (Chambers, 1965, 111)

Nudity was integral to Lawrence's views on life, not because it was sexually liberating but because it allowed contact with the sun, the Jungian life-giving force of the cosmos. Lawrence's short story 'Sun' in which the nude Juliet secretly sunbathes until she feels the exhilaration of her 'chilled heart' melting, and in which she refuses to let her son grow up like his father, 'like a worm that the sun has never seen', illustrates this. It can be said that in witnessing the numerous nude figures in the tombs Lawrence encountered what he already approved of. But Lawrence takes great pains to emphasise nudity. Just as the word 'life' appears in every tomb, so those painted figures who are nude - a naked flute boy in the Tomb of the Lionesses, a naked man with a short beard in the Tomb of the Dead Man - are highlighted. These figures can be seen in Pallottino's colour plates pictures but many others who are clothed are not mentioned by Lawrence. Let us consider his description of the tomb of Hunting and Fishing (see overleaf):

> From the sea rises a tall rock, off which a naked man, shadowy but still distinct, is beautifully and cleanly diving into the sea, while a companion climbs up the rock after him, and on the water a boat waits with rested oars, in it three men watching the diver, the middle man standing up naked, holding out his arms. (EP, 44)

Indeed, the diver *is* naked, but the man in the boat actually sits down so only his chest is visible, which is not quite the same as being 'naked'. Lawrence does not mention those in the picture who are clothed in blue tunics: the two men in the boat and a man climbing the rock. When people are dressed Lawrence is quick to emphasise scantiness: 'dressed only in a loose coloured scarf' (EP, 48). In the Tomb of the Lionesses (see overleaf) a lavishly dressed dancing woman wears a full dress, cape, cap and shoes, but Lawrence mentions only a 'narrow frieze of dancers, very strong and lively in their prancings' (EP, 53). Pallottino points out that the costume in this tomb is more Greek than Ionic, no doubt another reason Lawrence didn't mention it as he valued the naturalness of Etruscan art over the Greek ideals of harmony and perfection. The nudity of Etruscan figures seems preferable to the skilled representations of the perfect folds of a Greek garment. In short, Lawrence's highlighting of nudity, his manipulation of clothing into scantiness and his unwillingness to mention clothing adds up to a picture of

HUNTING AND FISHING. TOMB OF HUNTING AND FISHING, TARQUINII.



BACK WALL, TOMB OF THE LIONESSES, TARQUINII.

Lawrence 'moulding' what he saw to suit what was on his mind. He could not say, as George Dennis did, of the Dance Tomb, 'It is worthy of remark that all the women in this tomb, even the slave who is waiting on the banqueter, are decently robed' (Dennis, Vol 1, 321).

In addition to nudity, Lawrence emphasises the naturalness of Etruscans by paying fervent attention to their dancing:

> Wildly the bacchic woman throws back her head and curves out her long strong fingers, wild and yet contained within herself, while the broad-bodied young man turns round to her, lifting his dancing hand to hers till the thumbs all but touch. They are dancing in the open, past little trees, and birds are running, and a little fox-tailed dog is watching something with the naïve intensity of the young. (EP, 50)

The exhilarated inner-self of the figures (which he could never know) is expressed as a tension between wildness and self-containment. Only when the psyche, the important aspect of a person to Lawrence, has been created, does he move his dancers along physically. And Lawrence's true *forte* in *Etruscan Places* is the ability to capture a person's mental attitude, in language which would seem to describe their movement. Here the ease of movement created by expansive assonance and the sheer tenderness of 'the broad-bodied young man turns round to her, lifting his dancing hand to hers' (EP, 50) speaks of artless and natural human relationships, a naturalness compounded by the proximity of trees, birds and a dog. The need for dance was a prime ingredient in Lawrence's conception of what constituted a healthy and worthy life. In October 1926 he wrote to Rolf Gardiner:

> I think, one day, I shall take a place in the country, somewhere where perhaps one or two men might like to settle in the neighbourhood, and we might possibly slowly evolve a new rhythm of life: learn to make the creative pauses and learn to sing and dance together. (L5, 553)

Dance was a ritual activity which linked us to our most pagan ancestors. As noted in the chapter on *Mornings in Mexico* Lawrence admired his own father's dancing, 'he talked a lot about Mr Lawrence's knowledge of dancing' (Chambers, 1965, 236). In *Lorenzo in Search of the Sun* Eliot Fay said that Lawrence 'found' himself in the Taos Red Indian dances:

> Lawrence himself, after a while, would be drawn in to the dance, to go treading round and round with an Indian on either side of him. This was really amazing, for Lawrence could rarely be induced to dance with white people. He thought that the one-step was indecent. (Fay, 1955, 71)

Close to writing *Etruscan Places* Lawrence's essay 'Making Love to Music' (1927) had railed against what he saw as the characteristics of 20's dances such as the Charleston and the Black Bottom:

> either bouncing towards copulation, or sliding and shaking and waggling, to elude it. Surely it is ridiculous to make love to music, and to music to be made love to! Surely the music is to dance to! And surely the modern young woman feels this, somewhere deep inside. (PH, 165)

Consequently, the intricate dance scenes in *Etruscan Places* not only demonstrate Etruscan naturalness but supported the stand Lawrence made against his own modern times. They are an offering towards the modern young woman whom he felt sure had an unrealised dream to be as gay and tender as the Etruscan women:

> I do believe that the unborn dream at the bottom of the soul of the shingled, modern young lady is this Etruscan young woman of mine, dancing with such abandon opposite her naked-limbed, strongly dancing young man, to the sound of the double flute. (PH, 165)

The ten paintings described in 'The Painted Tombs of Tarquinia' seem like sheer animation, but as I have shown Lawrence moulds what he sees to incorporate some immediate issues, as well as those which had occupied him from the beginning of his writing career. He is selective in what he describes. Scenes of nudity and dancing are emphasised over and above the Funerary scenes of dice, wrestling, and hunting. Indeed, Lawrence writes on the Tomb of the Augurs but fails to mention the painting of two men wrestling over some bowls (see overleaf) which takes up one wall. This is probably because such games are associated with the Romans and Lawrence insisted that the Etruscans were their opposite.

Lawrence, like other scholars, felt the intimacy of the Etruscan banqueting and dancing scenes reflected a certain friendship and bonding typical of Etruscan people. Harrel-Courtès in *Etruscan Italy* (1960) admires the way that in death 'a man and his wife are shown side by side' (Harrel-Courtès, 38) and that on a Caere sarcophagus (now in the Louvre) the husband's right arm tenderly encircles his wife. While he dwelt on the topics of life, naturalness, nudity and dancing in his philosophical writings, and was drawn to these in the paintings, Lawrence also pondered the delicate nature of friendship. In his novels questions concerning the nature and boundaries of friendship were treated in terms of homosexuality with Gerald and Birkin, in terms of neighbourliness between Lovat and Somers

THE WRESTLERS, DETAIL. TOMB OF THE AUGURS, TARQUINII.

in *Kangaroo*. It has been said that Lawrence was torn all his life between his impulse towards 'self-responsibility' and his impulse towards 'human community' (Goodheart, 1971, 9). In *Kangaroo* Lawrence wrote 'man is *forced* to live in vivid *rapport* with the mass of men. If he denies this, he cuts his roots' (KG, 332); indeed the need for friendship is a theme of Lawrence's letters of 1926. A sad one of July 1926 to Gardiner shows Lawrence' view of himself as an outsider:

> I should love to be connected with something, some few people, in something. As far as anything *matters*, I have always been very much alone, and regretted it. But I can't belong to clubs, or societies, or freemasons, or any other damn thing. (L5, 501)

And he described his friends Clive Bell and Maria Huxley as 'people from a dead planet' (L5, 651). Lawrence's recognition that a lack of connection to the community or individuals is a flaw and his anxiety that others do not suffer led him to congratulate Brett when she stopped arguing with Mabel Luhan. He lectured her on the friendship question five months prior to the Etruscan visit:

> And friendship today is a difficult thing: we are inwardly more isolated and the pegs that hold us firm are much more wobbly than in Voltaire's day. Somehow for friendship today, one has to be sadly disembodied. (L5, 585)

His letter to Brewster a year before they set off for the tombs (25 April 1926) perhaps attempts to convince himself he did have a friend: 'Yes I do think there is a bit of real communion between us: so let's stick to it' (L5, 438). Lawrence's difficulty with, but need for friendship, necessitates its inclusion in his description of The Tomb of Hunting and Fishing (see overleaf):

> From the sea rises a tall rock, off which a naked man, shadowy but still distinct, is beautifully and cleanly diving into the sea, while a *companion* [my italics] climbs up the rock after him, and on the water a boat waits with rested oars, in it three men watching the diver, the middle man standing up naked, holding out his arms. (EP, 44)

In *Etruscan Painting*, Pallottino describes the same scene but dwells on the advanced methods of representing rock stratification, on the realism of the boy diving which is 'unique in all archaic art' (Pallottino, 1952, 50). In his eyes the climber and diver remain unbonded:

> a boy in a blue shirt is clinging as he clambers up the cliff, while on the other side another boy, who is naked, dives into the sea. (Pallottino, 1952, 50)

YOUTH DIVING FROM A ROCK. TOMB OF HUNTING AND FISHING, TARQUINII.

But Lawrence's deep-rooted desire for friendship at this time means he adds to the kinship other scholars see by including the themes of salute and touch in his descriptions of the paintings.

The gesture of salute becomes a major theme in Lawrence's descriptions of the paintings. In the Tomb of Hunting and Fishing the boatman makes 'a queer salute to the slinger' (EP, 45). In the Dance tomb the woman 'is lifting her hand to her head in a strange salute to the robed piper' (EP, 51). In the Tomb of the Leopards a couple are 'making the salute with the right hand curved over, in the usual etruscan gesture' (EP, 49). The fact that people are described as saluting each other many times over connotes the idea of ritual and pact and works to create a picture of a society who are engaged in more than 'waving' to each other, as Pallottino suggests (Pallottino, 1952, 51). Imaginary lines are drawn between the figures to emphasise their bonding one to another. In the Tomb of the Feast, for example, the woman dancer 'swoops in a bow to him as she vibrates her castanets' (EP, 50). Men in the boat are 'watching the diver' (EP, 44). Lawrence tries to make people seem *bonded* in a way he felt the western world was not, but his idea that the salute is also 'queer' and 'strange' indicates his self-realised inability, as both historian and Westerner, to fully comprehend it.

Lawrence's concern was to get in touch with 'the unknown'; his dream, that this might be viable through a closer relationship with the cosmos: 'We need to put off our personality...and enter the region of the elements' (PH, 227). This encourages *Etruscan Places* to foster a play on words between 'in touch' and 'touch'. There is the situation of man striving towards the unknown by being in touch with nature; the opposite is Lawrence's vision of the unknown reaching out to man through touch, a theme dealt with in his short stories 'The Blind Man', 'You Touched Me' and 'A Fragment of Stained Glass'. In short, natural, human touch with each other and with nature can provide a key and a way forward to a naturally religious life which is alive to the cosmos. It is antithetical to Christianity which Lawrence dubbed the *Noli Me Tangere* religion. Human touch in Lawrence's 'philosophy' means more than the merely tactile, it symbolises a fundamental connection to the unknown he felt Westerners had lost, and becomes a strong theme in the description of his paintings: musicians and women touch lyres and garlands. In the Tomb of the Painted Vases:

> On the end wall is a gentle little banquet scene, the bearded man softly touching the woman with him under the chin... (EP, 53)

And in a wider context:

> That again is one of the charms of the etruscan paintings: they really have the sense of touch; the people and the creatures are all really in touch. (EP, 54)

It is a state of affairs that is lost when we come to the tombs which date from after the fifth century BC when the Romans were in power:

> They are more free than the paintings of the little old tombs; at the same time, all the motion is gone; the figures are stuck there without any vital flow between them. There is no touch. (EP, 129)

Like other scholars Lawrence sees this element of touch in the tombs. Indeed, in the Tomb of the Shields a banqueting woman touches the man's shoulder, 'But they might as well be two chairs from a "suite"' (EP, 130) Lawrence says, which shows how touch is sometimes forced to comply with his own unique philosophy. For example, in the Tomba del Triclinio a man who dances with his hands apart from his partner's (see overleaf); is described as 'lifting his dancing hand to hers till the thumbs all but touch' (EP, 50). The dancing, nudity, salute and touch highlighted in *Etruscan Places* create a picture of the Etruscans being in touch with the cosmos, living in it and through it:

> To the Etruscan, all was alive: the whole universe lived: and the business of man was himself to live amid it all. He had to draw life into himself, out of the wandering huge vitalities of the world. The cosmos was alive, like a vast creature. The whole thing breathed and stirred...and had a great soul, or anima: and in spite of one great soul, there were myriad roving, lesser souls; every man, every creature and tree and lake and mountain and stream was animate, had its own peculiar consciousness. And has it today. (EP, 56-7)

Being in touch with the cosmos is the fundamental principle of Lawrence's version of a religion, which although unorthodox was seen as the *raison d'être* of life in his essay 'Spirit of Place': 'Men are free when they are obeying some deep, inward voice of religious belief' (SCAL, 12). However, the picture of creation's one great soul and all the myriad souls of which man is a part (quoted above) is not merely Etruscan. It draws on Lawrence's own brand of animism which developed from his experience of Mexican-Indian life where 'the whole life-effort of man was to get his life into direct contact with the elemental life of the cosmos' (PH, 146-7). An Etruscan could:

DANCING WOMAN AND LYRE-PLAYER. TOMB OF THE TRICLINIUM, TARQUINII.

> draw more life into himself, more life, more and more glistening vitality, till he became shining like the morning, blazing like a god. (EP, 58)

The idea that this absorption of cosmic energy was the purpose of their life was of course integral to the animistic religion of the Mexican-Indian. In his essay 'New Mexico' Lawrence nostalgically remembers the Indian running races when the young men ran not to win as Westerners would, but:

> To get power, to get strength: to come, by sheer cumulative, hurling effort of the bodies of men, into contact with the great cosmic source of vitality which gives strength, power, energy to the men who can grasp it... (PH, 146)

In addition to the alignment of Etruscan religion with that of the Mexican-Indian, *Etruscan Places* offered Lawrence a forum in which to conceptualise an ideal brand of religion. Scholarly opinion believed:

> unless a series of religious texts should some day be discovered and interpreted, we must renounce all hope of making anything like a systematic study of the Etruscan religion. (Randall-MacIver, 1927, 126)

However, in ten discursive pages between the two sections of 'The Painted Tombs of Tarquinia' (pages 56 to 64) Lawrence manages to do so. What he has seen in the tombs serves as a springboard from which to delineate the Etruscan religious life. But, what could be surmised often gives way to ideas on the kinds of relationship his life's thinking led him to believe had, and perhaps still could, exist between religion and life: 'Behind all the Etruscan liveliness was a religion of life...Behind all the dancing was a vision' (EP, 56). In 'The Crown' (1915) thoughts about the duality of the unknown led him to think God was not 'the one infinite' but 'the utter relation between the two eternities ... the flowing together and the flowing apart' (DP, 300), and his portrayal of the anima of the Etruscan cosmos retains a closeness to this idea of duality:

> The universe, which was a single aliveness with a single soul, instantly changed, the moment you thought of it, and became a dual creature with two souls, fiery and watery, for ever mingling and rushing apart, and held by the great aliveness of the universe in an ultimate equilibrium. (EP, 57)

This unknown, which like a cell split at creation simultaneously has both single and dual characteristics, is so fundamental to man that Lawrence can't allow it religious categorisation:

> When history does begin, in China or India, Egypt, Babylonia, even in the Pacific and in aboriginal America, we see evidence of one underlying religious idea; the conception of the vitality of the cosmos... (EP, 57)

Lawrence's conception of a root to religious ideology and of an aboriginal religion was first expressed in the first version of his essay 'The Spirit of Place' (1918) when he cited the existence of a universal language that existed in a pre-Flood world:

> It is conceivable, perhaps even probable, that at one time the priesthoods of all the world - Asiatic, African, European, American, Polynesian - held some common idea of the creation of the Cosmic universe, and expressed this idea in the same symbols or graphs. (SM, 18)

Lawrence depicts the Etruscan community through concentrating on individuals such as the Lucumones and Haruspex who are most actively involved in the religious life of the community and truly in touch with the cosmos. Once again the picture is a blend of fact and imagination. These figures are seen to have drawn the cosmic vitality of the universe into themselves and are the 'vivid key of life'. They are religious princes, figures of fascination and the guardians of both political power *and* religion, those aspects of life which were so separated in the Western world. The Lucumones, as the intelligent members of society, were the only ones capable of 'handling religion' and they were the intermediaries between the mysteries and the common people; both givers and defenders of the faith:

> People and warriors and slaves did not think about religion. There would soon have been no religion left. They felt the symbols and danced the sacred dances. (EP, 59)

The Lucumo is not purely Etruscan; he is a leader-figure who owes greatly to Lawrence's imagination, a kind of Lawrentian Natural Aristocrat who is 'initiated into the mystery of the bath of life and the bath of death' (EP, 51). In *Kangaroo* Richard Lovat thinks a true leader is 'the single soul that stands naked between the dark God and the dark-blooded masses of men' (KG, 374); whether in modern Australia or ancient Etruria the picture is not so different.

Another influential person in Etruscan society was the Haruspex. His ability to divine from the patterns produced by a flight of birds, or by a pattern of entrails, is presented in a most intense fashion:

> The artist must often have seen those priests, the augurs, with their crooked, bird-headed staffs in their hand, out on a high place watching the flight of larks or pigeons across the quarters of the sky. They were reading the signs and portents, looking for an indication, how they should direct the course of some serious affair. (EP, 61)

Typically, Lawrence's writing not only gives us a lesson in ancient history, imaginatively presented, but also asks us not to dismiss the thought process peculiar to the ancient world as merely fanciful: 'the augurs were as clever as our politicians' (EP, 61). In his essay 'History', Emerson (whom Lawrence read), said 'Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws'. Lawrence's recognition that certain familiar cloud formations appear in the sky asks us to value divination as something applicable to modern day life:

> Prayer, or thought, or studying the stars, or watching the flight of birds or studying the entrails of the sacrifice, it is all the same process, ultimately: of divination. (EP, 62)

He is not so much concerned with the object or medium for the thought process but the *quality* of the thought it produces. Divinatory thought, as opposed to fact-orientated modern thought, is felt to be a true and pure way to think. This implied antithesis between modern and ancient thought, plus Lawrence's respect for divinatory thought (and hence myth and symbol) aligns him with other nineteenth-century writers who rebelled against the factual and unspiritual nature of scientific thought. Lawrence's passage on thought in *Apocalypse* shows that his attention to the Haruspex is not undertaken solely within the context of *Etruscan Places*:

> we have to appreciate the mental working of the pagan thinker or poet - pagan thinkers were necessarily poets - who starts with an image, sets the image in motion, allows it to achieve a certain course or circuit of its own, and then takes up another image. (AP, 54)

Lawrence considered himself a poet and hated the idea of linear thought. He also felt himself to be a born leader of men, a natural aristocrat. In both the portrait of the Lucumo and the Haruspex we are in the presence of Lawrence developing ideas that he valued.

The bond between men and women had always been sacred to Lawrence. It was both the core and purpose of life as an early letter of 1913 to Henry Savage shows:

> the source of all life and knowledge is in man and woman, and the source of all living is the interchange and the meeting and mingling of these two: man-life and woman life, man knowledge and woman-knowledge, man-being and woman-being. (L2, 181)

An almost religious commitment to marriage contributes to the study of the male-female bond at the heart of Lawrence's novels, and how it exists in different cultures is important to the travel writings. Predictably Lawrence is interested in what can be deduced about the Etruscan conception of love and marriage from their paintings. Richard Aldington in the introduction to *Apocalypse* said that what attracted Lawrence most about the Etruscans was the 'real warmth and tenderness in the love-scenes' (Aldington, 1976, xix). The paradox expressed in Lawrence's essay, 'We Need One Another' that 'We have our very individuality in relationship', informs the banqueting scenes. People are in couples and their tenderness is illustrated in their touch. So eager is Lawrence on this issue that he forces it in the Tomb of the Leopards: 'she who is putting out her left hand as if to touch his breast' (EP, 48). However, in addition to the fact that marriage, as it was depicted in the Etruscan tombs, accorded with Lawrence's own conception of the way marriage should be I believe that descriptions of many banqueting scenes show Lawrence gilding the picture with his own concerns. He would have read in George Dennis' *The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria* that 'the most striking peculiarity is the presence of the two sexes on the same festive couch' (Dennis, 1878, Vol 1, 309), an outrageous custom when compared to the Greeks who Dennis said only allowed the hetaerae, or courtesans, such a position:

> For with all their refinement, the Hellenes never attained to such a elevation of sentiment towards the fair sex, as to raise this to an equality with the male. (Dennis, 1878, Vol 1, 309-310)

In Lawrence's account of the Tomb of the Leopards, such text book style information is absorbed and presented with the Lawrence 'gloss'.

> They lie in pairs, man and woman, reclining equally on the couch, curiously friendly. The two end women are called *hetaerae*, courtesans; chiefly because they have yellow hair... (EP, 48)

Today Pallottino suggests:

> the women [have] fair hair, which since these figures obviously represent the members of the family to whom the tomb belonged, may perhaps be a realistic detail. (Pallottino, 1952, 70)

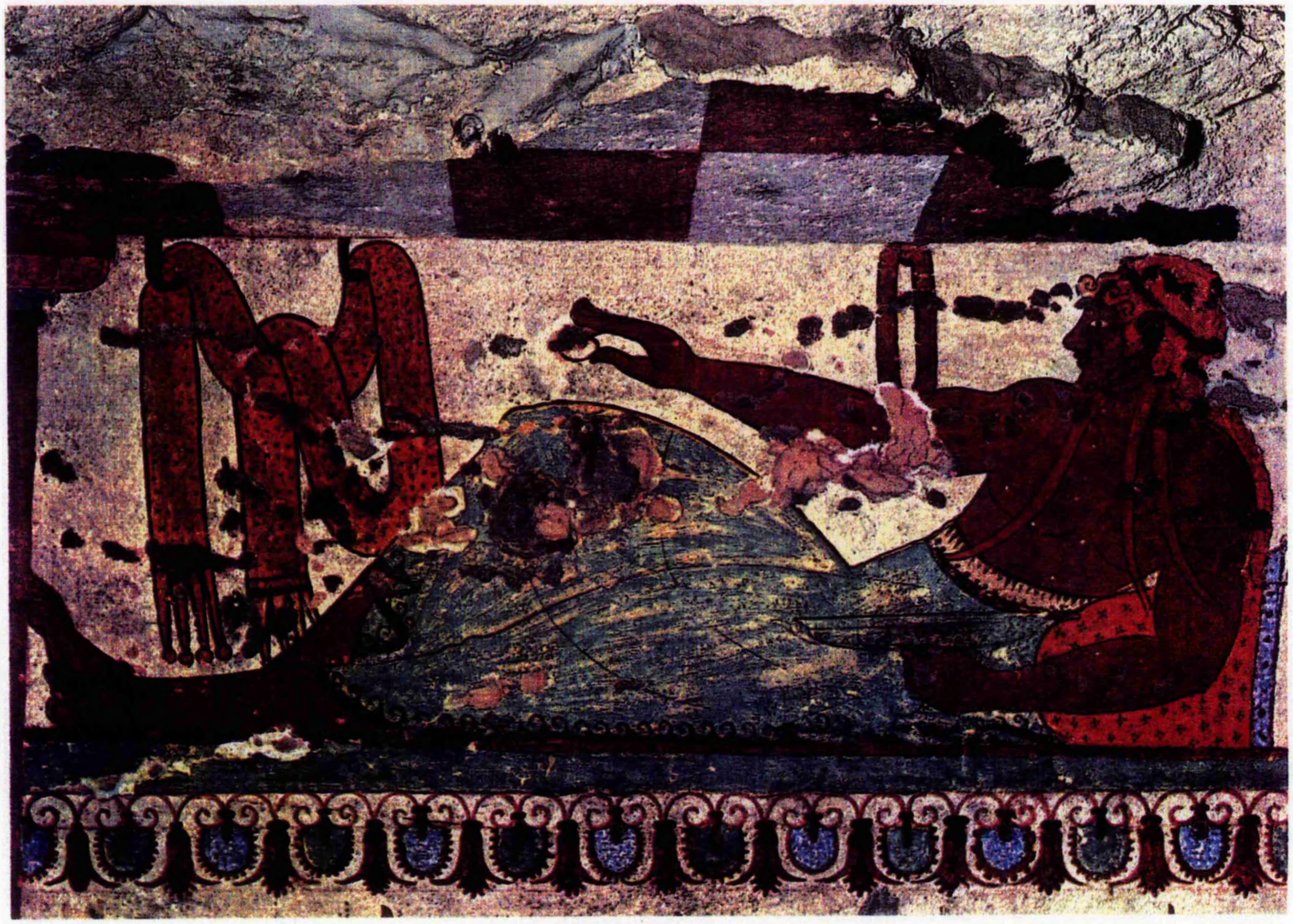
The most obvious example of Lawrence overlaying the picture with his own concerns can be seen in his interpretation of an egg shape, which he refers to as being held up by various men on the banqueting couches. Indeed, in the Pallottino colour plates a banqueter in the Tomb of the Lionesses holds what could be called an egg shaped outline (see overleaf), but its significance is not commented on; neither is it in Harrel-Courtès' *Etruscan Italy,* MacIver's *Villanovans and Early Etruscans* or Bloch's *The Etruscans*. Lawrence lends the egg an esoteric Etruscan symbolism:

> He holds up the egg of resurrection, within which the germ sleeps as the soul sleeps in the tomb, before it breaks the shell and emerges again. (EP, 53)

The hallmark of Lawrence's religious quest (as discussed in the chapter on *Mornings in Mexico)* was a desire to get back to a source. Now that he was facing death, and time was running out, the emergence of this egg symbol stands for more than Lawrence crystallising the life affirming qualities he felt the Etruscans possessed. The egg as the fount of all creation is a symbol to which Lawrence can personally relate; the symbol of the source that eluded him all his life. If Lawrence's visit to the Etruscan tombs was a courageous pilgrimage to prepare himself for death it is understandable that he needs to place the egg, the promise of a resurrection, as a beacon of hope into the picture. If 'the treasure of treasures is the soul' (EP, 63), he needed to create an imaginary place for his own soul in the after-life.

Lawrence binds the Lucumo, Haruspex, women, men holding eggs, slaves, and dancers of Etruria into one consummate whole through the theme of Etruscans being non-Roman. In America Lawrence had sought the Indian spirit because it had been suppressed by first the Conquistadores and then puritan America. Similarly, the Romans are depicted as a repressive layer over the Etruscans, a ruthless beast which 'swallowed' the town of Caere. and wiped the Etruscans out. A conscious duality created between Etruscan and Roman pervades the text. The Romans suppress the sort of Etruscan blood-consciousness symbolised by the phallus which guards every tomb. Lawrence himself put a phallus in each of his own paintings. As he explained to Brewster (before the visit):

A BANQUETER. TOMB OF THE LIONESSES, TARQUINII.



> I do this out of a positive belief, that the phallus is a great sacred image: it represents a deep, deep life which has been denied in us, and is still denied. (L5, 648)

The Romans strove for money and power, built straight roads and conquered, whereas the Etruscans were unmaterialistic, built rounded tumuli and danced. And so the list of contrasts continues. Etruscans and Romans are set up as opposites in the past but vestiges of the battle show through to contemporary times. Mussolini's government is trying to make Italy all-Roman but traces of the old race are to be seen in the haunting faces of the faun-man or washerwomen. But interestingly enough the relationship of the Romans to the Etruscans is one of opportune need. When the Gauls attacked Rome, the Romans housed their Vestal Virgins in Etruria (EP, 13). When the Romans had suppressed the Etruscans they ironically began collecting the vestiges of Etruscan civilisation - their vases and bronze ships. Lawrence's message is surely that the Romans stand for all the morals and dictates of society which suppress our own natural Etruscan-like selves. Just as they needed the Etruscans, we *need* this inner repressed self.

The wisdom Lawrence has learnt from the tombs is to throw off the Roman in us, accept the Etruscan. *Etruscan Places* is Lawrence's attempt to lay down his version of the ten commandments for man. We emerge from the tombs with:

> Be in touch with the cosmos.
> Be natural.
> Be in touch with your fellow man.

Etruscan Places has been a lesson in how to live rather than one in how to die. Lawrence has successfully used his imagination to make his end become a beginning.

An increasing interest in the way in which literature grows out of a particular culture is evident in the growth of the study of national and regional literatures. My thesis has been part of this debate.* In today's multi-cultural world in which patterns of living - food, high street architecture, information systems - are reproduced the world over, to be strongly identified with a particular region or nation as Les Murray and Janet Frame are with Australia and New Zealand, is seen as positive rather than peripheral. Lawrence, with his Eastwood roots, had the strong sense of rootedness which Hardy claimed was necessary, but a life of travel put this in perspective, and prevented his work from becoming 'parochial' in the derogatory sense of the word. His dislike of industrialisation fuelled a 'migration instinct' (L5, 656) which led him across four continents of the world. But although each time Lawrence crossed a new border on this unfettered life-adventure the opportunity for diversity presented itself, he chose to re-work certain themes, and I have been concerned to explore these in this thesis.

An interest in people and place in relation is evident throughout Lawrence's work. Indeed, Lawrence allows novels and travel books to overlap because of this interest. The boundaries usually assumed to exist between novels and travel literature seem rather fluid; characters who appear in his travel writing are presented in novelistic ways, while the novels contain the kind of detailed descriptions associated with travel writing. The particular intellectual question which interested him, concerning what he felt to be the inextricable relationship between place and people, was how far the land was shaped by man and to what extent man was shaped by the land; Gerald Crich has contributed to creating Wiggiston and yet the industrial landscape has been instrumental in creating his like and that of Sir Clifford Chatterley.

Partly this sense of relation between place and people stems from Lawrence's Eastwood days. Although his intellectual interests and life of travel meant he could never become the typical Eastwood product, Lawrence knew that he was shaped by such things as an affinity with nature, and the religious practices and morality that he experienced there. The dust of the place is still on him; the paths and views described in his English novels are ones he has walked and gazed at often, and I have pointed to sections of his travel books which are particularly reminiscent of

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* My title was decided on after the *Fourth International Conference of Region and Nation*, a series of conferences which explore how nations represent themselves in literature.

the Eastwood life and landscape. Eastwood in another guise often appears in his writing just as other characters also are shaped by their worlds in the novels and travel books. In *Sons and Lovers* the lonely religious Miriam is shown to be a product of her environment. In the travel books some Italian mountain people and Sardinian woodsmen confirmed Lawrence's ideas on the effect of the environment on human character. Indeed, Lawrence became progressively more willing to see characters as deeply shaped, even identified with their surrounding landscapes. By the time of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Mellors, as the embodiment of the woods, is the extreme example, and Connie is connected to the woods through the imagery associated with her.* When Lawrence was far from Eastwood its community values - touch, closeness, friendship - were reiterated (most notably in *Etruscan Places)* ; elsewhere in the world Lawrence was drawn to the rounded, moulded, green or 'natural' contours which had characterised the countryside surrounding Eastwood. But philosophical ideas came to underpin and complicate the manner of describing people and land which came naturally to Lawrence. His interest in defining the dynamic qualities of landscape, which this thesis has discussed at length, (see especially the chapter on *Twilight in Italy),* became related to the necessity to value the 'quick' in life and to the recognition of the creative spirit present in natural phenomena. His tendency to present the dual properties of things grew more defined and can be associated with his growing belief that the secret of life lay in harmony and balance, until in *Etruscan Places* the opposition between overground and underground, dead and alive, is most stark. However, although philosophical concerns make Lawrence's works absorbing and complex, sometimes confusingly so, the interest in the inextricable relationship between place and people remains a key issue.

England itself is always one of Lawrence's themes. Long after his faith had foundered his novels feature the landscapes and communities of protestant England. A church surrounded by cottages and trees, or a distant cathedral spire are characteristic of their landscapes; church-going, organ practice or the vicar's visit are part of their life. Such scenes lend his novels an acutely Protestant, Anglo-Saxon feel and contribute to that particular Englishness which makes reading Lawrence so enjoyable. If exiled writers, such as Robert Graves or Katherine Mansfield - part of Paul Fussell's 'I Hate

* The need to integrate man and landscape remained with Lawrence to the end of his life. What is striking about viewing the Mexican paintings on display at the Hotel La Fonda, Taos, is the way in which the figures are repeatedly painted in ochre skin tones which so exactly reflect the colour of the earth which shows between the aspen trees and sage brush.

it here' generation (Fussell, 1980, 16) - wanted to forget English parochial or urban life, which they viewed as climatically and metaphorically dull, Lawrence chose to remember. Unlike other novelists who had used a character's quarrel with their community to reflect on particular societal ills, such as the plight of the poor and so on, Lawrence commented on society as a whole. His aversion to England was aimed at the spiritual state of the nation. As he said in 'Democracy' (1919):

> Men have reached the point where, in further fulfilling their ideas, they break down the living integrity of their being and fall into sheer mechanical materialism.* (DP, 81)

When he travelled he saw foreign places in opposition to England and used aspects of those places to analyse English life and highlight its ills. Whenever he writes about a Sardinian carnival, an Italian lemon grower or a Mexican snake dance England is still, if not his overt subject, at least a main concern. Travel writing helped him set up a dialogue between whatever English quality he felt was bad and the positive values he was finding elsewhere, so that in the aforementioned scenes he celebrates such human qualities as vivaciousness, simplicity, religious fervour or a sense of purpose, but his criticism of England, is always present. Lawrence, in his need to find some alternatives to British life, brought to the places he travelled a great deal of this kind of 'intellectual baggage' (Durrell, 1969, 161). While I concede that it is a writer's job to hold the mirror up to society and admire Lawrence's mastery of the art of implication, the fact that his work is a veiled catalogue of so many complaints can obscure the view of the country he is describing and be distasteful. In his novels it was easier to explore what he valued by attacking what was wrong. He thought the religion was morally repressive, the new 'moderns' self-conscious, egotistical and cash-driven, so he examined *aspects* of English life such as the role of religion, industy and marriage, the effects of the class-system and education, what for him represented the flowerings of a life which he felt was wrong at the root. His more positive ideas such as getting back in touch with the universe, because they are difficult to apply in view of the political, economic and social structures of twentieth-century life, are best developed in opposition.

We have examined the ways that a sensitivity to work relationships, annual and daily rituals, prestige systems and moral tone, makes Lawrence

* 'Materialism' is used in its philosophical context to refer to the ideology which denies the existence of man's soul.

a master of creating a sense of community. His interest in the relationship between place and people encourages his characters, in addition to being individuals, to be shaped by their community and its history. In *Sons and Lovers*, Morel's generous yet violent nature is bound up with the way in which the physical and financial hardships of the mining life have re-created a community which is wary of death, physical, yet compassionate, respectful, loyal. In *Mornings in Mexico* the Indians live in fear of soldiers and Rosalino refuses to carry furniture because he was beaten by revolutionaries for refusing to join up; individual action has its roots in the historical. In the Italian travel books the courtships and marriages of many of the characters fit in with the effusive, yet conventional sexuality that is portrayed in the philosophical sections of *Twilight in Italy*. When we come to the descriptions of Etruscan banquets and dances in *Etruscan Places*, Lawrence mourns the death of the open, uninhibited Etruscan life by contrasting it with Roman occupation and tales of modern Italian life, and we see Lawrence's continual tendency to contrast one community with another at its most stark. Sensitivity to such economic and social changes in his home regions as new mining techniques and rural depopulation shaped his alertness towards the influence of history on other communities. History is portrayed as a subtle but profound influence on the landscape, the community and by extension the individual.

However, whatever vital role the community and history is seen to play in the shaping of human character, there is still a sense that they are ancillary to 'the spirit of place', which remains for Lawrence 'a great reality' (SCAL,12) with which the human spirit can commune and thereby reach towards the innner self. This thesis has seen the way in which Lawrence is especially drawn towards wide open spaces such as the sea in *Sea and Sardinia*, the Mexican plains, the Maremma of *Etruscan Places* and the manner in which descriptions of these become excited, even fervent. The feeling that the land can provide a channel through which to unlock one's inner beliefs is never far away. Lawrence's dualistic approach to landscape encouraged him to perceive landscapes as touchstones to certain moral criteria. He shows a particular liking for those places which hover between being agricultural and industrial, between old and more modern ways of living. He is fascinated by individuals like Ursula Brangwen or Rosalino who are caught between the values of their village and the sophistication of the town. By presenting us with a sense of the choices open to people, and giving us a sense of reading of places and people in crisis, Lawrence wills us to enter the text and increases our sense of involvement. The landscape, the

past and a sense of belonging are continually opposed to the industrial scene with its concomitant sense of the present and rootlessness. It is to Lawrence's credit that such oppositions, although presented regularly throughout his canon, are not executed in a uniform manner. At times he uses the differences between the idea of being at home or away (the legacy of a life which included the big move south followed by a self-imposed exile), to create a picture of one community which becomes all the clearer through being placed alongside another. Ursula yearns to leave home, Gudrun is apprehensive at returning; there are Italians in exile or the Mexican-Indian Rosalino, who longs to return home from urban living At other times Lawrence extends the function of natural divides such as the Italian/Swiss border in *Twilight in Italy*, the Marsh and Ilkeston in *Sons and Lovers* or Wragby and the wood in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, to show the differences between anything from the kind of terrain and language, to the mental attitudes which exist towards work, money, family, history, personal relationships on either side.

When Lawrence travelled to Mexico and witnessed a place where simple concerns such as food, weather and human relationships played such a large part in the life of a people who were agrarian, devoutly religious, unconstrained by social convention, yet still in touch with myth and ritual, it was too easy for him to see this as an example of a good life. In part this may have been true, but the various freedoms of other societies are one of the illusions of travel. I think it is sometimes regrettable that Lawrence did not acknowledge, as an anthropologist does, the intricate marital, kinship and leadership systems that often negate or constrain individual freedom in tribal societies. And yet the very fact that these societies Lawrence encountered were not, like modern Europe, obsessed with individualism, led him to question or affirm his previous ideas, and this was of benefit to his later writing. Through seeing the type of frame-work for marriage which tribal Mexico offered, Lawrence's great faith in the role of marriage, as an equilibrium of mutual succour and individuality, advanced in *Women in Love*, came under question. Travel confirmed his idea that work or love - the two concepts which came under intense scrutiny in *Women in Love* - could not bring satisfaction to one's life. In the chapter on *Lady Chatterley's Lover* we noted the way in which Lawrence's thinking on individuality, personal happiness and their relationship to marriage and society was

drawn together. When Lawrence dispenses with elaborate social detail,* but lets *Lady Chatterley* become the expression of a tender sexual relationship, fresh air, singing, companionship, this can be read as his attempt to portray characters whose actions are in touch with their unconscious, a paean to those fundamental, rather more deep-rooted things in life which make us happy. In this novel Lawrence's attraction towards some sort of free human consciousness suggests he abandoned his interest in place and people and the sort of direct links they had with history, and with the idea of history as a root for individual action. To the contrary, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* can be seen as the novel in which Lawrence's lifelong interest in both history and human consciousness dovetail. *Lady Chatterley* is a novel about modern life in the industrial post-war age, and yet its flower-clad lovers act more like nymphs from another Golden Age. The plot itself, to live in the country, have a child with someone who sexually satisfies one, and work just as much as is needed, is it not an archetypal wish? And because this novel deals with archetypal wishes as well as with social realities it has to see place in two different ways. The wood, for Sir Clifford, represents ownership and family continuity, while for Connie it is an image for a state of mind. Two ways of looking at the land are present, but this has always been so. In *The Rainbow* Tom Brangwen has a strong sense of the historical as he approaches the house of his bride-to-be, yet after he has made his proposal his perception of the night sky is bound up with his own consciousness and exhibits the sort of free-wheeling thought processes that Lawrence was always eager to explore.

Responses to land and townscapes are one way to define human character for Lawrence. To be in touch with the land is equated with our unconscious need for fresh air and contact with the creative forces of nature. The role of the land in providing balance to the human psyche remained important to Lawrence throughout his writing career. Hence his characters fall into two distinct categories, those who are in touch with nature and feel its call, as Birkin and Mellors do, or those, like Gerald Crich who are not. They either let their inner needs influence their decisions about where they will live and what they will do or they do not. The difficulty we experience in accepting the austere manner in which characters reject places and communities wholesale and discard following the marital or career paths that society expects of them, is the point at which Lawrence's novels become

* Ken Russell's recently televised production of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* quite wrongly included such detail as elaborate costumes and meals which Lawrence never mentioned.

both exciting to read and difficult to follow. Their actions are motivated by Lawrence's interest in contemporary psychological research into human consciousness. This suggested that an unconscious psyche which was linked to a myth producing level of mind or the Jungian 'collective unconscious' accompanied individual consciousness. The value Western society places on consciousness was thought to repress unconscious desires and prevent the development of the true 'self' (Jung's term for the totality of man).* That Lawrence never made these kinds of connections between the natural world and our unconscious inner self explicit in his novels is probably a blessing. However, at times of emotional crisis, when characters seem to lose consciousness and engage with those aspects of the universe that Lawrence felt industrialism had severed our links with for ever, he is trying to show them cleaving to something which represented a ritualistic kind of world that spoke of archetype, symbol and myth.

Lawrence's questing impulse, his need to establish what would make the human heart happier, when combined with his travelling lifestyle, is potent and salient for understanding the complexities of his work. Lawrence had a strong grasp of the notion that in a travel book, an older genre than the novel,** the questing element is strong, and that the writer, who acts as a translator of a country to the armchair reader, travels with the express intention of letting a place 'speak'. But when Rebecca West said: 'Lawrence travelled, it seemed, to get a certain Apocalyptic vision of mankind' (West, 1930, 24), she was a little generous in her view. Lawrence's awareness of man's fundamental need for ritual, for example, of the fact that the vanishing of the last great rituals from our society had left mankind's deep-rooted need to mark the passing of life thwarted, led him in rather an

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* Jung wrote 'Only the man who can consciously assent to the power of the inner voice becomes a personality' (CW 17, p308).

** The practice of travel writing as a form of narrative is closely related to the oldest forms of story telling: the returned voyager bearing tales of the voyage. Although Latin Christendom's view of the world was narrow - just ice, steppes and a great ocean in the north, east and west - pilgrimages influenced travel tremendously. The first guide to pilgrims, who shared a religion and the Latin language, was available in AD 333, and contained directions on how to travel from Bordeaux to Jerusalem (Lambert, 1950, 21). By the sixteenth-century monks could read of pilgrimages and courtiers could read of voyages of explorations and discovery. Although no longer reliant on the oral tradition knowledge of foreign lands was restricted to a specialised readership. Nonetheless works such as *The Peregrinationes* (1486), an account of the Canon of Mainz's journey to Jerusalem, contained not only a full record of the journey but essays on the manners, beliefs and errors of its inhabitants. (Lambert, 1950, 33). Similarly, *Voyages of Elizabethan Seamen* shows John Hawkins in the Canaries looking at grapes, Frobisher's lieutenant of 1577 describing the 'Esquimaux dwellings' (Beazley, 1907, 13, 113) and even amidst the strategic account of Drake's Armada Santiago is described.

individual direction. Despite being interested in a sense of community, Lawrence is also on an individual quest. The tidemarks of faith with which Lawrence, an extremely vociferous doubting Thomas, was left, drew him inevitably to question the existence of God and to study the philosophy of religion; interaction with different communities allowed him to explore his own thwarted need for religion. In consequence, when Lawrence looked at peasant Italian Catholics or pueblo Indians who practised animism, he was not the kind of author to want only to describe their ritualistic practices, but was interested in thinking about how religion affected man's consciousness, sexuality and relationship to the natural world. It is a pity that the freer form travel writing offered was taken up so zealously. His idea that religion repressed the sexual feeling, which had previously been dramatised in the sexual scene between Paul and the devout Miriam in *Sons and Lovers,* could now be discussed in a lengthy and tortured passage on the relationships between Catholicism and the Italian psyche in *Twilight in Italy.* However, my chapter on *Mornings in Mexico* has shown that Lawrence's previous readiness to philosophise about religion in his travel writing in an undisciplined way is outweighed by a gathering maturity in the way he used the freedom travel writing offered. In this book his various quarrels with Christianity - that God and creation remain too separated, that Christianity is overly conscious - are presented in a way that allows the drive towards philosophising to be tempered by illustration. He could actually *show* the fusion of spirit and matter, the submission to the unconscious that he wanted of religion by describing the animistic snake dance, and did so most movingly. His intelligence allowed him to realise that the practice of animism could not be imposed on England, despite the way he valued it for its power to allow man to live with nature and provide strong and meaningful human relationships. Lawrence never really asked how we can form new rituals. The only sort of answer he comes up with is what Mellors and Lady Chatterley practise; this seems to be coming from the idea that perhaps that the best rituals are personal and made up. While this concedes to my feeling that ritual can encompass a certain amount of cant, and that to cling to it can be symptomatic of an unexplored life, I still feel that any kind of individualistic approach will eventually fall short of assuaging humanity's need for a sense of community. For all Lawrence's ideas about how man needs to live a more communitarian life, for all his travel writing which is a celebration of community and ritual, at the core of his work the tremendous drive towards individuality is always felt. The religion which Lawrence gathered together over the years became nothing

to do with creed or cult, but was a mixture of the sexual love of *Lady Chatterley*, the animism of Mexico and the Etruscan cult of life.

At a time when talk of our world being in crisis is routine, at a time when the West is beginning to look to other countries and societies to lend inspiration to simplifying our approach to life, the study of writers who, like Lawrence, have had their views on life influenced by what they have seen of the world is surely useful. However, his personal quest, as I have discussed in detail in the chapter on *Etruscan Places*, undoubtedly made him unreliable as a guide to places, but explains the excitement, passion of his books. The capacity of travel to present knowledge as experience, to change one's outlook on life or, put it another way, to 'speed up' the process of living had always been deeply appreciated by Lawrence. As early as *The Trespasser*, in the scene where Hampson meets Siegmund, he wrote:

> 'You know, I am a tremendously busy man. I earn five hundred a year by hard work; but it's no good. If you have acquired a liking for intensity in life, you can't do without it. I mean vivid soul experience. It takes the place, with us, of the old adventure, and physical excitement.' (T, 83)

Though Lawrence's early contact with Christianity meant he could never quite be the pagan Odysseus he wanted to be, travel and travel writing continued to provide the 'vivid soul experience' he needed.

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